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THE LITTLE ORPHAN ROCK IN THE YANG TSZ

THE CHINESE AT HOME

OR

THE MAN OF TONG AND HIS LAND

By

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THE CHINESE AT HOME

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PREFACE

THE Tong (or Tang) Dynasty was so splendid a period in the annals of China that millions in the south of that land glory in the name of Men of Tong. In the north another illustrious dynasty has likewise bestowed its name on other millions, who commemorate its bright annals by taking the name of Men of Han.

The Han is noted chiefly amongst a literary people, such as the Chinese, as the epoch of the renaissance of their literature; while the Tong, also renowned for its literary excellence, has been compared to our Elizabethan age of literature.

These two periods of China's history were not only renowned for literature: the Han, the reign of whose sovereigns extended from B.C. 206 to A.D. 25, was a glorious epoch, whether looked at from a literary, historical, military, commercial, or an artistic point of view; and it was very fitting that its name should be used to designate its sons, as it was the formative period of Chinese polity and institutions, official and formal.

Equally fitting was it that the people of the southern portion of the Empire should appropriate the title of another great dynasty as a name for

themselves ; for it was during the Tong Dynasty (A.D. 618-908) that they, who had been conquered before, were now completely civilised and incorporated into the Chinese race. Thus they have immortalised this most illustrious period of Chinese history and kept its memory ever fragrant during many cycles of Cathay, while at the same time their pride has been gratified by this continual reminder in their name of the glories of a wondrous past.

The author has dwelt amongst these Men of Tong for more than forty-six years ; he has studied their manners, customs, languages, thoughts ; he has seen their old-world civilisation, which seemed to have secured for itself an indefinite if not eternal future with this conservative people, one of the most conservative on the face of the earth ; and he has seen the bursting of the iron bonds of this old-time life, and the commencement of a new era of progress. The vision of an indefinite future perpetuating a never-changing order of things, death-like and stagnant, has changed into a living, active present, which presages good for the new future.

Now that he has left all these changing scenes, in the quiet of English pursuits he has found a pleasure in describing some of the many phases of Chinese life ; and he hopes his readers will have an equal pleasure in the perusal of these pages.

J. DYER BALL.

HADLEY WOOD.
1911.

THE CHINESE AT HOME

CHAPTER I

The Middle Kingdom

IS it possible by a few broad strokes to picture what is connoted by the terms China and the Chinese; to summarise and compress in a few sentences and in general terms a description of the physical features of the country, the characteristics of the people, and their mental attitude? The task is a well-nigh impossible one, yet if impracticable, a few bold touches may whet the appetite for a fuller description in the following pages, when different aspects of Chinese life will come under review.

China has two of the world's greatest and most famous rivers—the Child of the Ocean (Yang Tsz Kiang) and the Yellow River—with hosts of other rivers so numerous as to be insignificant and comparatively unknown in the Western world, though scores of them would rank in importance and size with some of the most famous waterways in the

West. It has mountain ranges, magnificent in their grandeur and scenery, rivalling any to be found in Great Britain or Ireland. It has immense plains, filled with a teeming population, and co-equal in extent with whole countries in Europe. It has thousands of cities, great and small; vast hives of human workers, replete with life and vigour; enormous provinces, each embracing scores and hundreds of districts or counties; fleets of junks, fishing-craft, sea-going vessels, and river-boats, in such numbers that no one has ever totalled the grand mass, almost innumerable as they are, to be found at every seaport and each inland riverine or lacustrine city, town, or village. No country can compare with China for natural facilities of inland navigation. Its coast-line winds in and out, giving way in bays and gaining again in promontories, now merely holding its own, now nearly cut off at some peninsula, and then almost losing itself in the delta of some great river. Many small islands stud the Yellow and China Seas, the estuaries of the rivers and the lakes. Some are sacred with religious associations, as Pu To, the haunt of Buddhist temples, or the Little Orphan, in the Yang Tsz. Lakes there are, not a few, amongst which the palm must be assigned to the Tung Ting (two hundred miles in circumference) and the picturesque Po Yang (ninety miles long by twenty broad).

Such, then, in a few sentences, is China, forming one of the most extensive dominions ever

A CHINESE WATERWAY AND BRIDGE.

swayed by a single Power in any age, or any part of the world, with every variety of soil, position, and temperature.

China has a population of 426,000,000, which every schoolboy knows is reckoned as a third of the human race. The three great empires, the British, the Russian, and the Chinese, almost monopolise the world's people between them. The other nations are content with a few hundreds of thousands or millions each.

"Shut in all round by the vast mountain chains of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet," "and watered by a river system unsurpassed in the world, the low-lying plains of China proper were prepared for tillage, in times long previous to the advent of their present inhabitants, by a gradual process of denudation in the highlands, and the resulting deposit of alluvia carried seawards with the streams." The land was thus made ready for its busy inhabitants and occupants, and the soil rendered suitable by its depth and richness for maintaining a large population.

"In the records of the earliest Chinese dynasties frequent allusion is made to waste lands reclaimed by deepening the watercourses, or by cutting channels for the swollen floods. In this way many of the most fertile plains were drained and redeemed, to supply the wants of an increasingly numerous race.

"But the vastness of its habitable territory and the native richness of its soil were not the only

features which favoured the growth, stability, and independence of this great Empire. Within the mountain chains which isolate China and its dependencies, almost every variety of climate is to be found." "The natural products render the people practically independent of the outer world." [1]

China was shut up for centuries from European intercourse. The haughty arrogance and fears of its rulers as effectually closed it up as if its own Great Wall encircled all its borders. It had the Hermit Kingdom of Corea as its neighbour, and beyond the sea the hermetically sealed Kingdom of the Rising Sun (Japan). The wilds of Manchuria were to the north, peopled by nomad tribes, who, invigorated by the free life of centuries, every now and then swept down upon the more enervated inhabitants to the south, and took the reins of government into their own hands, to be in turn subdued by the civilisation and refinement of the conquered people. At times these wild men of the north swept past all barriers, overwhelming state after state, and even came into Europe itself.

To the west of China lay the half-frozen regions of Tibet, leading up by their forbidding heights to the Roof of the World. This land of mystery had been visited by only a few adventurous souls, and was all but closed to the foreigner.

Sweeping round to the south-east and south were the Shan States, Burmah, Annam, and Siam.

[1] Thompson, *The Land and the People of China*, pp. 1, 2.

Early Civilisation

All round China were barbarians. Surely, if the ancient Greeks had a right to call other nations by what is now considered an opprobrious epithet, the Chinese had an excuse for fastening such a term on their neighbours, who were inferior to them in civilisation, knowledge, literature, handicrafts, and who further, on this account, derived the groundwork of their literature—written language in some cases—and civilisation from the great nation which lay in the centre of their world.

The Middle Kingdom radiated its light abroad to what seemed in the olden days the uttermost parts of the earth, and sent its armies north, south, and west, and even essayed to cross the ocean to carry its victorious banners to success—those banners which in most of the conflicts with its neighbours led the way to conquering hosts.

This name, the Middle Kingdom, taking its rise in ancient times from a state surrounded by others, has typified in its better later-day rendering of the Central Empire, the central position of the Celestial Empire in Eastern Asia, and also, as outlined above, the centre of light and influence during many centuries in the past. The light of civilisation has touched the Land of the Rising Sun (Japan), which in its turn is now repaying, by the lead it is taking, the Empire to which it is indebted for so much.

This mighty Empire had been in the past self-centred to a very great extent. Her vast dominions

have, with their almost boundless resources, provided well for nearly all wants, and nearly every wish of her people has been gratified. Is it food that is required for her teeming population? The myriads of tiny rice-fields lying along the banks of rivers, and climbing the hill-sides with their waving harvests ripening into golden grain under the fierce tropical sun of the south, feed the majority of her peoples, while wheat and millet in the north provide food for the almost starving millions who in north or south or east or west, if a crop fails, find themselves at once at Death's door.

To give variety to what might be considered a monotonous diet, numerous vegetables are assiduously cultivated by the ubiquitous market-gardener, whose ceaseless toil is rewarded by a great variety of greenstuffs and roots. Under the different climes of China a varied fruit crop is produced, as her ample dominions range from the cold north to the sunny south—chestnuts, walnuts, peaches, plums, and pears, as well as oranges, pumeloes, custard-apples, and many others.

To add to the delights of the table, pigs wallow in the mire in every village street, and in poor men's houses are as often to be found as in Paddy's, burrowing under table and bed, while chickens are so common as to be even kept by the dwellers on the water in their boats. If his conscience does not forbid him, an occasional relish of beef may be enjoyed with the Chinaman's frugal meal. Nature also provides him fish from the

rivers that drain his lands, and any one may catch them by any device he likes anywhere and everywhere, by day or night, without let or hindrance or fee.

Not content with the fish which Nature gives him free, man further provides for his tastes by carefully rearing pond fish in those artificially constructed adjuncts to nearly every village. Moreover, the harvests of the fields are supplemented by an aftermath of finny tribes, which, introduced into the rice-fields, have grown with the grain, and (swimming amongst the stalks as these slowly shoot out of the water) ripen with its fulness of ear, so as to be fit to be a savoury dish to accompany the cooked rice on the tables of those who have thus providently prepared both ready for future needs. At the same time the harvest of the sea has been reaped by fishermen, who have braved the storm and typhoon to net their gains from the tossing ridges of the briny waves.

Is it clothing that is wanted? The silkworm spins John Chinaman's silk for him ; the cotton-plant furnishes material for his jacket and trousers, and the wild beasts their fur, and even the unyeaned lamb gives its skin to keep the wealthy warm. For centuries everything needed for clothing he has been able to find in his own land.

Is it fuel that is required? Coal is to be found in abundance, though not so largely employed as by Western nations. Forests, by improvident felling, have receded to the remoter parts of the

country, but they still yield charcoal and firewood and building materials in abundance. Minerals of almost every kind abound, and are largely used in arts and manufactures.

So well provided thus in every respect is John Chinaman that he has hitherto needed but little from others to satisfy his wants or needs.

As to things that more concern the mind; the range of literature has till recently satisfied all his mental cravings, so extensive it is, and so wide its ramifications. Trained within certain limits, John Chinaman has not cared, till of late, to range beyond these limitations, and so superior to all around him was what was provided for his mental culture in his own land, that only present-day enlightenment has opened his eyes to the superiority of much of Western literature.

The government of this mighty Empire has been elaborated by the people's own unaided efforts, though doubtless based on ancient ideas which may have been brought with the first arrivals when they settled in their future home; and admirably adapted it has been for an Oriental race, and infinitely superior it is to that of some of the other Eastern nations, while the civilisation of the people has developed, but little touched or affected by other races.

As regards religion, the nation has clung tenaciously to its own beliefs through long ages, though largely availing itself of other faiths, some of them in combination with its own. Its basic

elements are those of primeval times, such as ancestor worship, &c., on which a superstructure of ethics has been imposed, while, as heroes were deified, a hierarchy of state gods has been added. Blended with this in the native mind has been a system of ethics styled Confucianism. All this one may describe as purely Chinese, to which may also be added the mysticism of Lao Tsz, the founder of Taoism, whose mind may have received some enlightenment from the West.

The distinctly foreign element came in with the introduction of Buddhism from India, which, though decidedly foreign, has had a Chinese impress fixed on it, and has been adapted to the requirements of the Celestial race. The latter-day idolatrous Buddhism overshadowed Taoism, which degenerated into gross superstition, and Chinese-like again borrowed from Buddhism idols and beliefs, the result being that the Chinese mind has taken over this mass of beliefs, and formed an amalgam, a sort of mechanical combination of all, which serves for religion.

To summarise : John Chinaman, take it all in all, in the past, with but few exceptions, has found in his own Middle Kingdom all his wants supplied, as far as material conditions are concerned ; and, as regards the kingdom of his mind, his own country's sages and scholars have also supplied his mental diet, clothed his thoughts in fitting speech, and crystallised them into literature.

The Middle Kingdom

In the Middle Ages, when the celebrated Venetian traveller Marco Polo penetrated to the uttermost parts of the world, his journey lay through Central Asia. This seemed the most easy way of approach to those old-time travellers, though others, buffeted by many seas in their frail craft, braved a course which brought them finally to the southern shores of China.

In later days this last was the regular route taken by the East Indiamen, the merchant ships in the employ of the old East India Company, and in still later days by the New York tea-clippers. This course, as far as the Eastern world is concerned, is still adhered to by many a traveller in the present day ; but the Suez Canal has lessened the voyage from one of three to five months round the Cape, to one of five weeks, or less than a month if the steamer is joined at France or Italy.

Our American cousins have laid iron tracks across their continent, so as to reach China by the Western Ocean—scarce ever ploughed before the last hundred years—and by this route arrive at the centre of the China coast at Shanghai.

Last of all, the Siberian and Manchurian Railways enable those who so desire to journey from Europe to the north of China in fourteen or fifteen days ; and, when the line is doubled, the time will even be shorter. Thus the quickest way now is what was the longest way a short time since, and is almost a reverting to the old road to this Empire.

The Wandering Chinaman

In ancient times the dwellers in the Middle Kingdom journeyed in their clumsy, lumbering junks far towards what was to them the uttermost parts of the earth—to the Persian Gulf, to the Arabian Sea and neighbouring countries. Then these adventurous voyages ceased, and next the stranger came to explore the mystic land of Cathay and settle on its borders, or rather coast-line, and, as the years rolled on, in ever-increasing numbers. Finally, the tide of emigration set in, when John Chinaman began to people some of the waste places of the earth, and transform them by his skill and industry into lands producing wealth and valuable colonies. Gradually learning that all knowledge, civilisation, learning, and wisdom are not centred in the Middle Kingdom, students are flocking now to the Lands of the West, to acquire what they find is still wanting in their own highly-favoured land.

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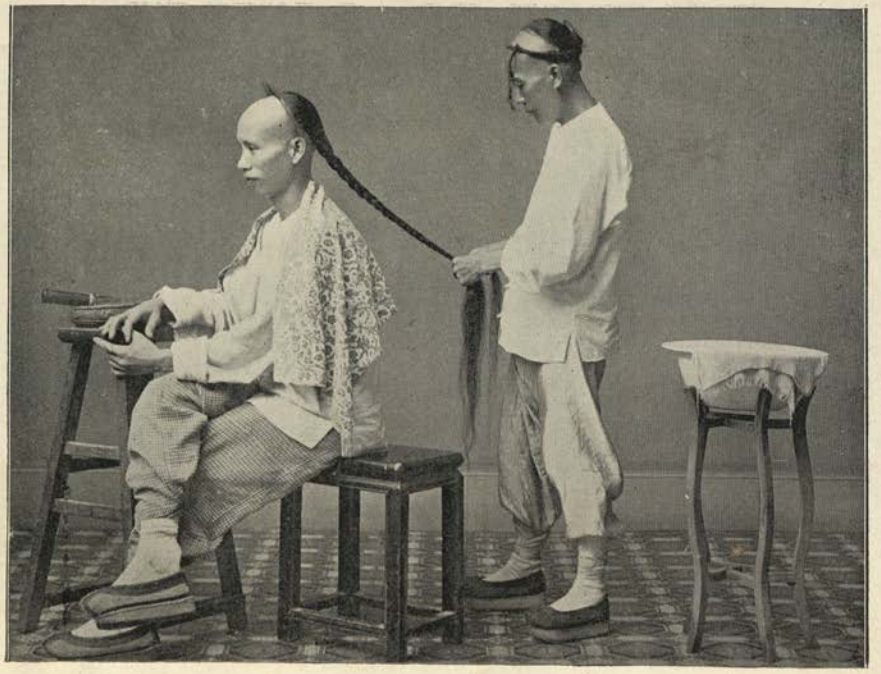
CHAPTER II

The Black-haired Race

THE Black-haired Race is a most fitting descriptive term for the people of China, who, to a man, have long, lank, coarse, black hair. One would infer that originally this was not the case. The little children have a brown shade in their locks, which also do not appear so coarse as when childhood has changed to manhood. This lighter shade is especially noticeable when the sunlight shines directly on their baby heads. The black colour has, however, been the national distinguishing trait from the dawn of history, and it differentiated them from any blonde race which may have peopled Central Asia. Older Chinese myths and traditions to this effect receive possibly some support from this designation; for were there no other race known to the ancient Chinese than their own, and were there no others with light hair, and thus different from theirs, one can scarcely suppose this name would have been applied to themselves by themselves.



BRAIDING THE QUEUE.

Yet for three centuries past most of this black shock of hair has been shaved off the head, a round patch only being allowed to grow on the top and the back of the head. This hair is encouraged to grow as long as possible, and is braided into a queue. This custom is a result of the Manchu conquest of China, for the victors made it a sign of subjugation that their newly-acquired subjects should conform to their fashions in this respect. The great esteem in which the Manchus held the horse was doubtless the reason for the adoption of this curious style of wearing the hair.

So insistent were these seventeenth-century conquerors of the Chinese on the razor being applied to the top of the head (there is little use for it elsewhere), that failure to conform was cause enough for the wearer to lose his head.

To the European in China the care bestowed on their long hair by Chinese men is one of the most curious of sights. No hair-brushes are used, but the hair is well combed out, as a rule, every day. It is difficult at first to think that these long tresses, three or four feet or more in length, belong to a man. Carefully combed out by himself or the barber, the hair is plaited into a long queue, in the common style of three strands, and eked out in length still further by a piece of cord till it reaches the knees or heels, and swings and sways with every motion of the body. Chaucer, in the "Knight's Tale," might be de-

scribing the Chinese queue; for all that is required is to substitute black for yellow, and change "her" to "his" in the lines—

> "Her yellow hair was braided in a tresse
> Behinde her backe, a yarde longe, I guesse."

Thus suspended down the back the queue is apt to be in the way when the wearer is at work. It is then rolled into a knot on the back of the head or neck, or loosely coiled round the head or shoulders, and thus it is out of the way. This is the equivalent of our Western condition of being in one's shirt-sleeves, and the workman or servant hastens to uncoil and let the queue down when coming into the presence of his superior or master. When the owner is putting on his outer robe the queue has, of course, to be pulled out, as it lies down the back of the inner garment.

The cyclist brings the end of his queue round from his back, and tucks it into his breast pocket or the top of his leggings, to prevent it being entangled in his back wheel. If the queue be caught in machinery, the poor Chinaman may be scalped.

One of the most comical sights the author has ever seen was a row of Chinese sitting in a hill tramcar in Hong Kong. As the tram went up the hill at a steep slope of one foot in two, all the queues hung out behind the wearers at an angle of 45°.

These queues are the cause of the abundance

of the barbers' shops and itinerant barbers found in China. In the extreme south of China these men are invariably Hakkas.[1] The calling of a barber is one of the most despised in China. Not until the third generation can the descendant of one be allowed to compete at the Civil Service Examinations. The other classes which share with the barber his exclusion from the nation's literary contests are actors, boat-people, and slaves.

The Chinaman's beard gives him but little trouble. His anxiety is rather the want of it; for, like many Asiatics, his hair, except on the top of his head, is scanty in growth, and it is well-nigh impossible for him to grow a full beard. This may account for the origin of the custom, which has the force of law, of no one growing a beard till he is forty-five years of age. At that age the cultivation of a moustache is permitted. This consists, as a rule, of a few stiff hairs, forming a sparse fringe over his mouth. So proud is the gentleman of his moustache that he may often be seen carrying a tiny bone comb, hanging to a button of his coat. This he passes through the scanty hairs every now and then in public with as much nonchalance as if he were simply stroking

[1] Hakkas constitute the latest immigrants in the southern parts. They flowed into these portions of the land from the central provinces of the Empire. They were the last wave which followed the natural law that set the tide flowing from the north. This, during the last four thousand years or more, resulted in the gradual populating of the Empire from the northern regions in which the earliest arrivals in their new home settled.

his moustache, as the Chinese old man is fond of stroking his grey beard.

Some twenty years or so later, the Chinaman is allowed still more liberty, and he essays to grow what by courtesy is termed a beard. It consists of a scanty covering for the chin, scarcely extending to his cheeks. As to whiskers, a few tufts of long hairs may stand for them; but very often Nature is satisfied with what has already been done, and attempts no more in the way of hair on John Chinaman's face.

Should he chance, however, to be favoured anywhere on his face with a mole which produces a few hairs, these are allowed to stick out, even if he has not arrived at the proper age to grow a moustache or beard. Thus tolerated, they look very odd on the bare shaven expanse of his broad face.

The barbers are quite an institution in China. Barbers' shops are open to the street—as, indeed, are nearly all the shops—and the whole operation of shaving, with the general mysteries of the trade, is revealed to the passer-by. No soap is used in shaving, but hot water is rubbed over the head and face, and then the razor is applied.

How the Chinaman stands the torture of a scrape without the mollifying influence of soap is a mystery to an Englishman. One of the latter described to the author a shave he experienced *à la Chinois*, and the agony he underwent must have been considerable.

A BARBER

Toilet Enormities

Of recent years the more convenient foreign razor has come into fashion; but previously the awkward wedge-shaped Chinese razor, heavy and thick at the back, and coming to the necessary edge at the front, was employed.

No paper is wasted on the operation, but the falling hairs are caught in a small tray. Hair-cutting is unnecessary, as what is not wanted is shaved clean off, and what is left is encouraged to grow to its full length. If the patient requires it, the delicate operation of cleaning out the eyes and ears is also undertaken. This is done with tiny brushes and instruments, to the no little eventual detriment of both eyes and ears. For the barber probes into the depths of the ears, with no knowledge of their intricate nature, and, with equal if not greater ignorance of the still more tender and delicate construction of the eyes, proceeds to turn the lids over and clean their surfaces. This produces redness and irritation, which is thought to be a sign that another visit is required to the untrained surgeon, with the result that often the eyesight is ruined. Similar results ensue to the ear, from the ruthless penetration into its inner passages.

Another practice that the Chinaman is very fond of having his surgeon-barber perform on him is "pounding the bones" for aches and pains. The barber executes a tattoo on the back, or any other part of the human frame with his closed fists, to the delight of the sufferer.

The Black-haired Race

The rapid growth of the hair on the parts that are shaven produces a rank crop, and this has to be kept down by repeated visits to the barber. The frequency of these depends on the position a man occupies in society and on his purse. Exception must be made in the case of mourning, when for weeks and months the head and face of the Chinaman presents a hideous spectacle, as all hair is allowed to grow then, till the period of mourning is over. To add to this unsightly spectacle, instead of the red or black cord in the queue, blue in half or slight mourning, is worn in the south of China, and white in deep mourning. This, added to the black, coarse, lank hair sticking up in short bristles, is most ghastly.

The Chinese calendar is full of lucky and unlucky days; consequently there are days when it is well to shave, and days when it is well to refrain from shaving; and due regard must be paid to these by the Chinaman who would avoid disaster.

The price differs for a shave in different parts of the country, but a halfpenny in some places is a reasonable charge for the operation. Even this, or less, seems to be beyond the means of the beggar, who doubtless also thinks that, added to his rags and tatters, a tangled mass of coarse, matted hair is more likely to draw a cash from the charitable.

The strangest sight is to see a whole nation in mourning, and therefore unshorn. This happens

when the Emperor dies. Timely notice is generally given before the official notice of this mourning is promulgated, so that every one goes to the barber, and gets a clean head, to start on the long period of abstention.

The women allow their hair to grow all over the head. In girlhood it is plaited into a queue which hangs down the back; though of late years some of the younger women have worn their hair in a little knot at the side of the head, where it looks very peculiar.

The coiffure into which the married women bind their hair varies much with the place, the fashion, and the position of the wearer. As a rule, the hair is plastered down over the head with a gelatinous gum made by soaking the shavings of a certain tree in water. This shows off the contour of the head to advantage. With Cantonese working-women, or those of a lower order of society, the hair is often made into a little knob at the back of the head. This is varied by others, and sometimes by those a little higher in the social scale, by an approach to two wings at the sides of the head, and at the back to what looks like the handle of a teapot. This style was worn by the most fashionable some fifty years ago in a very exaggerated form. A quieter mode now prevails, though eccentricities reveal themselves every now and then. The styles differ widely in different districts of the country, the author having seen in Soo-Chow long love-locks hanging down the sides of the cheeks.

The Black-haired Race

Little boys often have all the hair shaved off, or sometimes it is left growing, and tied into two tufts on the sides of the head. When a clean poll is the boy's style, then he is dubbed, in pleasant badinage, "monk," as the Buddhist priests or monks have all the hair shaven off their heads.

When the more elaborate way of dressing the hair is in favour, the coiffure has to last for several days. At night the woman sleeps with the back of the neck on a hard earthen or bamboo or softer leather pillow, for fear of disarranging what has taken much art, labour, and time to accomplish. No frames or pads are used by the women in doing up the hair, nor is false hair employed, except when absolutely necessary to hide baldness. No hair-brushes are used; the hair is combed. The combs are generally of wood.

Most women apply a scent, which has rather an unpleasant odour, to the hair; but it must be liked by the Chinese, though the author has come across one Chinese gentleman who thought it disagreeable. The blind singing-girls have their back hair done into a long arrangement, which is stiffened, so that it sticks straight down the back for about a foot.

CHAPTER III

The Life of a Dead Chinaman

IT may well be said of the Chinese, "The dead ye have always with you." Beyond the suburbs of the living cities, a vast necropolis in every case is to be found, rivalling, in the number of its inhabitants, the living population which has supplied for scores of years and centuries the future inmates for its silent dwellings.

In China, strange in so many of its customs and so many of its ideas, the dead rule the living in thought; they rule them in custom; they rule them throughout their lives, by fear and the dread of calamity, if everything is not done to propitiate them—an obsession at times too awful for words.

The paradoxical reigns supreme in Chinese life, and it is not seldom the case that an individual insignificant in life becomes influential by ceasing to live. Near Chao Chow Fu there is an imposing grave, which one passes on the road to the city. A double row of animals leads up to it. It seems that originally this was only an ordinary grave, with nothing special to mark it out as different

from the hundreds that lie on the hill-side or plain, "where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap." Now it is sought by many who, when he was alive, would not have given a passing thought to the humble and insignificant individual whose body sleeps in this narrow cell. Now, according to popular belief, his hands sway the course of destiny, in response to those who have known how to provide for his posthumous comfort by placing his grave in a good position, in fact, as governed by the laws of *fung-shui*.

The Chinese have a proverb that "The most important thing in life is to be buried well." A new idea is, in this connection, imported into the old Hebrew saying, that "the day of death is better than the day of one's birth" (Ecclesiastes vii. 1).

The most of us think one soul is quite enough to look after. The Chinaman has three—at least he believes he has—besides seven animal spirits, all centred in his being. A dissolution occurs on his demise, and his souls are scattered. One goes to the future world to receive the rewards or punishments due for the deeds done in the body, one remains at the grave, and one goes into the ancestral tablet. This last is an article made of several pieces of wood, fitted together, on the outside and inside of which are written the names, titles, and dates of birth and death of the deceased. The tablet is set up, among wealthy and large families and clans, in the ancestral hall.

This hall is a building forming a general

rendezvous for the family, and a centre for the transaction of business pertaining to the family or clan. Large estates are sometimes held in trust for the good of all belonging to the family, and financial considerations bind together the scattered members of the clan, as well as ties of kindred. To be expelled from the clan is felt to be a keen disgrace; and this ostracism carries with it the penalty of being cut off from all the privileges appertaining to the clan—help in time of need, sustenance in old age, support in difficulty, and fellowship and friendship.

In this clanship and in the ancestor worship lies the stronghold of the old system. It is a comparatively easy matter to give up the ordinary worship of idols; that is not engrained in the Chinaman's nature. But—even if he sees the absurdity of a tripartite soul, coexistent and requiring separate habitations when the body, which was the common lodging-house of all, has become uninhabitable by the effluxion of time and decay—nevertheless, with what one writer has described as the turbidity of the Chinese mind, he accepts it and clings to it. What holds him with a firmer grip than mere faith in it is a knowledge of the dire consequences which would ensue, were he to act upon a belief in the absurdity of the whole matter. The excommunication from his clan is so serious a thing that he hesitates to make himself an outcast. With no old age pension or poor-house to fall back upon, if he goes; and with the

glamour and substantial results accruing from office and literary distinction before him if he stays, the consequences of revolt are serious enough. If the conscience does not hold supreme sway over his being, principles are apt to go by the board.

Filial piety is supposed to be the motive power for the reverence of the dead. Not for a moment would the author deny this virtue as a factor in Chinese ancestral worship ; but, after all that can be said for this aspect of the case, it still remains that one of the chief and most potent causes of the reverence and worship of the dead in China is fear of what might result from not propitiating the departed spirits.

Another contributory cause is "olo custom," which rules with stronger sway in the East than in the West.

To understand the origin of this curious cult, we must go back to the infancy of nations. Christianity, with the higher civilisation it has brought with it, has caused us to leave such things behind ; for nations as well as man when in the child state spake as a child, understood as a child, and thought as a child. China, with its reverence for the dead past, with its ultra-conservatism, with its rigid adherence to the customs sanctioned by antiquity, has clung to ancestor worship, which most of the other nations of the world have long grown out of.

But though ancestor worship be a survival of the most primitive times, a relic of early religion,

with the Chinese it is at the root of all things ; it permeates nearly everything. It is so woven into the warp and woof of human existence in the Far East that it even seems to be an integral part of the human being. Follow up any subject to its origin, to its present motive force, to its *raison d'être*, and the chances are that lying hidden at the root of the matter is ancestor worship. From the Emperor on his throne down to the meanest of his subjects, the influence of this cult makes itself felt in ways the most incomprehensible to one who has been brought up and lived under totally different conditions on the other side of the globe.

Of late years a succession of minors has ascended the throne in China. Ancestral worship is the cause of this ; for it would never do for the new monarch, who has to worship his predecessor, to perform the ancestral rites in honour of one younger than himself.

Not seldom the sentence passed on some prisoner is light, as compared with the just reward for his crimes laid down in the statute-book ; and why? Because ancestral worship puts in a more powerful plea for mitigation of sentence than any other circumstances which law could take cognisance of, or lawyers could think of, in a country where lawyers as such are unknown. All that is necessary is that the culprit claim to be the one who should offer the sacrifices to the *manes* of his deceased parents.

This custom affects the eldest son, or, more

especially, an only son. The plea of being the only son, and consequently the only support of an aged mother, is constantly advanced in Hong Kong courts of justice. It receives the scant attention our customs accord to such a reason for the mitigation of sentence or for an unqualified pardon. In a Chinese court, it would, if proved true, be acted on. The ultimate cause of many a social custom, rule of etiquette, code of action, is found to be based on this principle ; and most rigid is the conformity required to its minutest maxims, upon which to a large extent the fabric of society is based.

It is absolutely necessary, for example, that a man have a son to perform the pious rites for him ; hence, from the Chinese point of view, a sufficient reason for polygamy. If, after marriage, no infant of the required sex appears to perform the sacrifices and offer the prayers to the father, when deceased, which is the prerogative of the eldest son, then a concubine or secondary wife, or *subintroducta mulier*, is procured, to fulfil the hopes of every married man. For this reason nearly every man, with the rarest exception, is married in China, and nearly every woman too. Should the second wife thus taken only increase the family by daughters, or should she prove childless, a third wife is added, and so on till the desired end is attained. Failing all issue, a relative may be adopted, to fulfil the functions of a son. If this be impossible, an outsider may be taken in to fill

the place of a son. Here, then, is the chief reason for the semi-legalised concubinage in vogue in China.

Again, the tie that binds the wandering Celestial to his homeland is ancestral worship ; nor is the tie broken by death. In life he returns, if possible, from distant climes to worship at the tombs, and see his ancient mother, and incidentally his wife, who perhaps has been married to him in his absence. At death his coffined bones are returned to be buried at his ancestral home, where due reverence may be paid to his spirits, for their good and that of his descendants. Long and tedious are the journeys of these sacred remains from one end of the Empire to the other, so that, though a man may have died far from home, his remains shall not be absent from their right resting-place at last.[1]

If a Chinaman finds three souls a handful, what must his descendants feel with his three on their hands ! The seven animal spirits are evidently of little account after death, as these grosser parts of his spiritual nature shrink, shrivel up, and revert at death to their original elements, and sink to earth, but all three souls have to be propitiated with offerings to meet their wants. The Chinese believe that neglect will bring to the family in its train misery, wretchedness, penury, and want, and

[1] The author knows of at least one instance where a friend or relative brought the bones back mingled with other effects in a box.

the loss of what they might otherwise have inherited in the way of official emoluments and literary distinction.

For burial, "a low position, where the soil is damp," is to be avoided, as white ants would soon riddle such a coffin in such a place, to say nothing of the body lying in moisture. Such a condition of the coffin, "it is believed, the dead resent with a fierce and bitter feeling, that seems to set them in the wildest hostility to the friends who are responsible for this state of things; and in the Land of Shadows they plan how they shall be revenged upon those who have shown so little feeling for them as to bury them in such a position." Any proximity of large trees is considered to be specially obnoxious to the occupants of graves. It seems that the waving of the branches during a storm, and the sighing of winds through them, produce such doleful sensations that the spirits are apt to get irritated, and by and by "vent their wrath by hurling calamities on the living."

Thus the dead to-day all over China hold the living within their grip. They are believed in some mysterious way to have the ability to change the destinies of a family. They can raise it from poverty and meanness to wealth and the most exalted position; but if they are neglected, and offerings not made to them at the regular seasons, they will take away houses and lands from it, and turn the members of it into beggars.

The worship at the tombs takes place twice a

year, in spring and autumn, but spring is the time *par excellence* consecrated to the purpose. The family reunion round the graves to worship takes somewhat the place of our summer outings. From far and near they gather. Boats and chairs, or their own legs, carry the family party to the unenclosed hill, where, amidst possibly myriads of other graves, and surrounded by numerous groups of other worshippers, they spread out the meats and vegetables and cakes in bowls and dishes ; light the candles and incense-sticks ; put fresh turf on the little hillock ; or clean up the horseshoe-shaped grave. These outings are a combination of business with pleasure, and, the serious business over, an agreeable little picnic follows.

That the souls of the departed are in the direst straits, unless attended to, is the firm belief of the Chinese. On the Chinese "All Souls' Day" provisions in tempting array are laid out for them to consume, while all sorts of articles are forwarded to them in the other world, being sublimated by the mysterious influence of the element of fire. In plain language, what in our lands would be called dolls' houses, made of bamboo and paper, boats, sedan-chairs, furniture, all constructed of such flimsy materials and only made to be thus burned, are sent by the fire and their ashes into ghost-land. Even paper men and women are also despatched, to make the establishment complete, and, that all necessaries may be procured, paper to represent

money is also forwarded by the same potent means. From all this it will be seen that in the Chinese mind the future life is merely a projection of this existence on to another plane of life. In the nether regions a replica of this world appears as far as life, occupation, and motives are concerned, the only difference being apparently that it is a land of shades and darkness.

The courts of the Kings of the Ghosts are a reproduction of those of Chinese mandarins, the attendants, like their prototypes on earth, are fierce and cruel, but fiercer and more cruel than earthly ones, as the punishments in the majority of cases are conceived in the spirit of tyrants. It is supposed by some that the normal period for life in this purgatory is sixteen years, by which time it is apparently thought that, purged of their iniquities, those who have passed through it are ready for another period of existence on earth. Then, if their misdeeds in a former life deserve it, their punishment is still continued, by their having to descend lower in the scale of existence. Thus a man may be born as an ox, or begin life anew as a woman. The worst become worms, insects, and reptiles. The good, on the contrary, ascend in the scale, being born into a higher station in life ; or they may ascend even to the skies as demi-gods.

This belief in the transmigration of souls is one reason for the abstention from flesh by many in the Celestial Empire. No one knows how many

lives a dead Chinaman is supposed to live again. The nine lives of a cat pale into utter insignificance beside the possibilities which open out before him. But the worst of it is, he, as a rule, has no remembrance of the past, though Buddha recounted his experiences in the different bodies he passed through (between five and six hundred altogether).

The Chinese have made many attempts to lift the dark curtain that hides the future from mortal ken. The "theories are oftentimes vague and contradictory, and when they are put to the touch of logic they fail utterly before its tests. They are as brave an effort, however, as has ever been made by any heathen people to construct a system that shall try and satisfy the cravings of the human heart about the unknown. They are profoundly human, and an exalted vein of righteousness runs throughout them. There is no paltering with evil, and no elevation of vice or impurity, and even their ideal ruler of the Land of Shadows, stern and severe as he is represented to be, can always unbend before the exhibition of goodness in any of the spirits under his control." [1]

[1] Macgowan, *Sidelights on Chinese Life*, p. 223.

CHAPTER IV

Wind and Water, or "Fung-Shui"

OF all the vagaries which the human mind has evolved from its inner consciousness, the palm must surely be given to the mass of rules for the guidance of the believer in *fung-shui*. About 400,000,000 of our fellow-men are believers in it. It doubtless had its origin in the observation of some of the operations of Nature by an ignorant and unscientific people, who, unable to assign correct causes for effects, have let their fancy lead them astray. A remembrance of the prehistoric monsters in the shape of a dragon (a green dragon), a tiger [1] (a white tiger), combined with the five elements, the male and female principles, the four points of the compass, the ten celestial stems, the twelve horary characters—all these and other elements are united together as a basis for the wildest imaginings. A favourable situation for a grave, or a house, or a piece of land, are matters in which *fung-shui* is important. It determines also "whether in repairing a house, in building at

[1] Tigers are still found in many parts of the Empire.

cemeteries, in moving an old grave, or opening a new one," in building a wall, " or in doing anything involving the displacement of earth, any hindrance exists to the work being proceeded with." Some persons may not use *fung-shui* in all these matters; but " in everything connected with graves the universal custom is to employ " it.[1]

In addition to this, till recently the opposition to railways was founded on this superstition. For as the railway lines cut through graves, they must destroy the *fung-shui*. The telegraph has now spread pretty nearly all over the Empire; but it was at first, because of *fung-shui*, received with the strongest opposition by the people. The first telegraph line constructed in China was between Hong Kong and Canton. The thought of that mysterious wire passing over their land aroused among the people all the superstitious dread of occult influences. The highly significant names of the localities served by this line only confirmed them in their fear of the consequences. Canton is the " City of Rams " or " Sheep "; the mouth of the Canton River is known as " The Tiger's Mouth "; the district opposite Hong Kong is that of " The Nine Dragons." What more disastrous conditions could be combined than to link such things together—a line to lead the Sheep right into the Tiger's Mouth, or in the opposite direction amongst Nine Dragons?

However, the Chinese Government were resolved

[1] Thomson, p. 211.

that this and other lines should be constructed, and the opposition of the people had to give way. When, as sometimes happened, the telegraph poles were uprooted by the populace, they were set up again, and soldiers protected the employees of the administration of telegraphs and their works. So, until the present renaissance of China, many foreign innovations which came athwart the Chinese line of progress were objected to, as, though perchance beneficial to the foreigner, they would be fraught with injury to the Land of the Dragon and the Tiger.

Not only would the tiger be led along the ground, as with the telegraph line just mentioned; but in the case of railways this mythical tiger, or it may be the dragon, lies in the ground, and, though buried in the earth, yet is evidently alive, and deeply resentful of any injury done to it by a railway cutting. At one part of the compass the dragon will be disturbed; at another the white tiger. Other elements also come into play in this farrago of nonsense. The whole thing has been worked up into what the Chinese consider an exact science, with its professors, whose occupation in life is to find out suitable sites for graves and buildings, and to be consulted when occasion arises on which their advice should be sought. Do we ourselves discover any unsatisfactory influences in our surroundings? The cause is looked for in soil, dampness, or atmospheric conditions. With the Chinese this pseudo-science

comes into action with a full play of fancy ; its empirical laws are searched ; and the conditions made to agree with what the books have laid down. Of course the evil is discovered at once by the sage professor of the science. Do away with the conditions which no one can dispute, and all will be right, or bring other conditions into play which will counteract the adverse ones, and thus good will be evolved out of evil.

The author came across a case in point. Travelling in the Canton province, he and a fellow-traveller were curious to know the reason for a peculiarly shaped tower standing at a corner of the city wall in the City of Fragrant Hills. The explanation, at first, conveyed no meaning to the two foreigners, who listened to it from native lips. It required some months, or years, of soaking into the foreign brain before the full meaning was apprehended. Even then it is questionable whether its full purport could be grasped, for it apparently needs a Chinese mind to fully understand such things.

It appears that a stream of wealth was flowing out of the city—the city being a wealthy one, much of it having accrued from the honest labour of the now retired merchants who had amassed it abroad. The wiseacres who had made *fung-shui* their study advised the erection of this tower, by means of which the hard-earned savings of the wealthy might be retained. A poetical imagination is thus, it seems, let loose amongst superstitious beliefs.

Wind and Water, or "Fung-Shui"

Many fantasies of the Chinese mind, raised in assigning causes for malevolent influences, might —were it not that all is taken in sober earnest— raise a suspicion that the enunciator of them, like Bret Harte's Ah Sin, had a card up his sleeve. It is not to be doubted that astute knaves are enabled, under the excuse of *fung-shui*, to earn an income from the credulous.

This geomancy is, in fact, a weapon ready in the hands of those who wish to injure others, or of those who, with a good object in view, have injured others, as the following instance will show.

The primary object of a pagoda in China has been to preserve the relics of a Buddha or saint. The Chinese have, however, improved on this, and firmly believe that to conserve or improve the propitious geomantic influences of a place it is necessary to have these picturesque objects—narrow and polygonal obelisks many stories in height, which enhance the scenery and give a distinctive feature to it.

There is at least one pagoda in China which has exerted a malign influence, as it is believed to be a great hindrance to the prosperity of the district in which it is situated. The story goes thus :—

"Many years ago there was a magistrate appointed to this district who understood geomancy. On examining a hill, he found out that, unless a pagoda were built there, there would arise in Kwong-chi (the district in question) some men who would

be endowed with such extraordinary abilities that they might prove dangerous to the State. So he made a representation to the Throne, with the result that this pagoda was built—and now Kwong-chi cannot produce a single man of note."

From this it will be seen that such influences "may be friendly to one person and hostile to another. Thus one Chinese may build a house or a place of business upon a particular spot of earth, and the *fung-shui* being favourable to him, prosperity will come to him and his ; but if another Chinese should construct the same building, for the same purpose, upon the same location, he would only meet with disaster, because the local influences were hostile to him. His children would die, his business be ruined, and the curse of evil spirits would involve him in hopeless destruction. Upon the other hand, if this second Chinese should construct a different style of building, or the same building for another purpose, the local powers might be satisfied not to annoy him." [1]

In place of our "ancient lights" in England, this topographical superstition may provide a cause for an action at law. In China a suit might lie and damages be recovered if the complainant could show the judge to his satisfaction that the defendant had affected the complainant prejudicially by damaging the *fung-shui* of his house, or ancestral hall or place of business.

The author's father wished, while residing in

[1] Holcombe, *The Real Chinaman*, p. 146.

the city of Canton, to have a window put into the side of his house which gave on to a square in front of a temple. But the master of the premises used as a shop on the opposite side of the square objected, as it would overlook his place. All that would be allowed was the putting in of one or two large open-work ornamental tiles near the roof, which permitted a small quantity of air to circulate. The matter was compromised in this way; but, if the window had been insisted on, grave trouble would have arisen. If both parties had been Chinese, it would have been considered as a valid cause for action.

Chinese houses have no chimneys, as they have no fireplaces, a broad opening in the roof protected from the rain serving the purpose of conducting the smoke from the kitchen. It consequently happens that in Peking "the Chinese shun, as much as possible, living next door to a house occupied by a foreigner." For the roofs of such houses "are dotted with chimneys, built simply with a view to comfort and convenience, with a reckless disregard of all the laws of *fung-shui*."

Some years ago an American in the employ of the Chinese Government was prevented from putting any chimneys to his house, as a high Chinese official who lived next door to him refused to permit him to have them. The poor American had to go through the intense cold of a Peking winter without a fire in his house, and had to try to warm himself with charcoal brasiers. When

a high chimney was put up for the gasworks in the same city, house property within a mile fell to a half of its former value.

Here are some of the rules which guide the professor of geomancy in his decisions with reference to houses and lands: The principal house in a mansion must be lofty, and the subsidiary buildings (which are combined with several main buildings, at least to form a mansion) shall be low. This is one of the chief principles. Others of importance are that "neither exactly opposite the outside site, nor on either side" of the house, "shall there be a temple of any kind; that the private drains be arranged according to geomantic principles; that a certain number of doors follow each other in succession, never exactly in line; and that the windows be on certain sides of the houses. The differences in the height of the ground must be taken into consideration, and the neighbours' roofs must be examined, lest there be anything thereon to interfere with the *fung-shui* of the house in question."

"In the case of land, the secret influences [1] that come and go; the height and evenness of" the ground; "on which side the hillocks are to be raised, the low parts filled in; in what direction

[1] "These influences must be very secret, one would think, to the geomancer and every one else; for the literal translation of the terms used to express them are, 'The Coming Dragon,' 'The Departing Pulse,' 'The Breath of the Earth,' and 'The Power of the Earth'" (Thomson).

the water is to flow off ; and how the trees are to be planted, &c.—are all points that are intimately connected with the *fung-shui* of the place.'

In one thing alone *fung-shui* appears to be a benefit to the Chinese, and that is in the matter of trees about villages. Most villages nestled at the foot of hills, or standing solitary on the plains, have a grove of fine trees about or behind them. This is due to the geomantic influences which the trees are supposed to exercise.

There has often been great objection to the steeples or spires of churches ; and in nearly all cases the missionaries have met this objection by constructing churches and chapels without them. In many instances the buildings have, if not a Chinese shop or house adapted to the purpose, been built according to the Chinese mode. There was much bad feeling with regard to the French Roman Catholic Cathedral in the New City in Canton. Besides the allegation which festered in the minds of the people, to the effect that the ground on which it stood had been unjustly acquired by the foreigner, one of the strongest objections against it in the Chinese mind centred in the twin spires which dominated the whole city. A riot took place, and a permanent guard of native soldiers had to be placed at the cathedral gates.

A wise quidnunc, after some years of exasperated feeling on the part of the populace, enunciated the consoling statement that, instead

of this high stone building dominating the whole city for evil, it was most lucky in its geomantic properties. For what could be better or more fitting than a pair of horns (such as the two spires doubtless were) for the City of Rams, as Canton is called !

After all, the stronghold of this curious medley of superstition is in the grave, in which also ancestral worship centres. More than amongst any other people the grave is the centre of life amongst the Chinese. To us it would seem not possible that the condition or situation of a grave should affect the prosperity of a family ; the converse might be the case. But the former is what the Chinese believes, and the sums of money spent annually and throughout the Empire in attempts to select some auspicious site for a father's resting-place must be something enormous.

How far-reaching are some of the malign influences of *fung-shui* may be judged by the fact that, some years since, a number of high Chinese officials united in a petition to the Throne, asking that a stop be put to mining coal and iron at a point forty miles distant from the Imperial Tombs, upon the plea that this mining would disturb the bones of the Empress, who had recently been buried.

The late Emperor Tung Chi was not buried for some nine months after his death, as no place was discovered in which his remains could be laid without disturbing the *fung-shui*. Two Imperial

cemeteries exist, each about one hundred miles distant from Peking—one to the east and one to the west, so as to prevent any untoward circumstance arising; and the sovereigns alternate in their occupancy of their final resting-place.

By rights Tung Chi should have been buried in the Western Cemetery, as his turn was to be laid there to rest, his father having gone to the Eastern Cemetery. "But the court astrologers declared, as a result of their divinations, that no place could be found there where he might lie without injury to the State, and hence that he must be buried elsewhere. Months of investigation, repeated references to different boards and departments of the public service, and numerous commands from the new Emperor followed, until, after nine months of effort, it was finally decided that he positively could not be interred in the Western Cemetery, where he belonged, but, with certain precautionary and conciliatory measures, he might be put underground in the Eastern. This was done, as the lesser of two evils.

"The whole Empire had been stirred over the question. It had been debated at numerous Councils of State, and a large sum of money, estimated at" about £50,000, had been expended, all to determine at what spot the coffin of the deceased Emperor should rest (Holcombe, p. 150).

Many a coffin remains above-ground in China for months, or even years. Lack of time for the elaborate funeral exercises, or of funds to

meet the extravagant expenses dictated by custom, is in some instances the cause of the delay ; but in a vast majority of cases it is caused by trouble about the *fung-shui*. For the most part "the trouble is easily adjusted, and by some absurdly trivial and inconsequential act, such as the planting of a tree at a particular spot in the cemetery, or perhaps the removal of a shrub or a stone."

A certain chapel in Canton had a portico with a row of pillars. The people in the neighbourhood had assisted in subscribing for a public clock placed over it (one of the only two in the whole large city). So there was no question of any objection to the chapel, or they would not have thus given a quasi-sanction to it ; and it had thus stood for years. The author, on inquiring why the columns had disappeared some years since, was informed that the Chinese thought they were bad *fung-shui;* so they had been taken down.

As "this *fung-shui* delusion holds the entire Chinese nation in subjection, the professors of the art of divination are, as a class, as sincerely its victims as are those who employ them to solve its tangled mysteries in their own affairs. To refer again to the burial of Tung Chi, a large number of the ablest officials of the Empire made no effort to conceal their anxiety as to the effect of his being placed in the Eastern Cemetery. And when in subsequent years famine, flood, and other disasters came upon the nation, some of these were bold enough to point out in written

memorials to the Throne that these calamities came as a result of violated *fung-shui*, as punishments for the interment of the late Emperor in a spot where he did not properly belong.

"The effect of such a system upon the lives of those who accept it can hardly be realised. That it must interfere with business, check enterprise, and hamper that individual freedom of action which is essential to healthy development—all this is evident. But it goes far beyond this. It makes men by turns crazy fanatics and senseless cowards. And no cowardice is so damaging and hopeless as that which fears intangible, unseen dangers—dangers which a man cannot struggle against, and from which he cannot run.

"It can easily be imagined that such a system, with its innumerable ramifications and varieties of applications, might absolutely block the wheels of organised social and business life, and bring all things to a standstill. Perhaps it would, were not the Chinese remarkable for their capacity of adjustment, and for the patience and success with which they manage to evade difficulties and to compromise where they cannot readily conquer.

"Were they less phlegmatic, good-natured, and practical, the existence of this universal superstition must long since have driven the entire race into lunacy." [1]

[1] Holcombe, pp. 152–4.

CHAPTER V

The Much-married Chinaman

THE average Westerner doubtless thinks that John Chinaman is very much married ; and so he is, if only those who have a multiplicity of wives are taken into account. But there are many who are content, or have to be content, with monogamy. Circumstances over which he has no control often force, according to his ideas, the Chinaman into polygamy.[1] There is, or should be, only one queen in the house—whether it be hovel or palace—which stands for the word home. But the assessor or assessors—who, according to the Oriental idea, ought by rights to serve the queen, be obedient to her, and live in harmony with her—at times usurp her province. Then civil war or domestic strife—a thirty years' war sometimes, if not worse—ensues. The king who finds the strife of tongues too much for him, and is unable to rule his unruly queens, is perforce at times obliged to separate the warring elements, and locate them in separate homes ; though all

[1] See Chapter III. pp. 26, 27.

his efforts will not stop the continual dropping of hints, inuendoes, blame, and abuse by angry and contentious women.

A multiplicity of wives is a luxury—and an expensive one at that—even for the rich; but an exception may be made in the case of the comparatively poor man, if the partners be taken in moderation. For in such a case two female members of the household may, with sewing and embroidery and shoemaking, double the income of the home.

It is considered far better for a woman to occupy the position of a wife than that of a concubine, and people of means or of great respectability as a rule see to their daughters taking the supreme position in a household.

"It is difficult even to guess at the extent of polygamy, for no statistics have been or can be easily taken. Among the labouring classes it is rare to find more than one woman to one man; but tradesmen, official persons, landholders, and those in easy circumstances, frequently take one or more concubines—perhaps two-fifths of such persons have them. Show and fashion lead some to increase the number of their women, though aware of the discord likely to arise, for they fully believe their own proverb, that 'Nine women out of ten are jealous.'

"Yet it is probably true that polygamy finds its greatest support from the women themselves. The wife seeks to increase her own position, by getting

A FAMILY GROUP OF THREE GENERATIONS.

more women into the house to relieve her " in her " own work and humour her fancies. The Chinese illustrate the relation by comparing the wife to the moon and the concubines to the stars, both of which in their appropriate spheres wait upon and revolve around the sun. It is not infrequent for a man to secure a maidservant " for " the family, with the consent of his wife, by purchasing her for a concubine, especially if his occupation frequently call him away from home." [1] In this case he often takes her as his travelling companion, leaving his wife in charge of the household.

And yet the best feelings of the nation are at heart evidently against the practice. A sentence from the *Great Learning*, one of the Confucian classics, is constantly in use by women. It is to this effect : " Their persons being cultivated, their families were regulated." When a wife quarrels with a concubine, and a husband remonstrates, this will be flung into his teeth, as much as to say, " You have, by bringing in a concubine, failed to regulate your conduct and person."

A progressive Chinese of intelligent views expressed the opinion to the author that polygamy was largely responsible for the bribery and corruption of official life, and while it existed such practices would not, or could not, be given up. His belief—and it is widely shared—was that the expenses of a harem, with all the incidentals of servants and an indefinite number of children, was

[1] Williams, *The Middle Kingdom*, i. pp. 791–2.

one of the main reasons for the urgent need of a much larger income than legitimate official sources could be expected to grant or afford to those filling high posts under the Government.

Thousands of years ago, one of the most renowned men in China married the two daughters of one man as equal wives. This solitary case has served as a plea with many a woman. It is pitiable to see how so-called wives try to use it, endeavouring thereby to show that they actually fill the position they would hold if they could. The author in his official life saw not a few cases in which a secondary wife, or concubine, has said that she was the equal wife of the man who has another legal first wife. She has got the so-called husband to promise that she shall be his equal wife. But no plea of that kind is of any avail, as there is but one legal first wife in China, and no one, while she is alive, can be her equal. The others are called wives by courtesy only, and their position is a lower one than that of the legal principal wife. "If names be not correct, language is not in accordance with the truth of things," [1] is another quotation from the classics, which the Chinese use when in such a case a man calls his concubine his wife.

The sayings of a people often give a clue to their feelings. The following sentence [1] from the

[1] These quotations are taken from the author's work *The Pith of the Classics: The Chinese Classics in Everyday Life.*

classics—"There are three things which are unfilial, and to have no posterity is the greatest of them"—is used as the reason for taking a wife, and especially for taking a concubine, when a man is without offspring. How deep-rooted this feeling is in the mind of the Chinese may be gathered by the fact that this quotation is in constant use amongst the people.

As the poor occupy but little space, a second wife does not take up much room; but with the rich considerable provision must be made for their accommodation. The author, when a boy and allowed by Chinese custom to visit the ladies with his sisters, was once taken over a mansion of one of the wealthy inhabitants of a city. This gentleman had six ladies dependent on his bounty, who looked up to him as their lord and master. They were housed in different apartments of what might be described as a gallery round the central square court of his house.

Allusion has been made to quarrels in the household when a man brings another wife in to vex the inmate or inmates of his dwelling. But the Chinese customs so familiarise women as well as men with the courtesy title of wife applied at the same time to several women by one man, that what would be considered as an insult in our Western lands is looked on as a natural consequence of unproductiveness on the part of the wife, or of wealth, which allows the numerical proportions of the family to be expanded.

The Much-married Chinaman

Though the natural feelings at the bottom of a woman's heart are against sharing a husband with others, yet, so imperative are the demands of custom and religion for a male heir, that she is pleased in many cases to stifle her heaven-born instincts and be content. In some cases even, a wife urges on her husband to satisfy the clamant need of a family, by procuring what may prove to be a rival to her in his affections—presuming that the affections have been called into play by their marriage and are not lying dormant for some beauty to claim them. It must be remembered in this connection that the wife's ancestral tablet is set up by the side of her husband's on her death, and, if a son is needed to pay the proper pious rites to his late father, a son's services are also required for her.

As far as the parties themselves are concerned, the marriage of a legal first wife and her husband might almost be described as automatic. The machinery is set in motion by the parents, the parties themselves having nothing to do with it. What necessity is there for them to see each other? They seldom do, unless it be in the country, where it would be well-nigh impossible for the boys and girls, even with the seclusion of the latter in Chinese life, not to have passed before each other's eyes. It is possible for the young man, in some cases at all events, to manage to get a glance at his future wife, but that is all, and in many cases not even a glimpse is seen by the future husband of her who is to be his wife.

A BRIDAL PROCESSION.

The go-between arranges everything with the parents on both sides. There is much going back and forward; the fortune-teller decides whether the horoscopes of the couple agree; presents are sent or exchanged; and at last a grand series of ceremonies lasting three days takes place, an indispensable worship of ancestors being one of the most important.

What must the feelings of the pair be when the red cloth is lifted from the bride's face as she steps out of the red bridal sedan-chair (in which a woman only rides once in her life), and the two persons, who have not been consulted in the affair, face each other, probably for the first time? Bound together for life they are, whether plain or beautiful, diseased or sound, intelligent or with only a small modicum of brains. Imbecility, even, seems at times to be no bar to marriage. Raptures at the sight of a beauty greater than could possibly have been hoped for would not, one would think, satisfy a husband as to the qualities of mind or temper unknown and untried in the past.

That tragedies arise from such a course of action is natural and inevitable. A case of which the author heard many years ago may show the occasional result of bringing the two together, without any preliminary introduction and intercourse.

After all the noise and excitement of the crowd were over, the bridegroom saw, to his horror (if he had not noticed it before on the arrival of the

bride, when the conventionalities prevented any action), what an ugly creature his newly espoused wife was. His whole soul revolted at the union with such a hideous object. Spurning her with cruel words, he retired to rest alone, and left her to cry out her misery in the corner of the room all night.

On the other hand, it is a fact that a veritable affection does grow up in not a few cases between couples thus brought together, and so a situation fraught with every possibility of evil is rendered harmless. If the first wife dies, another can be married to "take the room" of the deceased, "to carry on the house," as it is termed, and this so shortly after the death of the former as would be considered scandalous in our Western world. A woman takes so inferior a place in the economy of the East that a husband is not required either to attend the funeral of a wife or to express grief for her demise by wearing mourning—and this in a land where the utmost punctiliousness is observed in all such matters.

All the children born under this expansive system of wedlock are technically the children of the first wife, and call her the "big mother." These children are all legitimate, and appear to be equals, though their mothers are not, or may not be, theoretically speaking. Practically, there is often not much difference in everyday life in the positions of the women who own one man as their husband.

The Mother-in-Law

The chief wife is the head of the womenfolk, if there is no mother-in-law alive. If there be, then the mother-in-law rules, and often with a rod of iron. A cruel, tyrannical, and hard-hearted woman can make the life of daughters-in-law and subsidiary wives and slave-girls a perfect misery, and the poor little wife has a hard struggle indeed. For the wife is supposed to bear everything in patience and submission, and to wait hand and foot on the mother-in-law. In the West the mother-in-law is often a much-maligned person and the butt of many a joke. In China the mother-in-law is held up to the highest respect and almost worship.

The feelings of this august personage towards the daughter-in-law may be judged, as well as the feelings of her poor inferior towards her, from the following advice by a Chinese: "There is no such thing as a mother not loving her daughter; nor is there such a thing as a mother-in-law not hating her daughter-in-law. Would that the mothers-in-law in this world would expend thirty per cent. of the love for their daughters on their daughters-in-law." The mother-in-law is the head of the family, at least as far as the domestic arrangements are concerned, so the daughter-in-law is virtually in most cases a slave to the mother-in-law, and her servitude is a long and bitter one, unless the mother-in-law is kind-hearted in disposition.

Though reference has already been made to the

domestic difficulties due to this semi-legalised system of concubinage, it is the fact that cases do occur where the utmost harmony appears to prevail, where one would suppose such a course incompatible with human nature. A curious instance came under the author's notice, where two cousins, married to one man, were as harmonious and happy together, to all outward appearances, as sisters.

The exhibition of affection on the part of man or woman to the opposite sex is frowned on by Chinese custom and prudery. The outward signs of it between husband and wife are wanting. Kissing is most indelicate, except between elders and little children, and then it takes the shape of smelling the cheeks. Nevertheless, from inquiries the author has made, he has ascertained that even husbands and wives, where there is love between them, know how to kiss each other, when none can see, or suspect them guilty of such conduct.

There must be many a loveless marriage in China ; and the laxity of the marriage bond (as regards the man alone) and its wide circumference as regards more than one woman to one man, give free play to the husband. If he does not find a sweetheart at home, he seeks and finds one abroad, whom he may bring into his house as a secondary wife.

The taking of a concubine is a much less serious business than the marrying of a wife. It is

A MILITARY MANDARIN.

AND WIFE.

necessary, as a general rule, to have the intervention of a go-between, to make it a perfectly proper affair, and lift it on to a higher plane than the mere taking of a mistress ; but the presents and the whole arrangements differ in various parts of the country, and are reduced to the most elementary proportions at times.

The Chinese almost beggar themselves on marriages, and spend lavishly on such occasions, borrowing, if they have not got the money on hand ; and in a country where a high rate of interest is required, crippling themselves for years, if not for life, by their extravagant expenditure.

As a concrete illustration of this, there may be instanced the case of a Chinese in Singapore who became a bankrupt, mainly owing to the marriage of his three sisters, each of which cost him some £40. He himself drew a salary of nearly £7 a month, out of which his ordinary expenditure amounted to some £5 odd, leaving him after this only about £14 a year. On a salary like this, of course, it was impossible to meet such heavy expenses. In a country like China though, where there is no bankruptcy court as such, this load of debt would have hampered such a foolish man for life, increasing as the years went on, probably on what would be considered as a moderate interest of 36 per cent. per annum.

Divorce is allowed in China for seven reasons : Barrenness (though in this case the difficulty may be obviated by the taking of a secondary wife),

lasciviousness, jealousy, talkativeness, thieving, disobedience towards her husband's parents, and leprosy. But the author scarcely remembers coming across a case of divorce during his long residence in China ; and the requirements in the resort to it are sufficient to prevent its being often carried out in real life, as far as regards a first wife.

To begin with, her parents must be alive to receive the discarded wife. Moreover, there is a high standard of morality amongst respectable and well-to-do families in China ; so that the second reason is not likely to occur. As to jealousy, the author has seen a great deal of it in China. As regards this and talkativeness, the Chinese husband apparently thinks that " what cannot be cured must be endured." Thieving is not worthy of attention as a reason amongst respectable people. As to her husband's parents, a wife is married as much, if not sometimes more, to be a daughter-in-law as to be a wife ; and, with the ingrained respect the Chinese have for the aged, transgression is not likely to be more than venial, except in a few cases. The last reason, leprosy, is a more serious matter. But the go-between is supposed to see that the bride-elect is healthy and well, and, though there are many lepers in China, the percentage to the population cannot be very great, so the contingency of its occurring is small. With concubines the matter is very different ; and, if she have no relations to

make it unpleasant to her so-called husband, she has no redress. Divorce in China, if acted on, is quite one-sided ; no wife could think of divorcing her husband—the king does no wrong, can do no wrong.

There is many a capable woman in China, and when such a one is married to an incompetent man, or a confirmed gambler, or an opium sot, she is compelled, if in poor circumstances, to be the bread-winner of the family. Amongst the poor both husband and wife support the family by their labours, and the children add their mites as soon as able, beginning by scouring the streets and water's edge for every scrap of wood or shaving, to keep the pot boiling at home. They soon learn to mind a street stall, or to do any other thing to help. The baby is strapped on their backs when they are little more than infants themselves, and thus baby is out in the open air nearly all day long, and kept out of mischief's way, while the little brother or sister is picking up chips or doing some other light toil to add to the means of the house.

Marriage by proxy is in vogue in China. If circumstances should make it impossible for the prospective bridegroom to return home, his presence, in some districts of the country, is not considered an absolute necessity. In such a case a cock may be his proxy (this actually occurred with a servant of the author) ; and on return home the man may find a wife waiting for him and the

whole ceremony finished without the trouble of his going through it. It always appears to be necessary for the woman to be present, though of so little consequence is the consent of the two parties to a marriage, that one might almost suppose they could be married in the absence of both.

The height of absurdity, however, seems to have been attained when a poor girl is married to a dead man. This is not an uncommon occurrence, when a girl's betrothed dies before marriage. It is then considered the height of virtue and propriety when the maiden announces that she will marry the dead. She then leaves her parents and her childhood's home, and is practically dead to her own home and relatives, as a wife nearly always is. She takes up her abode with the mother of the dead man, and of course is never really married to a living man ; for in respectable society in China it is considered disgraceful for a woman to take another man as her husband. A man may, however, marry over and over again without let or hindrance. However, many a Chinese widow consoles herself with a husband again after the death of the first ; but this is more especially the case in the lower classes of society. In the higher classes it is considered to be a disgrace to the late husband's family for the widow to marry again. A second marriage of a woman is a very different affair from the first ; there is no red bridal sedan-chair, and the whole

thing may be a very commonplace affair, in comparison with all the pomp and ceremony of the first.

Amongst the very lowest classes there is a certain amount of immorality, or looseness of the marriage tie, in the way of a wife leaving her husband and taking up with another man. This is sometimes the case when a husband goes abroad for years. In the case of the boat population it is a matter of common report that the women are not as virtuous as those on land. In the cases in which a wife leaves her husband, generally amongst the working classes, a number of which came before the author in his official capacity, he found that the husband was usually quite ready to take the wife back again ; but the chief concern was to get the son returned again to the family in which he was born, so as to have a son for ancestral worship. For the same reason the other man was sometimes wishful to retain the boy.

It will thus be seen that it is the man who has all the plums in the marriage market—as many wives as he likes, or his purse will allow, divorce in certain cases, and besides these, the power to beat his wife. Man is considered superior to woman in every way in China.

The Chinese youth begins his married life early. Boys are of age at sixteen, and most Chinese young men are married at twenty, and sometimes even years before.

The girls are considered to be quite mature at

fifteen, and some are married long before that age. There is no doubt that both boys and girls arrive at maturity far earlier than in the West ; but there is no doubt also that the Chinese enter on the married state too early in life.

CHAPTER VI

John Chinaman Abroad

JOHN CHINAMAN is not welcomed abroad in many places where his advent would be most beneficial. Where he has been allowed full scope to develop his admirable qualities in colonisation, he has been the making of the country. He is painstaking, diligent, industrious; he will work from early dawn to late night; he does not go on the spree on Saturday and Sunday, and have to keep Saint Monday and Saint Tuesday as well, but is at his work every day. As to his vices, they are, in many cases, no more, *ceteris paribus*, than the Englishman's.

Put on Chinese spectacles, and you will be shocked at the immorality of some of the European residents in China; at the often seen drunkenness of the soldier and sailor; at the rudeness which characterises the conduct of some to the Oriental —rudeness which shows itself by a whack from a walking-stick, or a prod from an umbrella, or a slash from a riding-whip, as one passes the other; by the ill-disguised superiority which shows

itself in some cases in almost every word and action; in the hauteur which often reveals itself in the countenance; in the ignorant disregard of Chinese rules of politeness, even the most elementary, which the Westerner not only does not know, but, strange to say, does not even take the trouble to learn, though living surrounded by masses of natives who are polite to an almost painful degree in the only way they know.

The Chinaman did not want the intruding Westerner in his country two centuries ago; but the stranger would come in, and used his battleships to open a way for him to enter. It was inevitable, doubtless, and China has benefited vastly by the stranger within her gates, as most countries do—benefited vastly by the influx of Western civilisation; by the breezy freshness infused into the air of stagnation; by the introduction of a new literature abreast of the times, which is largely due to the missionaries' efforts; by the establishment of hospitals under missionary ægis, for the cure of those whom ignorance had left to suffer and die; by the multiplication of schools, where the mind was educated, and not only the memory at the expense of mind—this again has been done mostly by the missionaries.

When the Chinaman followed the example of the European and American, and desired like them to better his position by going abroad, he was first used for needful work where there was not a sufficiency of their own people, as in the construc-

tion of the mighty railway lines across Canada and the United States, and then hounded out of the land.

One serious objection to the Chinaman in some countries is that he does not settle and become one of the nation, but sends his earnings home, and finally follows them himself. In short, he does just what the complainant's own countrymen do in China, where the European or American merchant looks forward to going home, sends his accumulated savings back to Europe or America, and after he has made his pile returns to his native land. Both invest in a fine house and lands and fields and hope to enjoy the remainder of their days in their native lands on the fruit of their toil, the only difference between the two being that many a Westerner, before his hopes are achieved, takes six feet by three by eight of China's soil to rest in, while nearly every Chinese is transported dead or alive to his native soil.

As to vices, there is not much to choose between them. This blackguarding of Chinese with foul vices is to be deprecated, for it intensifies ill-feeling ; and if the candid opinion of a Chinese, who had a better knowledge of the English than the detractors of the Chinese have of them, were asked, he would honestly say that the Chinese morality was of a higher standard than the English. We cannot agree with this, but we do say that he has strong grounds for his opinion, and this without in any way wishing to decry our own countrymen.

John Chinaman Abroad

Whatever may be said about the wholesale immigration of the Celestial into lands like England, where there is not even room for all those born in it to make an honest, decent living, and bring up a family in comfort, it is the rankest folly to apply a hard-and-fast rule to all lands.

The Chinese have, to a great extent, made Malaya and all the adjoining portions of Asia. In such lands where those born in a temperate clime are unable to toil in the open under a blazing sun, the Chinese supply the raw material of labour, and without them these countries would languish.

There are two notable instances of lands which call for the Chinese and to which access is denied them. There are the Philippines, where, by the restrictive policy mistakenly pursued by the Americans, this useful ingredient in the population is diminishing; and there is the Northern Territory in Australia. Both these lands are calling for them, and the Chinese are the very people who will supply the labour and develop the resources that now lie latent and waiting for the genius of the patient, toiling native of the Far East. Development lies to a great extent dormant till he is permitted to enter these lands.

Those who raise objections to the Chinese going abroad without their wives are singularly ignorant or forgetful of the conditions under which their own countrymen go abroad to India, China, and Japan, as well as the other countries on the other side of the globe. Our sailors go for years

to any and every part of the globe without their womenfolk, and are confined in far closer quarters on shipboard than any of the roomy compounds in South Africa. Our soldiers are sent to garrison our Eastern Colonies, and carry on wars without their wives, except in a few cases, and shut up in barracks often for long periods at a time. Mechanics and artisans accept situations under contracts for years in the Eastern Hemisphere, without any chance in many cases of taking their families out with them. These three classes are about the equivalent in social position of which the majority of Chinese labourers who emigrate are composed.

To ascend higher in the social scale, the majority of our naval officers and many of our military officers are debarred from the enjoyments of home-life. All clerks sent abroad from Europe and America to mercantile firms in the East never expect that in addition to the passage-money supplied them a further allowance will be granted them for a wife; and last of all many missionary societies insist on all their younger agents proceeding to the East unmarried for a term of years.

If the Chinese are immoral because they do not take their wives with them when going abroad, or because they have left their families behind, while they add to their resources and hope to make more tolerable the future with their enhanced earnings abroad—if all these things prove them

immoral, what about the Europeans and Americans who leave their native shores under the same if not worse conditions as prevail with the Chinese?

There are not a few estimable Englishmen abroad who will not marry, because they have the opinion that the Eastern climate is not one to which they should subject one of their own country-women by marrying her, and taking her out to form a home for them in their loneliness. If the Chinaman goes abroad, it must be remembered that the whole traditions of his race are against his taking his wife to a foreign land, where after all he is going only to spend a few years of his life; besides, the home has to be kept up. Necessity forces him to go; for there are the young children to look after, and there is again his old mother, who cannot be left alone.

The Chinaman is a law-abiding man; but he needs to be ruled with a strong hand and a just; his national characteristics must be known and allowed for, and a genuine and sympathetic interest evinced in him as a human being. He is not a savage, and naturally resents treatment as such. The class of man like the overseer, who is placed sometimes in authority over large working masses of the Chinese, is often apt to be very overbearing in his manner, and to kick and knock about the Chinese who are under him. Unfortunately, some higher in the social scale forget themselves in this way as well.

Emigrant Wives

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the Chinaman never takes his womankind abroad with him. When he goes half round the world, he naturally often leaves her behind, though even then she accompanies him at times; but when the distance is short there are large numbers of women who emigrate, for instance, to places such as Singapore. The author in his official capacity has seen hundreds and thousands of them, and talked with them. The women often travel by themselves to their husbands, who have gone first and made a home for them, their mothers-in-law sometimes going with them. In other cases the husbands have come home to take the whole family back with them, and then the wife and the children and perhaps the mother of the man are in the party, or the man has come back to get married, and take his young wife with him abroad. Occasionally even the old grandmothers go with them, and there is an exodus of the whole family.

In the Straits Settlements some of the Chinese settle down for life, taking Malay women for their wives. Quite a community is growing up of Babas, as they are called; that is, native-born Chinese whose mothers are Malays. In some cases these children thus born abroad, and so natives of the soil, cannot speak their father-tongue at all. These Chinese who settle for many years, if not for life, in those parts of the world, become often quite polyglots in their speech; for besides speaking the language prevailing in their own district

at home in China, their business relationships in the new country they have come to makes it necessary for them to pick up the languages of other parts of China, as represented by others of the emigrants. A knowledge of Malay is so easily acquired that they all speak Malay; English is also learned by a good many.

Many of these Chinese amass large fortunes, nor are all the benefits they have acquired in their new surroundings forgotten, as the wealthy Chinese are fond of using their money for public purposes.

The author some twenty-five years ago had occasion to employ a Chinese gentleman of some literary attainments to assist him in his labours. Probably this man's income from all sources was not more than about £2 or £3 a month. A couple of years ago this gentleman called to see the author. He had been for some years in the Federated Malay States, and the family were now well off. He was only on a visit to China, for he was returning to the States. His sons and he had, for one thing, taken up tin-mining. He had some house property. With the Chinese aptitude to seize on what would produce money, he had obtained spawn of tench, and when the fish were hatched and grown fit to eat had sold them at a good price, as the Chinese are very fond of this fresh-water fish, and had not previously been able to get them. On the return of his wife and himself, he was taking with him a gardener, to look after his garden in Kwala Lumpur.

This is a typical case of how the Chinese is able to get on in the world, and more especially so when he places himself in the midst of new surroundings, when he takes advantage of all the openings which present themselves to him to make an honest penny.

The Chinaman not only goes abroad to foreign lands; he also goes abroad in his own land, for to travel into another province, or often even into another part of his own province, is in reality a going abroad to the Chinaman. To begin with, he may find the language different, and unless there is a large community of those from his own country-side, he is thrown amongst those who, though of his own race, are distinct from him in many a custom, and foreign to him in many ways. In fact, he is a stranger in his own land, and many a time he feels it too.

At all the treaty ports, up and down the coast of China, and up the mighty rivers, colonies of Cantonese are to be found as shopkeepers, merchants, and compradores to foreign firms. These, when old age arrives or infirmities set in, return to their own country-sides; or their coffins carry their remains, should death ensue before the looked-for return is undertaken. In Hong Kong are found Amoy and Swatow merchants, and even Ningpo and Shanghai men, as well as others from more distant parts of the vast Empire.

There are doubtless many Chinese who never leave their native village or its immediate neigh-

bourhood; but there are numbers who have been far afield either within or without the confines of the Celestial Empire in search of the almighty dollar. It seems a strange thing, but it has been hitherto the general rule, that however the foreign civilisation has affected him when abroad, when he returns the Chinaman is a Chinaman again. In most cases the influence of travel seems imperceptible, though it must have had a larger leavening influence than the foreigner, who finds it hard to see below the surface when a Chinaman is concerned, will allow. He returns to his native village, and to all outward appearance he is the same man as he was before, though indications are sometimes to be seen that his sojourn abroad has had some influence on him, and this is getting to be more and more the case.

The Chinaman's adaptability to all climates and conditions is marvellous. He has all conditions in his own land. In the extreme north of China the winters are arctic in their intensity, the rivers being frozen over. Throughout China the heat in summer is tropical, the duration being shorter in the north, though the heat is as great if not greater as one goes up the coast. Thus when he goes abroad it is seldom that John Chinaman comes across conditions that are not to be found in his own land, though at the same time the individual Chinaman may not have experienced them in his own person. His general frugality and abstemiousness have probably something to do with

his being able to endure what others cannot. Added to this is his general good-nature, which enables him to bear up under adverse circumstances, when others of a less happy disposition would give way to their troubles.

John Chinaman starts on his travels abroad at the rate of considerably over two hundred thousand a year, and about half of these go to the Straits Settlements. There is scarcely a country in the world which has not at least one or two Chinese in it. There are only three counties in England which have not a Celestial in them. There are two hundred Chinese students in London alone. There must be at least between three and four millions abroad in different parts of the world, amounting in number to the population of a small European state. There are numbers of these who have not only left their country voluntarily for their own good as well as that of their country, but also to the good of the countries to which they have gone; for they benefit the countries to which they migrate, as they do their own country when they return. Amongst them there may be a few who are not desirable immigrants. It is a pity, however, that the evil conduct of some scapegraces, or in some cases even criminals, who have managed to emigrate, should cause the whole race to be unjustly judged.

CHAPTER VII

John Chinaman's Little Ones

CHINA is the land of children. No Malthusian law deters the multiplication of the human race there. All boys are heartily welcomed on their arrival into this world, and none are at once assisted out of it again, unless there be some congenital defect which makes their presence undesirable. With girls it is a different matter ; they are unacceptable, and not to be mentioned in the enumeration of one's children, though the poetical name of "a thousand pieces of gold" is given to them. However, a metaphorical shower of gold of this nature is not desired. If means are ample, they are endured, though not wanted. The ravages of famine, the devastations of floods, straitened circumstances, the local customs, are all factors in the determination whether the child, if of the wrong sex, shall stay in this world or only be here a few minutes or hours or days.

It is absurd to argue that infanticide is no more prevalent in China than in England ; or to describe it as a curse of the land, which devastates whole districts. Let it be granted at once that

A FAMILY GROUP.

A FAMILY JAUNT.

most Chinese parents would wish their children all to be boys; and if such could be the case, there would probably not be a country on the face of the globe where infanticide was so rare—even though in such a case there would, in the course of a few generations, be no infants at all; and the whole race would die out. It is doubtless true, however, that cases have been known where, so prevalent was infanticide, that locally girls could not be obtained for marriage, and, as with the Sabines of old, other districts had to provide them. In some country-sides in China the crime is terribly prevalent; in others it is caused by adverse circumstances, being the inevitable result of bad harvests, a famine, or flood; and it ceases in such places, to a great extent, when the cause has gone. Such disasters also cause a brisk market for children. Even boys are sold at such times, though it is mostly the girls who are eagerly snatched up, in some cases for slaves, but very often indeed to be brought up to a life of vice.

In the discussion of all these subjects in relation to China, it must be remembered that a father has, theoretically, the power of life and death over his own children. Affection and public opinion prevent the extreme exercise of it when the child is well on in life, save in exceptional cases, when the son, say, is a confirmed gambler or opium-smoker, and a reprobate. But public opinion has but little to say against a parent exercising his right over a puling babe. Again, it must be remembered

that not all the tiny corpses floating seawards on China's mighty rivers, or lying on the roadside, or indecently cast on a heap of rubbish with no covering but a rotten piece of matting, are the victims of child-murder. Ancestor worship is largely responsible for this unpleasant phase of Chinese life. This cult has no use for an infant, and denies a tablet or other memorial to any unmarried unit of the human race, except in the case of the boat population, who keep up their own customs as distinct from those of the land people. With this exception an infant is of no consequence and requires no decent interment, and that in a country where everything connected with death is deemed of the utmost importance to the living as well as to the dead.

A kindly spirit (excuse the seeming irony from an English standpoint) prevents in a very few cases the necessity, as the perpetrators of this inhuman crime would deem it, of actually killing with their own hands the infant. An instance of this came under the eyes of the author at Chow Chow Fu. Its most revolting features were revealed in a hole under the city wall, where the infants could be cast; but not far distant hung a basket, protected from the fierce rays of the sun by a piece of matting to form a sloping roof over it. In this basket any one bringing the unwanted child could place it, and any who wished to thus easily obtain an addition to the family could rescue it from its impending fate.

Parent and Child

In a country where heads fall off for several crimes which are not visited with death in our land, no capital punishment is the award for the crime of infanticide. Though every now and then the mandarins issue proclamations inveighing against it, and urging the people not to commit it, yet they do not set the machinery of the law in operation, for the *patria potestas* is all powerful in China. Every now and then there are instances of the offended dignity of a disgraced parent avenging itself on the undutiful son with the extreme penalty for disobedience. The father's life is not forfeit in such a case, though the act may at times be considered as very excessive, for, as has already been said, the father holds the life of the child in his hands.

In China the expectant mother is not busy for months preparing a layette for the dear one coming to gladden the house; for the little things are simply wrapped in old rags and clothes belonging to older people, and for a month baby has no name. Then a grand banquet is held, when relations and friends are invited. The men gather at a restaurant, and feast. The women eat and drink by themselves in the house. Congratulations are offered and presents given to the child.

The milk-name is now bestowed on the child, the first name he or she receives. This clings to him or her through life, being used by parents, relatives, and most intimate friends, as well as by superiors. This first name that a man or a woman possesses

is not sufficient for a Chinaman, and even before the child is grown up the boy will have another, in the shape of a school-name. He signalises every great event in life, such as marriage and official appointment, by a new name, so that by the time he ends life he has some three or four names to be known by. One gets acquainted with a Chinese by one name, and then later on learns that he has another, and is now known by the other instead of by the first, which with difficulty one has fixed in one's memory, and a new effort of memory is required for the new name. On or after the bestowal of the name the child is properly dressed in a short little jacket and pair of trousers open back and front. The jacket is often gay with colours. No long white robes and delicate lace are seen. Very little children often wear a garment which reminds one of Joseph's coat of many colours, being of the pattern of a patch-work quilt.

Paradoxical as it may seem after what has been said, it is nevertheless the truth that the Chinese have a large share of natural affection for their children. The pride that the fathers and the grandfathers take in the toddling wee things is one of the pleasantest sides of Chinese human nature, of which there are many very pleasant aspects. The surest way to gain golden opinions from the street crowds in China is for the foreigner to take notice of the little darlings with their winning ways.

The Children's Ways

The little ones almost as soon as they can speak are taught to address the stranger by his proper title and with the respect proper to his station in a bold, clear voice. The quaint mixture of oldish ways and the frank childishness of the toddling youngsters is very charming. Little old-world dolls, little grown-up men and women, but yet with the chubby, round, innocent faces of childhood, they look up at you with wonder on their features, tinged perhaps with a little fear, and most gravely inquire, "Sir, have you eaten your rice yet?" Or with a clear piping voice they wish you "Good morning."

Quaint little mites of humanity! Droll specimens of the human race! Millions and millions of small editions of John Chinaman the Elder have been schooled into Oriental ways and Far Eastern manners, till the little ones seem but replicas of the grown-ups; but with that *soupçon* of the child-world still clinging about them, with its delicate suggestiveness of other-worldliness.

Babydom is very much the same in the Far East as in the Far West. Nursery rhymes are abundant—one collection of six hundred has been made. Baby's mind and baby's ears are very much the same, whether his father and mother have given him a white skin or a yellow, and baby's father and mother, nurse and sisters, as well as aunties and grannies, know what to sing to please him, soothe him, and quiet his peevishness, whether they live on one side of the globe or the

other. Is it strange if the little morsels should sometimes say in the language which father and mother understand so well, "My little body is a-weary of this great world"? and need those delightful little songs to make them forget all their little troubles? Wondrous like some of them are to our English nursery songs, while many of them have the colouring of the East, and reflect the manners and customs of the Orient. It seems curious to us, doubtless, to find the following verdict passed on the Chinese nursery song, but it is given by one who knew what he was saying, and it is this: "There is no language in the world, we venture to believe, which contains children's songs expressive of more keen and tender affection."

It is astonishing what an amount of enjoyment Chinese children can get out of life, though the Chinese for ages past have done their best to fit old heads on young shoulders. Their school-books have taught them that there is no profit in play; centuries of repression have made them quiet children. Under the old system, they were shut up from sunrise till five o'clock in the afternoon at school, sitting on hard wooden benches, each sing-songing his lesson at the top of his voice.

The old books were fit only for grown-ups to pore over and study. The "Four Books" and the "Five Classics" were learned by heart, if the boy stopped long enough in school-life; then he learned to compose essays based on the classics

and to write poems. These, until the last few years, formed the sum-total of Chinese education, and they are little fitted for the youthful brain. But now a more rational system, based on that of the West, is being adopted throughout the land. There have been no story-books, no allegories, no boys' books of adventure, no thrilling tales of heroes or heroines to enchant boys and girls in their leisure hours. It is only of late years that, thanks to the missionary, "Robinson Crusoe" and a few other books suited to the young have been made available. Now, with the new education, books adapted to the young are taking the place of the antiquated lesson-books.

There are toys, to be sure, but the majority are rude and uncouth, compared with the finished products which gladden the hearts of our youngsters. There are no skipping-ropes, no cricket, no football, no rocking-horses, no hoops. Shuttlecocks there are, but no battledores, and they are as much if not really more for the grown-up men than the boys, though the boys kick them, to get into practice, so as to be able to play properly when they become men. There are small wooden cannon and a few brass ones ; rude swords made of wood or pasteboard, and tridents and halberds made of pasteboard, wood, or bamboo ; kites, too—but these belong as much to the repertoire of men's games—pasteboard mandarins, earthen roast pigs (money-boxes) glorious in red paint and gilt. These pigs are made in all sizes, with a slit in the

back for the copper cash to be dropped in, and when the pig is full there is a glorious smash to get the money out. There are some clumsy iron marbles, which the Chinese boy shoots by pulling one finger back with another, and then letting it go like a spring. There are a number of rather pretty and ingenious things made of tin and bright metal, little rattles, two beads attached to short strings fly against the tin instrument as its handle is twirled round in the hand, small fly-cages, little spillikin weapons consisting of tridents, &c. Pretty little whirligigs are made of red-coloured fluted paper. There are tops which come into play at certain seasons of the year, for the toys in China, as in our Western lands, have their proper seasons.

There are a few toy-shops in the big cities, but there are also stalls where certain primitive toys are spread out for sale, and where for a cash or two a purchase can be made by the toddling little youngster, or by a grown-up person on his behalf. But the season when all these places overflow with a plethora of these delights of childhood is the China New Year, the time of all times, not only for the little ones in China but for every one from the oldest to the youngest ; for then every one becomes a child again, and plays and enjoys himself to the utmost. Besides the shops and stalls, there are the hawkers of toys, who go about the streets selling them.

Chief almost of all is the ping-pom man, with his pretty white and red glass ping-poms, ranging

from tiny little ones to great big ones. They consist of a tiny tube of glass which widens out into a closed cup, the shape somewhat of the cup for playing our Western game of cup and ball, but the cup portion is closed with a thin film of glass. The end of the tube is put in the mouth, and by gentle blowing out and breathing in the tiny diaphram of glass vibrates with a sound like ping-pom, to the immense delight of the children. Too strong a breath breaks the glass, and a rough hand smashes the whole affair, so frail is it.

Another peripatetic toy-man is the maker of paste images. He has a stick of bamboo for his ground-work, and he deftly works on to the end of it a little image of man or woman, about three inches high. He has little accessories to put into their hands ; and now it is a warrior, with spear or sword, in all his panoply, eager for battle ; now his skill produces a domestic ; and thus he goes on modelling and colouring his little figures, while an admiring crowd gathers round him, and sees him create his little manikins as he stands in the street.

But notwithstanding all this, what child is there that cannot make toys for himself? And little John Chinaman is not behind the rest of the world in this respect. A few sticks and stones, a corner of the house or a bit of a garden, and there is his paradise, where he makes believe and lives a perfect life in the childish Kingdom of Pretend, where he is full of the richest joys, incomprehensible

to his elders, who often sweep away all his most real pretendings with most unfeeling hands and unseeing eyes. Though the China boy does not actually need toys, any more than any other child does, they help him on wonderfully in the world in which he lives—a world which the stupid grown-ups can no more understand than his childish mind can comprehend theirs.

With girls—but what are girls in China? Even the nursery rhyme says virtually, Of what use is a girl?

"We keep a dog to watch the house,
A pig is useful too;
We keep a cat to catch a mouse,
But what can we do
With a girl like you?"

Of course some of the toys mentioned above are used by girls; but kites and shuttlecocks and tops are not girls' toys in China, and really it comes to very few indeed that they can amuse themselves with, for there are no dolls. Just think of it! No dolls to dress and undress, and learn all a mother's ways and tenderness by.

Then besides the toys there are also sweetmeats on stalls or carried about the streets—so many different kinds, wheat-sprout toffee, peppermint stick, so white and clean-looking and such a contrast to the dirty fingers of the boy who is selling it. Then there are *kum-ying-ko*, like little brown marbles, and as you suck them you come across little bits of the leaf which flavours them

in your mouth. There are many other nice things, especially at New Year, when there is candied cocoanut, and ginger and sugared bits of melons cut in little squares and other shapes, and oranges galore—all spread out and offered to every visitor, so that the youngsters can munch them nearly all day long.

There is also the pickle-hawker, with unripe mangoes, carambolas, sliced cucumbers dripping with vinegar, and set out in crocks so tempting and delicious to the Chinese child. But alas! alas! these tempting titbits are often made the bait to lure the little innocent things on to gamble, and the toddling little babies stake their cash as to whether they shall gain or lose by the throw of the dice or the turn of the wheel. No wonder the Chinese are such ardent gamblers; they are brought up to it from babyhood with the memory of sweet morsels or acid pickles.

It is not all sugar-plums and sweets, though, in China. Almost all the children are spoiled. They will be petted to their hearts' content, getting everything they cry for, until some out-and-out naughtiness rouses the ire of parent. Then all the pent-up vials of wrath are broken on the little one's head. If he escapes without a slap or a good beating he is fortunate.

Unlucky is the poor little slave-girl under such circumstances. Tiny little things, some of them are, sold into a family, to be the drudge of the house, run errands, look after the children, and

do whatever they are told. Chinese servants are more a part of the family than in the West, and so these slave-girls are in the family, and to a certain extent of it; but if they have a cruel mistress, her cruelty will at times find its full vent on these helpless creatures. They will be beaten till they are covered with bruises. Not content with that the brutes in human shape will sometimes burn the slave's skin with live incense sticks. The abolition of this domestic slavery is one of the reforms which China must soon take up if she wishes to belong to the comity of civilised nations. A beginning has already been made in this direction.

The servitude of these domestic slave-girls is not for life, for they, as a rule, are married off by their mistresses when they attain a marriageable age.

The infant mortality, apart from deaths by infanticide, must be awful in China. Instead of at first giving the babe Nature's provision for its nourishment, tiny oblong sweet cakes are crammed into the little mouth for several days. As the child grows older manifold are the dangers that assail it from injudicious diet. Then it has the gauntlet of childhood's diseases to run, with but little assistance from ignorant mothers, and from still more ignorant so-called doctors, or old wives, who perambulate the streets pretending to cure infantile complaints.

It is a marvel that so many of them escape

death, which seems lurking at every corner ready for them. For the last hundred years the little ones have been protected from the ravages of smallpox, which as an epidemic previously swept like a plague over the land, devastating many a home. Inoculation was in vogue before that. Babies in China have, however, the monopoly of vaccination ; for the Chinese have not yet learned the utility of re-vaccination. Consequently nearly every winter there are still a number of cases of smallpox.

CHAPTER VIII

The Past of John Chinaman

OF all men John Chinaman has a past. Some people are ashamed of their past, but John Chinaman need not be; for his is a glorious past. He has taken full advantage of it, and lived in it for many centuries, even for millenniums long gone by. In truth, so long back has his vision extended that until just recently he was very short-sighted to many aspects of the present, so accustomed had he become to only gazing with ecstatic rapture on the golden ages of the sages, instead of looking to the future or rejoicing in the present. His outlook is now extending, and embraces a glorious future, though, unaccustomed as he has made himself to look forward, his vision is apt to be distorted. He sees men as trees walking; his perspective is uncertain. But as the mists of the past dissolve, and as he adjusts his sight to the new standpoint, the objects he has in view will fall into their true relationships with their environments.

We may open the page of history at what corre-

sponds to our Western era of 2356 B.C. There are volumes and pages before that ; but they are very blurred, and the writing is indistinct. Age has obscured the narrative ; legend and myth predominate, and are so blended with a substratum of fact that the latter is obscured by the former, so that it is well-nigh impossible to unravel the thread of truth that may run through the tangled mass, even for long after the date already mentioned.

Even the Chinese will not believe all their histories state. That they do not place implicit reliance on all, may be seen by the quotation from their classics in common use said to those who rely implicitly on whatever is printed. The sentence is : "It would be better to be without *The Book of History* than to give entire credit to it."

What transcendent interest would attach to the beginnings of a race like the Chinese if any records of that distant past could be discovered ! Had the tribes which came into the land from, say, the north-west and spread over it, only had scribes or historiographers, and noted their journeyings, told their impressions, described the new land, written down their numbers in hieroglyphic or cuneiform or tadpole-characters on rock or stone or on clay-cylinders, what a hiatus in the world's history would have been bridged over ! But, alas ! there seems nothing authentic to be found, at present, at all events.

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The Chinese do not, like the Hindoos, go back to an era called "The Unspeakable Inexpressible," which requires several pages full of cyphers following a unit to express this inexpressible, or, to be more precise, 4,456,448 cyphers after a figure 1. The Chinese are content with 500,000 years for their mythological period.

There is one thing to be observed in the account of the early eras which Chinese history reaches out to embrace in its grasp. It has been very well put, by one authority on the Chinese, as follows: "There is no hierarchy of gods brought in to rule and inhabit the world;" they made "no conclave on Mount Olympus, nor judgment of the mortal soul by Osiris; no transfer of human love and hate, passions and hopes to the powers above; all here is ascribed to disembodied agencies or principles, and their works are represented as moving on in quiet order."

How universal the belief in giants in olden times appears to have been! Those in China were beneficent beings, though manlike, herculean in strength and enormous in size. The great giant Poon Kwu out-distanced all others, as he grew six feet every day. As he lived 18,000 years, his length of days must have kept pace pretty well with his height. Mankind has benefited by his labours to this day, as he hewed out the earth from chaos with chisel and mallet. He was immortalised by his transformation into the different elements: his breath into winds and clouds; his

voice into thunder; his perspiration into rain; while the mountains, the rivers, the fields, the stars, the herbs and trees, the metals, rocks, and precious stones were also formed from different parts of his body, and last of all the parasites on him became human beings. A trio of rulers succeeded for another 18,000 years, when a batch of inventions, &c., took place, such as good government, the art of eating and drinking, marriage, and sleep. But we cannot follow the course of true, or even false, Chinese history through all its wonderful stories and narrations, and recount the marvels that occurred in the reigns of Fu-hsi, Yao, Shun, and Yu's reigns, at which time, perhaps, the present race of Chinese came into China.

The names of Fu-hsi and Shên-nung and Hwang-ti stand out prominently as amongst the greatest benefactors of the race, the last being the reputed founder of this great Empire. In Yu's time the great deluge in China took place, the precursor of many a subsequent and serious overflow of the Yellow River. At that time China enjoyed her golden age, and heaven even sent showers of gold, which a more prosaic age will probably suppose to be meteoric showers.

Yau, Shun, and Yü were a trio of sages or worthies, on which subsequent China has exhausted her praise, and eulogium caps eulogium in a delineation of their perfect characters and virtues. By reflecting their grandeur and nobility of character and worth, Confucius, the Sage of all Sages in

the Land of Sages, is exalted. Against the background of evil—a degenerate age compared with China's golden age—he and Mencius shine with all the lustre of those who, single-hearted and noble of aspiration, work all their lives for the good of their country.

Lao-tsz, another of earth's most noble men, left his impress on his country and people, tincturing their life-stream, as Confucius and Mencius have done in time past and, though in a lessening degree, still destined to do for time to come; their influence in the future will not be what it has been hitherto—some of China's young students are saying that they have no use for Confucius now.

A feudal age was this: scores of contending states warred amongst themselves. War was their play; but they played fast and loose with much of what should have been held in solemn esteem; hence the strong disapproval of Confucius; hence the stern lectures of Mencius; hence the terse aphorisms of Lao-tsz. The country was politically split up into small states; little kingdoms with petty tyrants as rulers. Out of the turmoil and confusion one suzerain, or powerful state, rose to the supreme power, and China consolidated into a whole, the smaller kingdoms being absorbed, under the famous, or infamous, Tsun Shih Hwang Ti. He was the builder of the Great Wall, of palaces, and public edifices, and the constructor of canals and roads; alas! also, the destroyer of the books and literati. With overweening confi-

dence, having, as he thought, destroyed all records of the past, he called himself the First Emperor. The tyrant's hand was powerless over the memory of those scholars who escaped the massacre meted out to their fellows, and by their aid, assisted by a few copies hidden away while the iconoclastic storm raged, the ancient classics were restored to China. Thus closes the ancient history of this Empire.

After this Han and Tong and Sung and Yuen and Ming and Tsing all succeeded each other in the dynastic history of this great and mighty Empire. They came and went, colouring with their distinctive features the land and the people. The last dynasty has yellow for its royal hue. Some might say jaundice and decay were typified by this ; and such a statement would not have been amiss a few years since ; but now let us rather hope with the uplift of China that it presages a golden future.

Many a grand example has been shown to descendants on the Imperial throne by those who conformed to the precepts laid down in the ancient *Book of History,* one of which runs as follows : " Order your affairs by righteousness, order them by propriety, so shall you transmit a great example to posterity." Unfortunately posterity did not always follow the example laid down by the first rulers of dynasties, with the result that ere long a new dynasty arose, and swept away the corruption of the last. Time and again this occurred.

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Energy, vigour of action, uprightness of purpose, signalised the rise of most of the many regal houses in China. The introduction of fresh blood into the royal palaces was a harbinger of hope for the whole Empire ; but the royal breed soon deteriorated again, as effeminacy and luxury, concubines and eunuchs exerted their influence. Is not all this, as a skeleton, recorded in the thousand and one histories in China, and flesh tints and blood hues sparsely added *à la Chinois?* But, to the European student who is not imbued with the enthusiasm for the Orient and touched with the glamour of the East, it is pretty much a dead past, which requires the vivifying influence of an Occidental imagination to breathe the breath of life into the inanimate mass, and to collect the bones, lying as debris in a valley of apparently dry bones, into a corporate whole. Many pages, however, of the thousands of volumes are of great interest, and were they not set up in an almost dead language known to so few, they would not be so unknown in the West.

The Chinese prize their past, and while the present is fast transforming itself into that past, the Imperial historiographers in Peking are busy transcribing its momentous events for the future, an unknown and indefinite future, in which at the right moment—when the reigning dynasty has its record closed, and not till then—the books will be unsealed. Until then they are sealed books, and not even the Emperor himself may know what is

being written of his actions and deeds, and whether praise or blame is assigned to him and his progenitors for the last three hundred years.

There seems something awe-inspiring in this silent record, shut out from the knowledge of all, ceaselessly going on, and no one able to add to it, or alter it except those specially set apart for the purpose. When those whose story is recorded, and to whom praise and blame have been assigned —when these and all connected with them are dead and gone the books will be brought out, and judgment delivered to future generations ; then the censures and eulogies are first seen by the public, when the remotest chance of suppression of, or interference with, the truth has gone.

Not only are there general histories of China, running up into hundreds of volumes, but special periods are selected by those who are interested in them, and treated of exhaustively.

One of the most interesting stories in China is the historical novel, known as *The History of the Three Kingdoms,* and many of the Chinese have learned more of history from it than from the real history of the period itself. It deals with the feudal times, and the intrigues and wars and the doughty doings of some of China's most renowned statesmen.

Long before our Saxon chroniclers were penning their narratives, and before Cæsar was describing his invasion of our shores, Chinese historians were gravely recounting their country's wonderful

history, and the tale has been continued down to the present day. The strangers within the gates of this Empire from our Western lands who have studied the Chinese historical works most—and they are a score in number of the leading sinologues—speak highly of them. With all their imperfections they are far and away the best continuous history of any Asiatic people.

Amidst some of the most famous of the thousands of histories extant in China may be mentioned *The Book of History* (one of the "Five Classics"), *The Bamboo Annals*, and the great historical works known as *The Seventeen Histories*, in two hundred volumes, *The Twenty-two Histories*, *The General Mirror of History*, *History Made Easy*, and *The Historical Memoirs*.

As one writer has well said: "The Emperor and his ministers fill the whole field of historic vision; little is recorded of the condition, habits, arts, or occupations of the people, who are merely considered as attendants of the monarch, which is, in truth, a feature of the ancient records of nearly all countries and peoples." [1] Events which must have been of thrilling interest, if noticed at all, are dismissed with a word or two. No wonder the Chinese histories, so meagre in detail at first, develop into many volumes eventually, as the dynasties are twenty-five in number, only reckoning from B.C. 2205 with a duration of 164 or 165 years on an average to each dynasty for the 4,114

[1] Williams, p. 154.

years. The sovereigns during that period were 225, thus giving an average of a little over eighteen years to each emperor. The present dynasty has lasted for 267 years, with ten monarchs, two of whom occupied the throne for sixty years. The second who reigned so long might have gone on still longer as ruler of this mighty nation, but considered it an act of filial piety to abdicate, so as not to exceed the time his grandfather reigned.

How difficult it is to throw oneself back into bygone times, and try in thought to live the life which lies buried in the past, a phase or two of which has been caught and preserved in the books! Doubly difficult is it for the Occidental to picture the past of the East, though a life lived in that quarter of the world helps him to a better realisation of it; for the conditions in the Far East have not changed so vastly between the past and the present as they have in the Far West.

A residence in the Far East also assists the Westerner to appreciate better what life must have been in his own land in the mediæval ages, as the current of events flows in pretty much the same channels, or has done up to the present, at one extremity of the world as it did in the other extremity, some five hundred years ago. The conditions of life, the difficulties of travel, and many other aspects of existence, are all reminiscent of the accounts the Englishman has read of how his own countrymen, in common with the rest of Europe, lived in the time of Chaucer, and later.

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Much has disappeared for ever from the records of the past both in the East and West, and left many gaps, though with the fewer changes that have taken place in China the past is better comprehended than it is with us ; for the present, to an enormous extent, has been simply a continuation of what has gone on before. In the main, things have been the same for centuries as they were ages ago. The thoughts of the ancients crystallised into the classics, which hundreds of years ago had the fixed light of the *Commentaries of Chu-Hsi* turned on them, the sentiments of these old-world sages still prevailing ; the customs and manners have been based on the ancient *Book of Rites;* the same primitive plough, rake, and mattock of prehistoric times are in the hands of the farmer. The Chinese still lives in the cities that his forefathers built centuries ago ; the same old crenelated walls circle them ; the same narrow streets strike through them from gate to gate, or wriggle with sharp angles round the corners. The same temples, many of them built centuries ago, are scattered here and there, hidden among the low-lying houses, tied up, as it were, in the little intricate knots of evil-smelling alley-ways, set down where it needs an expert to find them. The same old gods looking down from behind the flimsy curtains, and through the clouds of incense on the worshippers, as generation after generation have come before them with their woes and joys—in grief with lamentations, and in joy

with exultation of heart and with thanksgivings. The ancient style of the houses is still adhered to—the changes being but slight, glass gradually taking the place of the oyster-shell or the oiled paper.

And all these things must enable the Chinese to picture their past far more easily than we can ours, where nearly everything is changed so completely, not only as regards the furnishing for, and providing of, our daily wants, but also as concerns our mental apparelling and pabulum.

But this is evidently all to be changed in the future. The tendency is towards change, for even now a beginning is being made in the demolishing of the relics of the past. It is to be hoped that this will not be allowed to be carried to too great an extent; for a day will come when, as in the West, it will be difficult without special study to picture the past, to give it a living reality, to bring it vividly before the mind, and see it as it was.

Proposals have been made with regard to some cities to throw down their walls and turn them into boulevards, as in Paris; in Nanking a good carriage road has been made; an embankment is being constructed on the river-front in Canton, and other improvements of a like nature are taking place; so that when the present in China changes to the past, it will in the future be a different past from what the present past has been.

John Chinaman was very self-contained in his

past. He jostled against his neighbours, to be sure, but he gave more than he took in the process, and held himself with the pride which such a free imparting necessarily produces. From small beginnings the Empire grew, spreading out ; now restricted, now divided, now united, and surging forward and extending still further the realms, till in the Tang they reached the Caspian. China has had her invasions, as well as invaded other countries. All the neighbouring nations have felt the force of her arms, and her prowess has broken many an insurrection. Her own people have ruled her through most of her history, but Tartar, Mongol, and Manchu have all had their turn, and the latter is still the ruling power. It may truly again be said that China's past is not one to be ashamed of ; on the contrary it is one the people may well be proud of.

CHAPTER IX

The Mandarin

THE word mandarin (the last vowel pronounced as *ee*) is derived from the Portuguese word *mandar*, to command, and means the members of the body of officials who have the power and right to govern the people.

Mandarindom is recruited from the ranks of the people; it is not hereditary, but those who fill it are by merit raised to that high eminence. It is not a nobility, but is simply the higher ranks of the civil, military, and naval services. Not every official is a mandarin, but every mandarin is an official.

There is nothing in our Civil Service externally to distinguish officials ; but a mandarin is clad in gorgeous robes of silk and satin, wears a red-corded hat, and, to cap all, a button, as it has been termed, at the apex of his conical-shaped hat. It is called a button by courtesy, although it is not a button at all, but a round ball, like the gilt ball that surmounts some military helmets.

It is in some cases elongated into a spike-shaped termination to the hat, as, again, on other helmets. The mandarin wears these robes and hat on all occasions when in the public performance of his official duties. He is not compelled, like the private soldier with us, always to appear in uniform, for he may appear in mufti when off duty.

Of these so-called buttons there are nine different kinds, or rather there are nine different grades of those who wear them. The colour and material of these appendages to the hat show forth the rank of the wearer. Three of the lowest grades of rank are represented by buttons identical, or nearly so. The status of these three classes are shown by the round knobs on their hats being of gold—plain gold in the seventh and worked gold in the two lower ranks. The highest ranks have a ruby and coral button respectively; then come a sapphire and a lapis lazuli; and next a crystal and white stone.

The position which the high official holds as regards the nine divisions is also set forth in the embroidered robe. A square of embroidery in the front and back of the long gaberdine, or robe, is in the case of the civil mandarins worked with birds for decoration. These birds are the crane, golden pheasant, peacock, wild goose, silver pheasant, egret, and others, each serving to show, as in the case of the buttons, the rank which the official who wears them has attained.

THREE DISTINGUISHED MANDARINS.

ROOM IN GOVERNOR'S YAMEN.

In the case of the army and navy (which have been hitherto considered as one service), wild beasts are used, as more typical of the position of such officers. Until lately combatant officers were considered vastly inferior to their brethren of the civil service, though both branches of the services unite in having the same kind of girdle-clasps. To one well versed in these distinctions in dress, there is no difficulty in being able to differentiate between the rank of the wearers, or to distinguish between the peace officials and those whose business is war.

Besides the buttons and other insignia of rank, mandarins, instead of the orders with which our Government servants are rewarded, have varying Imperial presents or privileges granted them, such as the yellow riding-jacket, permission to ride within the palace gates, &c. In addition almost every high official wears the single-eyed or the double-eyed peacock feather, which is affixed to the back of the official hat, and slopes down over the neck.

The mandarin bears no sword as the insignia of his work—it is no part of the court dress, as in our Western nations, and this is emblematical of the Chinese attitude towards the sword and all that it connotes, or is the emblem of. It is taken up by those whose business it is to use it, when it is considered to be necessary to draw it in warfare, but it is not constantly worn at the side ready for action. It has not been, as in our

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countries at one time, part of a gentleman's dress. In fact, it was rather derogatory to the gentleman to have anything to do with such a war-like weapon. What place the renaissance of China may give to the sword remains to be seen, but it is at present against the Chinese spirit to glorify such an emblem of destruction. The military career has been hitherto despised as a low calling compared with civil employment.

A high official is supposed to be a man of weight in China; for his sedan-chair is borne by eight coolies, while a decrease in rank only entitles to four bearers, and the lowest officials are carried, as every one may be, by two. A little procession attends the goings-out and comings-in of the higher mandarins. "The usual attendants of the district magistrate are lictors with whips and chains—significant of the punishments they inflict; they are preceded by two gong-bearers, who every few moments strike a certain number of" great blows on their gongs, "to intimate their master's rank, and by two avant-couriers, who howl out an order for all to make room for the great man. A servant bearing aloft a *loh*, or state umbrella," "also goes before him, further to increase his display and indicate his rank." A subordinate "usually runs by the side of his sedan, and his secretary and messengers, seated in more ordinary chairs, or following on foot, make up the cortège. Lanterns are used at night, and red tablets in the daytime to indicate his rank."

Officers of higher ranks have a few soldiers in addition.[1]

It will thus be seen that there is much of pomp and circumstance about the Chinese mandarin's life. When he stirs out of his *yamên* on official duties or to pay a ceremonial call, a salute of three guns is fired, which informs the whole city that the "great man" is going out. When the highest officials pass through the streets, all traffic is suspended, and the populace line the sides of the narrow streets even before the procession comes, none daring to walk down the open space left in the centre until the great and awful magnate has passed, when the busy street resumes its wonted aspect.

While awaiting his coming the loud booming of the deep-toned gong announces his advent. Perfect silence reigns supreme, only broken by the cries of his attendants, as their shouts clear the way from any possible misapprehension of their master's greatness. There is no cheering, no lifting of hats, for the good reason that the majority have no hats to lift in summer, and at all times in China it would, according to their etiquette, be rude to bare the head before a superior, unless the hat be a common felt hat or a workman's enormous bamboo one. Even if the dignitary be a popular official, this dead, undemonstrative silence prevails, though a petition may occasionally be thrown into his chair. No notice is taken by the

[1] Williams, i. pp. 503–4.

"great man" himself of what passes before his eyes: he sits impassive as a Buddha, utterly detached, it would appear, from all his surroundings, and to all appearance apathetic and untouched by what he may see, seeing, but not apprehending —dead, one would think, to all mundane affairs. Such is considered the proper attitude for a mandarin to assume.

The Cantonese Viceroy, Yeep, who was taken prisoner by the English and carried to India, on nearing Calcutta, at the termination of his voyage, felt no interest to all outward appearance in his surroundings, and evinced no desire to see the new land to which he had come. Nevertheless he was suddenly surprised, by some one unexpectedly coming into his cabin, in the act of gazing out of the port-hole. He had clambered there to get a view of the strange city and land to which he was coming. Chinese mandarins are men after all, but they are not expected to show it to the public.

A curious feature in a mandarin's procession is the great screen-like fan on a pole which is carried before him by one of the retinue. If the procession of another mandarin is met, and, as one of our poets writes,

> "Beneath the Imperial fan of state
> The Chinese Mandarin"

is seen, then if superiority of position does not demand recognition and the necessary delay, the

gigantic fans in each procession are interposed hastily by their bearers between the two officials, and the fiction of not having seen each other is acted on.

The life of an official in China, if he occupies a high position and rules over a populous district of country, is arduous in the extreme. He knows no hours. His work is never done. He is up before dawn, and official receptions take place in the small or early hours of the morning. The health of many a man is injured by the incessant toil and unremitting anxiety. His only long holiday is when his father or mother dies; then he has to resign office nominally for three years—the period of a son's mourning for his parents—but really only for twenty-seven months. A few feast-days may give him some amount of respite, and a month at New Year some degree of rest, when his seal is given over to the custody of his wife, where it would be difficult for any rascal to obtain it and use it wrongfully. His only chance of retirement is on account of ill-health, and it has to be so pronounced as to render him unfit for public toil; repeated requests for permission to retire on the score of illness are often refused.

Not only is the mandarin often hard-worked, harassed with many cares, and loaded with responsibilities, but also his tenure of office is insecure. He is subject to blame for no fault of his own, such as, for instance, an extensive conflagration in the city which is the seat of the

government he is in charge of, or a famine in the country, or a flood. He is bound to report all these. Should he put on too tight a pressure to raise money, and exceed the usual amount of taxation to which people under him have been accustomed, then all the shops in the aggrieved portion of the city may be closed as a protest against his exactions, and he must hasten to reduce his extortionate demands, lest the report of it should reach head-quarters. He has enemies all round him who, if he has offended them or passed them over, or if he stands in their way, are ready to magnify his peccadilloes, and report his flagrant crimes or dereliction of duty. When reporting his own shortcomings, he asks that punishment may be meted out to him for his misrule in allowing such calamities and disasters, as mentioned above, to visit the people under his charge. This curious custom is carried so far that the occupant of the throne himself publicly confesses to his people, when any disasters occur, that they are the result of his shortcomings.

The poor mandarin often has a bad time; for there is a body of censors, officially appointed, whose duty is to pounce upon him and bring any misdeeds, sometimes fancied, sometimes real, to the notice of the Son of Heaven himself. Nor, indeed, has it been unknown that some brave and noble censor who has had the weal of his country at heart, has even dared to point out to the occupant

of the Dragon Throne his—the Emperor's—misdeeds.

It is not impossible for some enemy, high in power, to ruin the mandarin, by procuring frequent promotions for him. Scarcely is he settled in a position at one extremity of the Empire, when he may have to travel across to the other extreme; and this may be repeated to different distant provinces. The poor official's funds and resources will be then more than exhausted, and ruin stare him in the face. Such a case has occurred before now.

Every native-born American may rise to be President of the United States, so every Chinese youth, unless he belongs to the prohibited classes (such as the barber, the play-actor, and the boatman, all to the third generation), may rise to the highest position in the Empire, short of the throne itself. The road is through education. This is the incentive offered to every budding schoolboy, the motive that spurs on the flagging energy of the worn-out student, the goal which the graduate may hope to attain as vacancies occur.

The naval and military mandarin has gained his position, till quite recently, by athletic prowess, hence his inferior standing. Brains have been at a discount in these branches of the Government service. This is now being changed.

The military mandarin has the power of life and death in his hands, for martial law prevails in the army. It is thus not only in the time of

war that the Chinese soldier carries his life in his hands, but in the time of peace as well ; for if he be guilty of any crime, off goes his head in a twinkling.

Bribery and corruption reign rampant in China, as they do in most Asiatic countries. A premium is put on the system, as the salaries and allowances given even to the highest officials are not sufficient to meet the current expenses of the establishments they have to keep up. A viceroy ruling millions of people will have a salary, the equivalent of that paid to a European clerk or mercantile assistant in Hong Kong or Shanghai. He gets a few allowances, to be sure, but these are also on a small scale. True, he has his *yamên*, that is, courts, prisons, offices, barracks, and private residence, all in one large congeries of buildings—a *multum in parvo*—but all these need to be kept in repair in a trying climate which, with the aid of white ants, seems determined to ruin a building as soon as possible. He has to maintain his body-guard and numerous servants—a plurality of servants is a necessity in the East. He has to support his family, and it is probably a large one, with not a few wives and many children. He gets no pension, and so has to make enough to permit him to spend his old age in comfort and ease. He must pay the travelling expenses for himself and family and suite, as well as servants, from his last appointment, or from Peking, and it may be a journey of hundreds or thousands of

miles by land or river or sea. Also money must be saved up for presents to superiors, or even to the highest and most august personages in the Empire on the expiry of his present term of office.

How can all these expenses be met out of the paltry pay assigned to the office, even supplemented as it is by a few allowances? The necessary consequence is that all officials, with the rarest exceptions, are only too glad to receive presents from not only the officials under them, but from litigants and from whoever may have any request to make, or who is in any way brought into contact with the "great man." An honest mandarin, perfectly free from bribes and presents, finds himself hampered on all sides by a want of the money required for his needful expenses, and he dies not only poor, but deeply in debt, leaving his family in abject poverty. He, however, has the esteem of the whole country; encomiums from high and low are showered on his head, and fragrant is his memory.

And yet the people foster and condone the very system they condemn by their approval of an honest official. It seems inbred in the bones of the man from the Far East to give presents and offer gifts. The present opens the way to a request, and paves the road for the asking of a favour. The Western official in the East dreads the advent of a present: *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*. The only way to stop them is to set

one's face as a flint against them, no matter how insignificant, valueless, or worthless they may be, when connected in any way with one's official duties or life. It is the only safe course to pursue. Though there is so much corruption in China, there are not a few officials in China who have the welfare of their people at heart, and who try to rule as well as they can.

A semi-official newspaper published in Peking informs us that "The Chinese Government has decided to fix the emoluments and expenses of all officials, metropolitan and otherwise, and to forbid them to make extra money clandestinely. It has further decided to allow the officials of places along the coast double the pay of those in the interior. It is hoped that this reform will be put into force at no distant date." This is good news, and it is to be hoped that it will really soon be put into force and be a death-knell to corruption, or at least the beginning of the end of the miserable state of affairs connected with mandarindom in China.

The rank of mandarins is sometimes thrown open to aspirants to the honours of such exalted positions in the most curious ways, according to our notions of the fitness of things. If the Government is short of money, wealthy men may purchase rank, and be entitled to wear the robes, buttons, and other insignia of the position. This is inveighed against every now and then by some officials who see the harm of it. Again, the leader

of a rebellion is often bought over to the Imperialist side by the promise of office; and if he has the faith to believe what is offered to him he often reaps the reward of that faith, but he sometimes pays for his belief with his life, as it is not considered treachery to break one's word to an enemy of one's country.

The maxim that all is fair in war is fully believed in in the East. With those who purchase rank it is often simply the position and status that the money has obtained, and the right to appear on all occasions of ceremony in the robes and insignia that appertain to the rank purchased, though in some cases office itself is obtained. These recipients of official rank do not have the honour and the respect of their fellows which is accorded to those who have obtained the position by hard study and examination. In fact, there is a certain feeling of contempt for them. There is no caste in China, though an Emperor's son tried once to introduce it from India, fortunately without success. The nearest approach to it is this class of mandarins, and the literati, forming the body of cadets who become the mandarins. There is also another class—that of the gentry. These are composed of gentlemen, generally literati, and in this way the two circles impinge. These gentry, let it be understood, are not mandarins, but they have a good deal to say in local matters, and sit in council on the affairs of the neighbourhood, and are looked

to by the mandarins to keep a certain amount of respectability and order in their neighbourhood —in fact, they assist the officials to some extent in their governance of the people, as they are looked upon, as said above, for the maintenance of good order. Even in the villages this system is carried out, and the elders of the village form a body who exercise a certain rule over their village.

The Englishman goes abroad to foreign lands to take up the white man's burden ; the Chinese mandarin also goes abroad to take up the yellow man's burden—the load of his own country's governance—for abroad it is to him in many a case, as he travels to strange scenes, he settles amongst those who talk a different language, and finds new customs and habits of life prevalent. He requires interpreters to understand what is being said, and to interpret what he says to the natives of the place.

The language in which the official business is conducted is called Mandarin, and is spoken over a large part of China. All mandarins, if it is not their native tongue, learn it ; but it is a foreign speech to many of them and often badly spoken by those who thus acquire it.

A mandarin's tenure of any particular office is for three years, unless promotion comes sooner, when there is another uprooting, and he is abroad again, though at home in his own land ; for no official is allowed to rule, except in the rarest cases,

in his own native province, as the Chinese use every safeguard to prevent favouritism. For this reason he must not take a wife from amongst those he rules over, nor are father and son allowed to hold office in the same province. The son in such cases gives way to the father. An instance has just happened lately where a son was an intendant of circuit in the Honan province, and his father was appointed governor of that province. The son had to be transferred to another part of the country.

Many a mandarin comes up from the long curriculum of study that is necessary to gain success at the examinations (which are the doors to the waiting-room for candidates to office) an ardent student, and he employs what leisure he has in literary labours and the composition of verse. Many of the works that add to the lustre of China's literature are due to the pen of her mandarins.

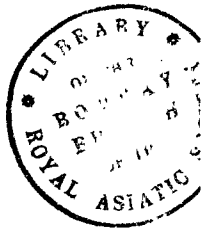
The official government of China is to the stranger apparently a complex one; but on a closer examination of it, it will be found to be more simple than was at first thought to be the case; and it is one which is, on the whole, well adapted to the people. In the provinces the mandarins are formed into different boards, or committees of ways and means, for the departments or provinces over which they have sway. In the metropolis, where the government centres for the whole Empire, there are numerous boards,

which fulfil the functions of equivalent departments of state and councils of one sort and another in our Western lands. Attention has already been called to one of the most curious of these, the Censorate, composed of some forty or fifty members.

A system of promotion and degradation is established for officials, and the curious part of it is that the mandarin, in the proclamations he issues, details them. The fortunate, or unfortunate, man cannot hide his honours or his disgraces, and the same individual has, if high in the service, several of each to his name. He first gives his surname, with the offices he holds, and then he sets forth how many times he has been promoted and how often degraded. It is a well-understood thing. No one thinks any the worse of him for it; the one falls as much to his lot as the other, if long in the service. Nor can he avoid the one more than the other; and he may not be worthy of the one, nor to blame for the other.

Already there are signs that the gorgeous East will conform herself to the West more and more in the future than she has done in the past: already the naval officers of the modern warships have adopted the Western style of uniform, for flowing robes and silks and satins are not congruous with the modern battleship. They may be in unison with the old bizarre war-junk, all gay with bright colours and streamers, but invisible

grey ironclads take a different dress, sober hues are more in keeping with their sober colours. The men also approximate more to the West in their uniform, though there is enough of the East about it to make it more picturesque, for a bit of colour is imparted to it by the scarlet cummerbund round the waist of the sailors.



CHAPTER X

Law and Order

AN elaborate code of laws, in existence for many centuries, is the ground-work which governs the action of those who administer the laws. As each new dynasty occupies the throne, a new revision takes place, and a digestion of the former code, and the result is a new edition or version, the foundations of which were laid twenty centuries since, when a simple code was drawn up, based on an even still earlier and more rudimentary system. The evolutionary process has gone on all down through the ages. There have arisen, of course, as different additions were made, ambiguity, confusion, complications, intricacies and inconveniencies, artificialities and complexities; but what complex and full system of law does not contain within it all these faults? Take it all in all, "the Chinese penal code is admirably adapted to the requirements of its teeming population of law-abiding subjects, taking into consideration the great difference in the fundamental principles on which the superstructure is founded."

Guilt Presumed

The *Edinburgh Review* said of the code: "We scarcely know any European code that is at once so copious and so consistent, or that is so entirely free from intricacy, bigotry, and fiction. In everything relating to political freedom or individual independence it is indeed woefully defective; but for the repression of disorder and the gentle coercion of a vast population, it appears to be equally mild and efficacious."

It is not to be expected that, opposite to us in so many things, the Chinese are at one with us in all the principles underlying their laws. We need not even travel to the other side of the world to find the greatest differences between the different nations in this respect. To take one of the chief axioms that prevails in our law courts, viz., that no man is guilty till proved to be so, and its corollary, that the prisoner or defendant is also, when once he has pleaded "Not guilty," in all his defence to pose as if he believed so himself, while the magistrate or judge gives him all the assistance he can in keeping up the semblance of innocence until he is proved guilty.

Almost the contrary principle prevails in China, with, no doubt, the result that a less number of guilty ones escape through the meshes of the law than under the British system, though it is to be feared that occasionally some innocent ones are caught, and suffer for uncommitted crimes, perhaps at times not a few. Were no other influences brought into play than those which are seen, there

is no doubt the system would work admirably, and the well-being of the many be conserved. The laws are divided into the *lut*, or fundamental laws, and *lai*, supplementary laws: the former are permanent; the latter, which are liable to revision every five years, are the modifications, extensions, and restrictions of the fundamental laws. Each article of the fundamental laws has been likewise explained or paraphrased by the Emperor Yung Ching, "and the whole of the text is further illustrated by extracts from the works of various commentators. These appear to have been expressly written for the use and instruction of magistrates, and accordingly form a body of legal reference directly sanctioned for that purpose by the Government."

To a certain extent the Chinese officials partake more of the character of the commissioners or collectors in our Indian Empire. There are judges or judicial commissioners, who are few in number, and of exalted position; one serving for a province, with twenty million or more inhabitants; almost all the other officials, from the district magistrate upwards, perform judicial functions, as well as fiscal and executive. From a court of first instance, if the crime deserves it, the criminal is passed on to higher tribunals, to fix his fetters still stronger on him or to release his bonds. The consequence of all this is that a large city will contain several prisons attached to the quarters and offices of different officials.

Prison Life

With nearly everything connected with Chinese life, we must try and hark back to the condition of our own country in not later times than that of Queen Bess. Transferring ourselves in thought to this period of our country's history, what would otherwise surprise us will appear perfectly reasonable and natural.

It is not to be supposed, when the most elemental laws of sanitation have been unknown, that the prisoner will be treated with due regard to considerations for his health or well-being. Death, it is to be feared, claims some of his victims sooner than he is entitled to, and snatches them away before the formalities of the reference to Peking and the reply from the Throne can be received. There is no proper supervision of the prisons: no visiting justices make a perambulation of them once a week, and listen to the complaints of the prisoners. Gaolers are keen on making the most they can from those committed to their mercy, or rather want of mercy.

The food supplied is not adequate, but every facility is allowed to friends and relations to supplement the meagre fare, which is not sufficient to keep soul and body together. A silver key is necessary for any friends to gain access to a gaol, and the gauntlet of all the rapacious warders and guards can only be run with a full purse, or an effective closing up of ingress is enforced. The prisoners are manacled in many cases, and herded together in large numbers, with no employment

to ease the enforced confinement ; unshaven and unshorn, they present a hideous sight.

There are signs that this old régime is changing, and prison reform, which has but scarcely begun, will, we hope, ere long quite revolutionise the whole system. Not only are the underlings in the whole *yamên* open to the persuasive influence of silver, but gifts pervert justice amongst even the higher officials, and the longer purse is generally able to win the day in the long run.

The extreme penalty of the law seems frequent in its infliction, but let us remember that in the time of our grandfathers, or fathers even, a man's life was of less account than a sheep's and hundreds were executed for stealing that animal. Probably life is as secure, if not a good deal more so, in China than it was in those days in our own land when the sacredness of human life was little respected.

" Criminals guilty of extraordinary offences, as robbery attended with murder, arson, rape, breaking into fortifications, highway robbery, and piracy, may be immediately beheaded without reference " to the Throne. " In ordinary cases the executions are postponed till the autumnal assizes, when the Emperor revises and confirms the sentences of the provincial governors." [1]

There are two modes of capital punishment—decapitation and strangulation. Strangling is considered the less disgraceful ; so much so, that

[1] Williams, i. p. 512.

when an official is deemed worthy of death it is an act of clemency for the Emperor to send him a silken cord, wherewith he may execute the law privately on himself, and avoid a public death at the hands of the public executioner.

There is a bit of untamed savagery in human nature which asserts itself if the opportunity is given it. This savagery found vent under the name of religion in the Inquisition ; under the name of the conservation of order it appears in the most disorderly manner in a Russian " pogrom " ; in the name of justice, in the most unjust proceedings of an American lynching ; in the name of an elucidation of the truth, in the torture of a Russian police cell, or a Chinese court of justice or prison.

Human nature is the same the wide world over, and if the savage man has not his worse animal traits of character tamed by the beneficent effects of religion, calmed by self-control and a supreme regard for justice in all its aspects, the result is disastrous to his fellow-men should he have or usurp authority over them. They all serve to show —whether they be Russian " pogroms," Turkish massacres, American lynchings, Roman Catholic Inquisitions, English mob riots—how little a high degree of material civilisation really avails under certain conditions to restrain the primitive passions, even of the higher races.

Torture in China is legal or illegal. The bamboo leads the way—the bamboo, universal in

a land which might be termed The Land of the Bamboo. Our thumbscrew of old is replaced by finger-squeezers and ankle-squeezers. The illegal tortures, some of which, if not all, are winked at by those high in authority, are numerous, and show to what refinement of cruelty men's coarse nature can descend, when once mercy goes by the board.

There are indications that even legal torture will soon be illegal in this land, which is desirous of really taking her place properly amongst the foremost nations of the world. Edicts have been issued against the practice, and doubtless it will be a thing of the past ere long.

Why is it done in the name of justice? Because the prisoner must confess his guilt—a fiction of the law in China ; therefore torture must be resorted to to extort the confession. The witnesses will not tell the truth ; then physical pain and mental anguish will force it out of their lips. So the courts resound with blows and agonised groans and cries, and thus out of disorder order of a kind is evolved. Truth is thus supposed to grow amongst thorns and brambles ; but can Eschol clusters be thus obtained? The magistrate or judge has to do the best he can—and what can he do? The Chinaman's mouth is full of lies—the East produces lies in abundance, as well as some truth.

The Chinese are a law-abiding people. Crime is not rife amongst them, all things being taken

into consideration. Indigent circumstances, the starvation point—these are the chief incentives to theft. The rapacity of bad officials is a very cogent reason in their eyes for rebellion, and a resort to its concomitant crimes and evils. Bad feeling, except in the case of clan fights, generally finds relief in a storm of words; angry passions find vent in noisy talk, and the situation is relieved. With the Chinaman, expression apparently relieves passion, and the storm of words calms the overwrought feelings. With the Englishman the altercation often ends in a fight; the outpourings of taunts and reproaches only leads to assault and battery.

To a considerable extent—though parliamentary life is but just beginning—and therefore in a different way than in the West, the Chinese rule themselves. The elders in a village, acknowledged by the powers that be, have a considerable amount of power in their hands. Petty cases of theft, even in cities, are dealt with without recourse to the courts. A not uncommon punishment for this crime is the whipping through the streets. Here we have again a counterpart of flogging at a cart's tail which some of our parents have seen in our own land. The stocks, too, of which relics are still standing in some of our villages, have their equivalent in the wooden collar, which, however, is more like the pillory of our own past times. Within this square collar of wood the criminal is unable to feed himself, and has to endure the dis-

comfort and ignominy of it often at the roadside. This *cangue,* as it is called, has been found an excellent deterrent in our own colony of Hong Kong, as a punishment for theft and other minor offences. And here let it be remarked that a Chinese mode of dealing with Chinese is often more effectual than our present up-to-date Western methods.

Let us apply an Eastern aphorism to an Eastern condition of affairs ; for it was well said that you could not put new wine into old bottles. After all, in a land which, from an Eastern standpoint, is law-abiding and orderly, an immense amount of disorderliness abounds and rampantly asserts itself, looked at from a Western point of view.

If one were to take note of the constant reports of rebellion, the country would seem to be in a state of chronic rebellion. Little ebullitions are springing up every now and then here and there all over the country ; no sooner does one appear to be quieted in one quarter when another seems to raise its head in another part of the empire. There have been some of gigantic proportions, such, for instance, as the great Tai Ping rebellion, which shocked the whole world. This, though born in the southern provinces of China, swept over the whole of the central portion and located itself in the ancient capital city of Nanking for seventeen years (1850–67). The movement began under the leadership of a visionary, who, assimilating some of the truths of Christianity, and aided by

the dreams of a disordered mind, developed a political religion, which empowered him to rule over China, and drive the hated Manchu from the throne of his forefathers.

At one time it really looked as if this would be accomplished. At first the utmost discipline appears to have been kept ; but round his standard and the nucleus of earnest, religious visionaries, a horde of riff-raff gathered, and the leader soon failed to show his right to take the crown from the foreign rulers of his country.

This insurrection changed the fertile garden into a desert. The people were ground between the two forces, as between an upper and nether millstone. The city of Hankow was taken six times by the rebels in the course of thirty months. An attempt was made to reach Peking, but it failed. Ruthless conflicts occurred, in which the unoffending inhabitants of the country suffered the horrors of civil war without any of the ameliorating concomitants of such events in the West. Bloodshed and massacre ruled supreme throughout five immense provinces ; seventy thousand inhabitants perished in the city of Hangchau alone. Shanghai would have been taken but that the foreign residents in that city protected it.

The recruits to the ranks of the insurgents, as time went on, were mainly conquered natives, who were forced to join them, and who found themselves between the frying-pan and the fire, as under these circumstances they were considered by the

Imperialists to be rebels, and, if taken, were beheaded offhand. In fact, it seems that some, at all events, were branded on the cheeks by the rebels when thus conscripted into their ranks, so that escape was utterly impossible ; for they dared not show themselves again in their own homes or amongst their own people, with their apparent guilt plainly proclaimed on their faces. Untold horrors were inflicted on the people by both forces.

The movement rapidly degenerated after the unsuccessful endeavour to reach Peking. There were dissensions amongst the leaders, though the new military commanders seemed to have the spirit of the first leaders. Eventually this gigantic revolution was killed by the aid of the foreigners, of whom, as leader, General Gordon was the most conspicuous.

Thus ended one of the most disastrous rebellions that China has ever known, and her history is full of such events. The population of China was kept down within its present limits by these awful massacres of innocent and guilty alike ; for city after city was made a pile of ruins, and its inhabitants put to the sword. After the recapture of Nanking three days and three nights were spent in the massacre of its inhabitants by the Imperialists, and fourteen years after this city still lay in ruins. As another instance the case of Chang Chow, in Fokien, may be mentioned, where from six to seven hundred thousand men were killed by the rebels or perished by disease.

Quelling Rebellions

Of a different class are the Mohammedan rebellions, of which there have been several serious ones during the last two or three centuries in China. The one in the north-west and the one in the south-west during the last century were most awful. They were fought with the greatest determination on the part of the rebels, and in all these cases extermination seems to have been the rule on both sides.

With a rebellion in China two methods can be adopted: the leaders of the outburst may be bought over and made mandarins, if the promise made to them to induce them to put down their arms is kept. If such is the case, they bring over with them their followers. The other alternative is extermination of all—man, woman, and child—and the razing of all the dwelling-houses to the ground. To understand what war in China is, we must again go back to the Middle Ages in Europe to find its counterpart. War at all times is savage, but in the East it is savage with a vengeance. Had the Mohammedan rebellion in the north-west not been put down, its followers in their fanatical zeal would have exterminated all who were not of their belief. To what extent it spread is not known, but it was very serious in its character, as also was that in the Yunnan province. It must be noted that the latter was not due to religion. In China the sword is not used by the Mohammedan as a medium of converting the heathen to his faith.

Law and Order

In addition to these convulsions, which almost shook the Empire to its very centre, there are little rebellions which, owing to the inability or corruption of the mandarins, are allowed to spread and increase in power and strength, till what might by just dealing and a vigorous system of repression have been avoided or overcome, is allowed to gain head until matters become serious.

Added to all this there are clan fights in some parts of the country, where for years a species of vendetta is carried on between different villages, which at times almost rises to the magnitude or dignity of small civil wars, when troops have to be sent to put an end to the strife.

An outbreak of another nature was known as the Boxer rising. Its most prominent features were the massacre of missionaries and native Christians, and the siege of the Legations in Peking.

CHAPTER XI

The Diverse Tongues of John Chinaman

THOUGH they are not so diverse in nationality as some congeries of people that call themselves by the name of a nation, yet there has been a conglomeration of diverse elements amongst the Chinese. Why is such a fuss made about purity of blood? Is it because like rainbow gold it is nowhere to be found? With a nation like the Chinese it is nearer of attainment than with a composite people like ourselves—an amalgam of Briton and Saxon and Dane and Norman, to reduce it to its very simplest elements.

Nor are the Chinese separated into such a multiplicity of races and tribes and peoples as the inhabitants of the Indian Empire, with their ninety languages and nine hundred dialects, though in the latter respect they are in the running, but somewhat behind; for they speak with cloven tongues, which help to render the cleavage more intense between different sections of the country.

Diverse Tongues

The Chinaman has not an easy aptitude for learning to speak in other tongues, with their variations in tone as well as their different cadences of accent. The best school for a Chinaman to learn Chinese as spoken by his fellow-countrymen a few hundreds of miles from where he himself lives is out of China. Let him be born in Singapore or the Straits Settlements, or thereabouts, in a world where he may lisp his baby-talk in as many Chinese languages as he has fingers on one hand, while he may take into count the fingers of the other hand with soft Malay and more robust English, and any other stray speech that may come across his way. It is curious to see how awkwardly a Chinaman splutters, in his attempts to pronounce what to him is virtually a strange tongue, even if it be one spoken within the borders of his own land. Again, if the average Englishman has a difficulty in learning to speak Chinese properly, the Chinese have equal difficulty in learning to speak our language, so bristling is it with difficulties of mood and tense and number and person and case and comparison, to say nothing of accent and vocabulary and pronunciation.

Now let it be clearly understood that Mandarin is not the language of China, though some people who ought to know better think and say so. It is true that Mandarin is the language spoken in Peking ; and a kind of Mandarin is the language of Nanking. A Mandarin of another kind is

spoken in the extreme west. Possibly some other Mandarin of sufficient distinctive importance, and considerably different from those already known to the sinologue may yet be separated out from the others, and attain the honour of having dictionaries, grammars, and word- and phrase-books and various vade-mecums prepared for it by the industrious and inquisitive foreign student in this Land of Many Speeches and Tongues.

Mandarin in some form is spoken in fifteen provinces out of the eighteen. All officials of any position are supposed to speak Pekingese, as it would be impossible for an official to learn a dozen languages in the course of his career, ill-equipped as he is for the task by nature, by books, or by assistance of any kind, to say nothing of the months or years of inaction, should the new incumbents of the recently filled posts have to learn to speak another variety of their own tongue. Pekingese thus forms the *lingua franca* of the higher officials and their entourage. To deal with the millions of those under their rule interpreters have to be employed, if any verbal communications are to pass between those who govern and the governed: so that in court or elsewhere these interpreters are the media for the transmission of the evidence, the statements, the decisions, &c., unless the populace be a Mandarin-speaking one. There may be some fifty millions in China, or even more, to whom Pekingese is a strange language. How many more there may be who are

supposed to be Mandarin-speakers, but whose dialect of that tongue is so different from the standard of the metropolis as to render it difficult for their rulers to understand what they say, it is impossible to even form a guess. It has been said above that Pekingese is supposed to be spoken by the higher officials; but many a one so mixes up his own particular form of Mandarin with the outward veneer of a badly acquired Pekingese that till one gets acquainted with his peculiar and atrocious pronunciation or peculiar tones his language is not easily intelligible.

Most ardent theatre-goers pick up a smattering of Southern Mandarin or Nankingese. Even in so-called Mandarin-speaking districts the people have a lingo of their own, which is not understood by those who have not made a special study of it.

In South-Eastern China, extending even to the central coast-wise portion of the land, there are languages quite different from Mandarin, millions upon millions of the speakers of which know no other language but their own. These languages are carried abroad by their speakers to our colonies, so that the complex problem of Chinese all speaking languages and dialects differing from one another confronts our cadets and officials, in their endeavours to reach the governed in their own tongues. In the Straits Settlements there are Chinese from Canton, from Amoy, from Swatow, from Hainan, and there are Hakkas. It is possible

A FEMALE ACROBAT

there may be some from the cities of Foochow, or Shanghai, or Ningpo, or even other places. Out of the eight places named above, five or six are so distinct in their speech from each other that those who come from one of them cannot understand those from the others. Of the remaining places, though the speech is dissimilar, yet the dwellers in one might understand one from one or two of the other places, but not from the other spots. This method of stating the case may serve to show that these languages are as distinct as European tongues, though at the same time there is a bond of union running through all, in a similarity of structure and a resemblance of form. If one may use the simile, they are all built up on the same order of architecture, but though the main features are, on a cursory glance, the same, yet such a variety of individual differences and outside influences have been brought to bear in some cases as to alter largely the apparent similitude.

Most, if not all of these, are of more ancient origin than the Mandarin, and, as proof of this, traces of older times of one kind and another are found in them. While a change more or less pronounced has taken place in all of them from their remote antiquity, as compared with the Mandarin, they are more conservative in their forms than the Northern Mandarin (of Peking) has proved itself to be in its proximity to the Tartar speeches of the north.

Diverse Tongues

The importance of the languages has been lost sight of by the name "dialect" being wrongly applied to them. This misuse of the term leaves no word to describe the dialects, which are so numerous as to have been said to equal in number the days in the year. In some parts of the country these are so many in number as to allow at least many a district (county) to have one of its own. These dialects are again subdivided into sub-dialects, and the subdivison goes on till at last even a city will have two or three local peculiarities in speech between its suburbs, and between them and the area within the walls itself.

In the city of Canton, for instance, the language spoken in the west end differs in some slight respects from that spoken in the southern suburbs, and again, inside a part of the Old City (as the most ancient part of the city is called) the language is, on account of the banner-men and some Mandarin-speakers, corrupted with an infusion of Mandarin; while again that of the Ho Nam suburb differs in some respects from that of some other portions of the city. That of the western suburbs is the standard of correct pronunciation for the greater part of the province —in fact, the Cantonese which is respected by some 20,000,000 or more of people. The language used by some of the country districts not a hundred miles from Canton, is the native tongue of hundreds of thousands of dwellers in

city, town, and village, and is unintelligible without study to the cultured Canton city resident.

As an instance of how it is impossible for the native of one part of China to understand one from another district, I may call attention to the curious sight, often seen in Hong Kong, of an *amah* (nurse in a foreign family) brought from, say, the north of China, conversing with another servant belonging to the Colony, not in their own native tongue, but in Pidgin-English, as otherwise they could not understand each other. Still more common is it in the courts of justice in that Colony to see an Englishman interpreting what one Chinaman says to another Chinaman, both living in the Colony, for the simple reason that the foreigner in this case has learned two or more of the Chinese languages, while the Chinese in question only know one each—that into which they were born, if one may so put it—and have never learned that of the other Chinaman, and so each is indebted to a foreigner to learn what their own countryman is saying.

Conditioned by his surroundings and his location, and the different influences which have come into play upon him and his language, the divers tongues of the Chinaman differ in their characteristics. The Mandarin abounds in "*r*'s," and, though they are not rolled round the tongue as a Scotchman likes to enunciate them, yet they are not entirely lost sight of. The *r* is not found in the speech of the South of China. The Cantonese

is a soft and pleasant speech, while the Mandarin is more like the German with its force of utterance, as compared to the Italian sounds of the Cantonese. The Hakka is a half-way house between the Mandarin and the Cantonese. In the Swatow, nasal sounds are largely employed ; and in the singing of hymns this has an extraordinary effect, as the voices hush into a mere nose or lip production of sound. In Amoy these nasal sounds also prevail extensively, and in these two languages the *b* is known, though unknown in the greater part of the southern districts ; while in Shanghai, Ningpo, and slightly in the Hakka, *v* is used, *w* taking its place elsewhere. The tendency of the Mandarin has been to drop the letters *p*, *t*, and *k*, when at the end of words, with the result of a more slurring effect in speaking, compared with the more distinct utterance of the southerners.

The tones give a musical cadence to the language, and this is more pronounced in the south, where there are twice, if not thrice, the number of these tones in use, as compared with the north. Each word is relegated to that tone in the scheme of tones to which it belongs, and in which it must be spoken. The meaning of a word may vary with the tone in which it is uttered. A musical note will generally explain much of what tones are, though there are other factors in their production. There are level-sustained tones, dying-away tones, rising tones, falling tones, abrupt tones, long tones, and short

tones ; in addition there are also *crescendo* and *diminuendo* effects.

It would be very interesting to know why there are all these different sets of tones, perhaps some hundreds of them, differing more or less, used over China, and why more tones are used in some parts than in others. One language in China will be content with five or six tones while another will not stop short of fifteen or sixteen. It may be possible that all languages were tonic originally : some are inclined to think that this was the case. The language of all babies the world over is tonic ; for an infant when learning to speak always says the words he learns in the same tone he has learned them in, till he finds that grown-up people, except in the Far East, have discarded tones. Accent in English is not tone, though accent in English can often be used to represent Chinese tones. The Chinese employ accent as well.

One tonic system, it will be gathered from the above, does not suffice for the whole of China, with its numerous different languages and speeches. So after one has learned the words in one language of Chinese, and how to pronounce them aright, and the correct tone, the foreigner or native, if he takes up the study of another Chinese language, has to learn different tones for his new language, as well as learn new words, new idioms, and new accents. Again, a word may have besides its primary tone a secondary or variant tone, only to be used in certain combinations, or to express

different meanings from what the word in its primary tone stands for. This, to the foreign student of the language, seems confusion worse confounded.

These variant tones differ again in their use and application in the different languages, and also in the different dialects to some extent. In the Swatow, every word in each sentence or clause, except the last one or two, must change into its other, or variant tone. In Cantonese the definition of them given earlier applies. In Hankow and Mandarin there are said to be none, though in the latter the author has reason to believe that if special study were given, a discovery of them might be made, as well as their method of use.

The Middle dialects, as they are called—those of Shanghai and Ningpo—have the medial vowels in words developed into diphthongs to a larger extent than elsewhere.

All the languages in China agree in the elimination of superfluous words in a sentence, as regarded from the Chinese standpoint, to the utter confusion of the European learner or speaker. In a few instances in English we do condescend to a very simple style of speaking—a style which the Chinese use to a very large extent. For instance, we say simply, "Come," when we mean "Come here," or "Come to me." The Chinese says in this same way, to cite one example, *keeoo,* or *keeoo loh,* when the *loh* means nothing translat-

able into English, but shows that a precise statement is being made. The *keeoo* is the important word, and that means simply "called," but the Chinaman to whom it is addressed understands what the speaker means, which is, "You are called," or "Some one is calling you." The object is left out in a sentence when it is perfectly well understood what is referred to. For example, a father with us, seeing his child not eating his porridge at breakfast, might say to him, "Are you not eating it?" but a Chinese father in a similar case would only say, "You not eating?" The "it" is understood, and is not used, unless there is a particular necessity to call attention to this one thing in contradistinction to other things.

This principle runs through the whole language. The Chinese prefers to save his breath and words. In Chinese, again, there are practically no moods, tenses, numbers, or persons, if looked at from the standpoint of a European language. Of course there are means of showing these, when it is necessary—necessary, that is to say, from the Chinese point of view, which is very different from our conception of what is necessary in language. There is thus a terseness and a simplicity in the language, which tend to its beauty, and, when attention is paid to the context, the confusion which might otherwise arise is avoided. A logical sequence is often apparent in the dependence of the sentences, which is lost sight of in the com-

plexity of our Western sentences, burdened as they are also with all the intricacies of moods, and the incidental prepositions and conjunctions, omitted in Chinese to a large extent.

John Chinaman is again a survival of the Middle Ages in the manner of using his tongue. He clings to the past, and this style, as far as the language is concerned, is based on, nay is identical with, that of hundreds or even thousands of years ago. If it can be supposed that every book written in England were written in the language of Chaucer or Piers Plowman, some idea might be got of how the book-language differs from the common speech. If we remember the feeling of our forefathers, when it was proposed to put the Bible into English which would be understood by every one, and recall how at that time our own language was considered to be too low and vulgar to be used for books—then some idea of the attitude of Chinese scholars towards their own beautiful spoken language may be understood.

So accustomed have they become to the well-balanced periods of the written language, so entranced are they with its beauties, so immersed have they become in the overflowing floods of their literature, that what is difficult for the men or women who are not the bookworms they are is simplicity to them. Moreover, they imbue those they instruct with their own views, so that not only do their own people follow in their steps,

but the foreigner, shut up in his study with them to learn their language, affects their ways and imbibes their opinions, to the detriment of his spoken speech. For it rarely happens that a foreigner in China who goes in largely for this comparatively dead language—the book-language—becomes proficient in the spoken language of the people. The one stultifies the other, in the case of the foreigner, so that to master either requires almost a life-study.

This accounts for much of the illiteracy in China; for to master the dead language of the books is a task often beyond the power or time allowed the poor boy. Most of the books are locked up in this dead speech, and beyond the reach of the full comprehension of those who have not received a thoroughly good education—and such an education is not within the reach of an immense number of the people. It is impossible to say how many.

The number of the educated and of the illiterate, or of the partly educated, differs widely in different parts of the land and in town and country. With the labouring classes, who may be earning only a bare subsistence, the boys either go without learning to read, or, if it be possible to send them to school, their schooling ends when they have received but a smattering. If a year or two at school does little for an English boy whose books are written in almost a colloquial style, it may be estimated how very much less they do for a

Chinese youth, whose books are to him so difficult. It is as if an English infant class were taught to read English from the first four Books of Euclid.

Fortunately there are indications of a widespread change taking place. The new school books are now modelled on the plan of the Western school books, and in time the language employed will doubtless be still more simplified. Further, the new movements in China are awakening the people to the use of the living tongue, and as a result one or two of the newspapers are employing it to a slight extent.

The foreign element does not appear so largely in Chinese as in our own language. Buddhism with its idolatry is perhaps responsible for the largest imported portion. The genius of the Chinese language, a little like the German in this respect, is to assimilate the new idea, and clothe it in some expressive term in their own language. Thus a steamer is a "fire-ship."

Notwithstanding this, those who have delved amongst its different languages or dialects with this object in view, have discovered after all not a few foreign imported words. One language or another has contributed a word or two or more, as the case may be. As an illustration we may instance the word *toto*, in use in the Macao dialect, and derived from the Portuguese, who have been domiciled in Macao for more than three centuries. Other words are more difficult to trace, and require some ingenuity at times to fix on their origin and

source. The Arabic original is seen in *apeen*, for opium. In Amoy *satpan* is used for soap, an imported article in China originally, though they are now beginning to manufacture it for themselves. This last word is derived from the Spanish.

CHAPTER XII

The Drug: Foreign Dirt

MUCH strong language has been used on both sides in regard to the opium question; but the Chinese themselves have but one opinion on it.

As for the foreigner in China, many have expressed the strongest opinions, when their ignorance on the subject was only commensurate with the strength of their statements. Some of these who are not qualified to form a judgment at all on the subject not only give voice to their views *ex cathedrâ,* but stigmatise as fanatics all who hold an opposite view to their own. But the matter is now passing out of range of discussion by the non-Chinese; for the whole nation is expressing in no measured terms its decision on the question. This attitude of the Chinese—not taken up by the Government alone, but by the people as well as by the ruling powers—is one of the most hopeful signs in the advance of China.

The opium habit is of but recent origin. There is nothing to show that the juice of the poppy

was valued in China for anything but its medicinal properties a couple of hundred years ago. In fact, the proof is all the other way. It cannot be supposed for a moment that, had the vice been one known in this land before its introduction from abroad, it would not have been mentioned by Chinese writers. There is besides a perfect silence on the matter by mediæval travellers who visited the Far Orient, for the simple reason that there was a complete absence of material in that connection to write on. Had it been largely in use, doubtless the Roman Catholic missionaries would have had something to say about it.

The reference to opium by the writer of the *Chinese Herbal* two centuries ago, says it was "formerly but little known," and his description of it "leads to the inference that it was then used in medicine."

It was the Portuguese who mostly engaged in the trade at first, and its importation only reached a thousand chests in 1767. Six years later the East India Company "made a small adventure" in it, and seven years later "a depot of two small vessels was established by the English." A cargo of 1,600 chests sold to one of the old Hong merchants eventually found its way to the Eastern Archipelago, as the traders could not command a sufficient price in China. In 1791 opium was imported "under the head of medicine." The Chinese authorities began to complain in 1793; and then started the long opposition against its

introduction, stultified to a large extent by the readiness of those in authority to accept bribes and close their eyes to its smuggling, while our own countrymen, overpowered by the desire to make fortunes and retire to a life of ease in England or America, connived at it, and fostered the trade carried on by smuggling.

It seems strange that greed should so close the eyes of respected and otherwise honourable men to the nefariousness of engaging in such an underhand trade. Unfortunately, the Chinese Government officials objected to all trade with the hated foreigner, and this may have helped to gloss over the iniquity of the particular trade. It is a sad spectacle "of power, habit, skill, and money all combining to weaken and overpower the feeble, desultory resistance of a pagan and ignorant people against the progress of what they knew was destroying them. The finality of such a struggle could hardly be doubted, and when the tariff of 1858 allowed opium to enter by the payment of a duty, the already enfeebled moral resistance seemed to die out with the extinction of the smuggling trade in opium." [1]

With the ennobling power of a Christian civilisation infused into her veins, it is to be hoped that China, now that she has roused herself, will not rest content till the good work she has commenced be carried to a glorious issue, and the youth of that country be saved from the debilitating effects

[1] Williams, ii. p. 380.

of the destructive body-ruining, mind-enfeebling, and soul-blasting drug. Those who argue that such are not its effects are woefully ignorant of the inner life of the Chinese.

They look at the surface of Chinese life only, and when they see a brisk and active compradore, who acknowledges that he is a smoker, and has smoked for years, they seem incapable of taking all the influences and facts into their minds. They do not see him when he craves for the drug that is life and death to him, and are unaware how entirely he is dependent on it; nor do they know that he has probably just primed himself up with the stimulant upon which he depends for his apparent vigour. His accounts are kept by his underlings, of whom, in all probability, he has a large staff, bound to him by the ties of clan-ship, whom he can trust, and over whom, *more Sinico*, he has an iron grip: his work accordingly can run on, whilst he lies for hours at his smoking.

The European employer does not see his servant in his hours of depression, nor does he know that he is trying with all the power left in him not to exceed the daily allowance he has fixed upon as the utmost limit he dare venture on. He does not realise what a struggle is going on in the fight not to be overcome in the losing game, and that his employee is stubbornly trying his best to hold his own with the overwhelming force against him. The victim tries to fortify himself against the inroads of the unsatisfied and un-

satisfying drug, attempting to hold the craving in check, and trying to build up his frame by tonic and strengthening foods. Even if he be a man of iron will, the combat is slowly telling against him, and any traces of its effects observed on his face are put down to ill-health.

The opium-sot (save when his wealth has been sufficiently large to enable him to maintain the drain on his resources) gradually sinks in the social scale, unless friends or relatives support him. His vice has unfitted him for toil, as half, or more, of the night spent in smoking does not prepare for a day of work. He rises at noon, enfeebled and unfit for any exertion till "a hair of the dog that bit him" causes his exhausted energies to flicker up for a brief period. Often without the means to procure sufficient food and clothing, he is a pitiable object to all, and is called an opium-devil by his own countrymen. Such a man is not likely to remain in the busy centres of commerce, such as Hong Kong or Shanghai. He naturally gravitates to his home in the country, where he may obtain some assistance from friends. He slinks away from observation, and at last sinks into a dishonoured grave.

The so-called opium wars, it must in justice be said, would, with the arrogance of the mandarins and the determination of the English to trade, have taken place—opium or no opium—sooner or later. Opium was not the sole, though it was a great contributory, reason for them.

A Mistaken Policy

The Chinaman, while taking the drug, hated the Englishman for bringing it to his shores, and much of the ill-feeling against the foreigner was due to the trade. For the Chinaman reasoned no one could be good who sold such a poison, to the ruin of his countrymen.

The trade drifted years ago into the hands of Parsees and Indians, and Englishmen in the Far East became the mere carriers to China and up and down the coast, though in India the Government fostered its growth, and derived a large share of the revenue by its cultivation. The financial difficulty has been the stumbling-block to its abolition; and it is this consideration which prevents the foreign resident in China from seeing the patent evils of the trade and consumption of opium. But when the Chinese themselves are willing to lose money by its cessation, and to subscribe to further its extinction, this single fact is a guarantee of their good faith in the matter.

The average foreign resident in China has grown suspicious of the Chinese attitude on the question, owing to the Chinese line of action in the past. He doubted the Chinaman's intention, when the Chinese Government fostered the extended growth of native opium in the Empire itself (till nearly every province grew it), with the ostensible (as he considered it merely to be) object of killing the foreign consumption. This accomplished, the Chinese Government said they could

easily prohibit the native growth, and thus extinguish the whole trade and evil.

There is now, however, no reason to doubt the Chinese *bona fides*. The whole nation is roused, or rousing itself against it; it is not official action only that is being taken. Though smoking officials may be here and there lax—and it is well-nigh impossible to have laws obeyed at once throughout the length and breadth of such an immense Oriental empire—yet degradation and even death have resulted to some of the smoking mandarins. Given time, there is little doubt that the whole Empire will respond to the lead of the better-minded of its people and the mandates of those in authority. China is being stirred to her depths in this crusade against this potent evil: she feels she must do, or die. Her position was in the van of the Eastern world (the whole world, as far as the East was concerned) for many centuries. She was the leader of the world's progress: civilisation, letters, light, and knowledge, all these emanated from her.

But as the West came into her purview of late years, she has found that she was deposed from her exalted position. Though blindly, arrogantly, stubbornly trying to hold to the past, she found herself unable to cope with the despised Western barbarian. Bits of her territory were stripped from her by different foreign nations all down her coast-line, while an immense territory was taken in the north. This she resolved should not go on.

In her time of abasement, an insignificant island kingdom, whose inhabitants she looked down upon as little monkeys—a people who had learned much in the past from her, but after being her pupils had eagerly imbibed knowledge from the West—this people, strengthened by the Christian civilisation of the West grafted on to the valour of a sea-bound nation, had blocked the waves of aggression from the West, and withstood boldly the advance of an absorbing power, beating a Western foe back. This little insignificant race set its face against opium, and forbade its use, determined to exterminate it, even in Formosa, by repressive measures. All this was an object-lesson to the Chinese. They had at the same time been prepared by a century of missionary labour amongst them, which, while it instructed them in the tenets of Christianity, spread broadcast over the land modern knowledge and science in the thousands of books issued by the various Religious Tract Societies together with the mission presses.

It is a grand and noble spectacle to see a once effete Eastern nation shaking the dust of abasement from her feet and rising with new vigour, born of the day of enlightenment, to again take her place amongst the comity of nations of God's glorious world.

A Nemesis threatens the foreigner who has introduced the baleful drug in such large quantities into China, for it appears that not a few

Americans have learned to take it from the Chinese smokers resident amongst them. A fear of its effects on their own people both at home and abroad in the Philippines resulted in the initiation of the international opium convention in Shanghai. Its actions and resolutions will no doubt strengthen the crusade against opium-smoking and its sister vice, the hypodermic injection of morphia.

It would seem to the ordinary individual that the past attempts to discount by elaborate treatises on the chemical constituents of the smoke, &c., the evil effects of the smoking of opium, are of little practical value to those who try to argue that opium-smoking is harmless. For one sees that the opium-smoker can have his cravings satisfied with morphia injected into his system or taken in pills, by the dross of smoked opium, and even the ashes of the drug taken in water.

"Opium imparts no benefit to the smoker, impairs his bodily vigour, beclouds his mind, and unfits him for his station in society; he is miserable without it, and at last dies by what he lives upon." It is like "raising the wick of a lamp, which, while it increases the blaze, hastens the exhaustion of the oil and the extinction of the light." "When the smoking commences, the man becomes loquacious, and breaks out into boisterous, silly merriment, which gradually changes to a vacant paleness and shrinking of the features, as the quantity" smoked "increases and the narcotic acts. A deep sleep supervenes, from half an hour to

three or four hours' duration, during which the pulse becomes slower, softer, and smaller than before the debauch. No refreshment is felt from this sleep, when the person has become a victim to the habit, but a universal sinking of the powers of the body and mind is experienced, and complete recklessness of all consequences, if only the craving for more can be appeased.

"A novice is content with one or two whiffs, which produce vertigo, nausea, and headache, though practice enables him to gradually increase the quantity." So-called "'temperate smokers,' warned by the sad example of numerous victims around them, endeavour to keep within bounds, and walk as near the precipice as they can, without falling over into hopeless ruin. In order to do this, they limit themselves to a certain quantity daily, and take it at or soon after meals, so that the stomach may not be so much weakened." Such an one "can seldom exceed a mace weight, or about as much of prepared opium as will balance" a franc piece; "this quantity will fill twelve pipes. Two mace weight taken daily is considered an immoderate dose, which few can bear for any length of time; and those who are afraid of the effects of the drug upon themselves endeavour not to exceed a mace. Some persons who have strong constitutions and stronger resolution, continue the use of the drug within these limits for many years, without disastrous effects upon their health and spirits, though most of even these moderate smokers

are so much the slaves of the habit that they feel too wretched, nerveless, and imbecile to go on with their business without the stimulus." [1]

"An insupportable languor throughout the whole frame" is the continual legacy of the opium-smoker, and he is in utter misery when the usual times for taking the drug arrive if he cannot obtain it on the instant. He is restless, wretched, and the craving completely unnerves and overpowers him. The author's experience, with witnesses in the witness-box, for more than a score of years, led him to detest the sight of a heavy opium-smoker, prepared, or rather unprepared, to give evidence in English courts of justice. Under such circumstances, the greatest difficulty was experienced in the attempt to obtain statements that were clear, lucid, and truthful. The guile of the devil mixed with the slyness of an impaired mind, which, in abject fear of giving away his case, caused the drug-taker to prevaricate and contradict himself, thus rendering it difficult to obtain a succinct and clear account of any intricate and involved action. An opium-smoker is not a rampant ruffian, as the drunkard is when under the effects of his potations. He does not murder his wife; but he kills her by slow degrees, or pawns or sells her. He does not go reeling through the streets, a danger to himself and others; but the effects of his vice are as bad, if not worse, in the long run.

Statistics which try to prove that the number

[1] Williams, ii. pp. 382, 383.

of confirmed smokers is less than what is generally well known to be the case, based on a certain consumption by the individual smoker, are founded on assumptions, and ignore a number of factors. It is not a certain fixed quantity of the drug taken by an individual which should form the basis of calculation; for it is a well-known fact to any one acquainted with medicines that different constitutions are differently affected by drugs; some persons are easily influenced by doses that would have little effect on others. Let us take what is more patent to most persons. How ridiculous it would seem to fix on a certain amount of beer, and then divide the consumption of beer in the country by this quantity, and say that such a percentage of English were habitual drunkards! One man is drunk with an amount that would not affect another man's brains; one man can habitually take a number of glasses a day which would completely upset another.

To be reckoned in the question as factors are the physique of the smokers, and the financial position of those who indulge this expensive vice. Another element that must be taken into consideration is that the drug has less power on one who is well nourished and who has ample means to buy food to sustain his body against the inroads of the drug.

To be perfectly sure of the percentage in a given population, a census would be required, and as that at present is well-nigh impossible, estimates

made by those who are well qualified to judge are the most reliable means of ascertaining the number, instead of procuring statistics to bolster up preconceived notions on the subject. No Chinaman, unless he is directly interested in minimising the results of opium-smoking, will give such a low estimate as has been furnished from foreign sources, to attempt to show that the drug is not so bad in its effects as the people themselves and those who have lived amongst them know to be the case.

But, after all, suppose that statistics—which can prove anything required—are reliable, even when the advocates of the non-abolition of opium have reduced them to such low figures as they delight to do—even 1 per cent., to which scarce one has yet had the temerity to bring them down—even 1 per cent. of confirmed opium-smokers in China would make a total of 4,260,000, the population of a small state in Europe (nearly the population of Norway and Sweden), and roughly a tenth of the population of Great Britain and Ireland. Is such a number not appalling enough to all who really know what a confirmed opium-smoker is?

But some statistics are so manipulated as to give us double this number, viz., 8,520,000. Even then this is not the very darkest shade of a picture so dark that no ray of hope illumines it. For this state of confirmed opium-smoking, to which the majority of those who indulge in opium in China are surely tending, represents but a small propor-

tion of the evil inherent in and surrounding this fascinating indulgence. Around this nucleus of opium sots are the beginners who are, as a rule, starting on a downward course from which to the majority there is no retreat. And still more direful, if possible, is the vast fringe of those who are dragged down into misery and ruin by the indulgence of father, or son, or husband, or relative—the poor wives, the suffering children, the broken-hearted fathers and mothers, and all the rest who are affected in a greater or lesser degree.

The Chinese themselves—and who are better able to judge than the people themselves as to the cancer in their body social and politic?—would scarcely determine to overthrow the fell and deadly habit, were it of such insignificance as apologists attempt to make out.

CHAPTER XIII

What John Chinaman Eats and Drinks

TO begin with, John Chinaman's diet is not rats and cats and mice and puppy-dog bones, though more of these may be consumed within the confines of the vast Empire than in other parts of the earth's dominions. He might retort that the exclusive diet of the Englishman was jugged hare and blood. He does not live, like the Englishman, on bacon and eggs, or like the American, on pork and beans, or like the Frenchman, on *pot au feu* or *bouillon*, or like the German, on raw beefsteak and *sauerkaut*, or like the Italian, on macaroni. Pork and salt fish and rice and vegetables—at all events in the south—are his chief dishes ; whilst sharks' fins and the gelatinous birds' nests are the turtle-soup and venison of the gourmand.

Each nation has its own conception of what constitutes a meal. John Bull likes solid substances, rashers of bacon with eggs, or big joints that he can see, and off which he can cut juicy

SHANGHAI: FOREIGN MARKET.

EATING RICE.

slices, and come again to, and yet again, to stay his hearty appetite. Jacques Bonhomme likes dainty little morsels dished up in a tasty manner, or the family *pot au feu*. Guiseppe Mencarini enjoys his long strings of macaroni, which he cuts off at his mouth as he gobbles them down. Hans Breitmann loads his tables with substantial dishes, and has some fruit with almost every joint of meat.

John Chinaman, for his part, thinks it barbarous to bring big joints to the table and cut them up like a butcher—knives are for the kitchen, not the dining-room ; they are kitchen furniture, not table decorations—nor does he believe in slices of roast and boiled, even when served *à la Russe*.

The substantial portion of the ordinary meal consists, in the south, of bowls of rice, usually steamed well, so that each grain is thoroughly cooked, and does not stick to the next grain. It is, when prepared in this method, placed in an earthenware shallow vessel standing in a pan of water, and a lid covers it while cooking. The rule is to put sufficient water into the vessel containing the rice barely to cover the open hand when laid on the rice. Rice is also often cooked in a shallow earthen pan, in like manner. With the poor man, a mere taste of fish, fresh or salt, and a little fresh or salt vegetable, is all that appears on his humble board. There is soy, perhaps, and it may be bean-curd in some form or other, possibly some salted olives occasionally.

The vegetables and fish are fried in peanut oil, the taste of which the foreigner cannot, as a rule, stomach. No salt, or pepper, or mustard, or vinegar appears on the table. No water is drunk, but some tea is often poured into the bowl from which the rice has been eaten, to finish up with. There is but the one course amongst the lower classes of society. The wife is not supposed, by the strict rules of propriety, to eat with her husband ; but a family party surrounds the board amongst the lower classes, and the boat people squat down on their deck round the food.

Amongst shopkeepers the whole of the employees sit down at the same table and eat together—master, accountant, shopman, apprentice, and cook, the last two often being combined in one person. The rice-bowls having been filled with a copper ladle from the basket or bucket holding the rice just brought in from the kitchen, the bowls are raised to the mouth in the left hand and rested on or near the under-lip, while with the right hand the rice is shovelled into the mouth with the two chopsticks held parallel to each other. These are two pieces of ivory, bone, wood, or bamboo, rather longer than a lead-pencil, and not quite so large in body. They are held between the thumb and two or three fingers of the right hand, with the second finger slightly protruding between them.

This mode of grasping them allows free play ; for besides using them to push quantities of rice

from the bowl into the mouth, they can be employed as a pair of tongs to lift up, from the centre of the table, the meat and vegetables which are already cut into pieces and quantities suitable to be thus picked up. Each one at his will does this, either transferring the modicum selected at once to the mouth, or laying it on the rice in the bowl, to be more leisurely taken, or shovelled in with the rice. The chopsticks are most dexterously used, and, if the piece of meat is rather large, can hold it while a portion is bitten off it; the remainder is then laid on the top of the rice for future use. It is wonderful how their owners can do just what they choose with these seemingly rude and ill-adapted implements—now breaking off a bit of fish from the common dish on the table, now dipping some morsel in the small dish of soy, and then making a predatory expedition to the dish of vegetables, from which a sufficient quantity is transferred to the bowl to serve for several mouthfuls of rice. Spice and variety are lent to the meal by these constant raids. The utmost good-humour prevails as the results are appropriated, and quarrels do not result. This process is continued all through the meal by each one round the table. It is considered polite to keep more or less to your side of the dish in taking these continual helpings.

It is hoped that these explicit explanations will clear away the misapprehension on this subject with many; for the ordinary Englishman believes

that in some mysterious manner, inexplicable to ordinary mortals, the Chinaman uses his chop-sticks apparently somewhat in the manner of the ghoul in the *Arabian Nights*, who ate her meal, consisting of "a few grains of rice, with a toothpick."

In the south, pork is *the* meat, and so universal and constant is its use that the word for meat in the Amoy language, *bach* (pronounced like the name of the musician), means pork.

It may be gathered from what has been said that made-up dishes are the rule. The Chinese are very fond of soups and slops. When wanting a snack of something, a very common thing to take is a dish of *congee* (rice gruel). At a formal dinner party, which is generally at a restaurant, the food, to our foreign tastes, seems all sloppy. Course after course of bowls of birds'-nest soup, sharks' fins, quails cut up in portions, crabs, and numerous other dishes, is brought in singly or in sets of four or eight. Rice in such a case does not appear till the end of the feast. Porcelain spoons, of most primitive shape, are supplied for the more liquid dishes, and wire toy forks to lift the candied fruits, &c.

One feels, after these grand Chinese dinners, as if one had eaten to repletion, even if only a tasting is taken of each dish. Long before the dinner is through even this has to be given up; but with it all there is yet an unsatisfied feeling of wanting what the Americans would call "a

good square meal," so unused are we to this style of feeding.

While the guests are gathering together in the restaurant where such repasts are held, the attendants bring in cups of tea about the size of large coffee-cups with covers on, a sufficiency of tea-leaves being put into every cup to make a brew for each. Each person has thus a cup of tea infused specially for himself. The waiter writes each person's name on the cover of the cup intended for him, and as each circulates about the room, chatting to host or other guest, the cup is brought round after each and placed at the side of or near to the individual to whom it belongs and replenished whenever necessary.

The Chinese are very fond of splitting melon-seeds between the teeth (this is rather difficult of achievement to those unaccustomed to it), ejecting the shells and eating the kernels, which are rather pleasant to the taste; but the ordinary European does not find the toil worth the result, though the Russian, who has the same custom, is an adept at it.

The author finds a formal Chinese dinner once in twenty years is sufficient. As a reason for this, some of the customs which prevail at the table may be stated. It is considered politeness to offer another at the table a titbit with one's own chopsticks, picking it out from one of the dishes on the table. It will be understood that in the act of eating, the chopsticks, like our forks, touch

the lips, or enter the mouths ; so, even without this display of friendship, each one of the four or eight persons at a table has dipped his chopsticks into the plates of many of the comestibles laid before him.

At one of the few formal Chinese dinners the author had the pleasure to attend, the host, a most estimable and distinguished old gentleman, asked him to take a second helping of soup. A large bowl containing it stood before the host. There was no soup-ladle provided, and the old gentleman, to ensure that we should get the full benefit of all the contents of the soup, stirred it with his own spoon, which he had been using already. Though others accepted, the author declined any more. Eructations after the full meal are not restrained, and in hot weather, coats, waistcoats, and undergarments are discarded, till the diners have sometimes nothing left on them but a pair of trousers.

After the dinner a row of basin-stands, basins, and towels may stand ready with hot water for each to wash in, no finger-bowls being used. In place of serviettes, a waiter will every now and then bring a wet wash-rag wrung out of hot water to wipe over the face and hands, which is very refreshing on a hot day.

Some of the Chinese articles of diet are dainty and nice ; but an indiscriminate eating of Chinese food is upsetting to an English stomach, ill-prepared for this kind of fare and its manner of

cooking. The Chinese are not so particular about everything being perfectly fresh as we are, nor is needful care exercised to ensure purity of food-stuffs, as sanitary science is unknown. At the same time, John Chinaman is a born cook, and can easily prepare his meals to his own taste and those of his comrades. The youngest lad in a shop is appointed cook. The cookshops have a tasty array of tempting viands spread out on the street front, and the peripatetic vendors of dumplings and other toothsome delights present a pleasing choice to the hungry boy or man.

No mutton is eaten in the south, as sheep do not thrive in that part of China. A little goat-flesh is consumed, and some beef; venison is exposed for sale in a few shops; but pork and fish are the staple articles of diet. Of the latter there is an almost endless variety.

Vegetarians abound in China, from religious and humanitarian motives. The supply of vegetables is large, and melons, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, yams, and taro are much used, while fruit abounds.

Rats are eaten, and so are cats and dogs, and even snakes; but many a Chinese would not touch some or all of them. Some of the poverty-stricken country-folk scarcely know the taste of meat, and are forced to live mostly on a poor quality of rice and miserable red sweet potatoes.

What is one man's meat is another man's poison, and the Englishman's stomach turns at the crawl-

ing mass of rice-field worms that are hawked about the streets for sale. On the other hand, the author has seen a polite Chinese, when tasting cheese for the first time in his house, evidently suffer much till an opportunity gave him the chance of leaving the room and spitting out the, to him, disgusting substance.

Milk is not drunk uncooked, and only a small quantity is consumed ; this is made into a curded mass like junket, and hawked warm about the streets at night.

The Chinaman is not a drunkard, though drunkenness is to be found in the land. When drunk he stays at home and sleeps off his potations. There are no public-houses tempting him, as in England, not only at every street corner, but between the corners as well.

On feast days, anniversaries, new years, &c., he is fond of celebrating the occasion with his native wine, which is really a spirit. It is heated, and drunk out of very tiny cups, holding about a dessert-spoonful each. Some drink it every day at dinner ; but these are they who are too fond of it. It is always present at formal dinners, and a few cups of it soon flush up the face of John Chinaman, who is easily affected by alcohol.

A common amusement whilst drinking is to fling out the fingers of one hand to another at the table, who must instantly sing out the words which he conjectures represent the number of fingers flung out. If his guess be wrong, the one making

the mistake must, as a forfeit, drink a cup of wine. Seated round the dinner-table, these wine-parties are noisy affairs, and in the English colony of Hong Kong their restriction has to be enforced by an ordinance forbidding them after eleven o'clock at night.

The Chinaman deludes himself into the idea that he takes only two meals a day : true, he has only two formal, set meals each day ; but he is always ready for a snack. When he rises at 5 or 6 a.m. he has a bowl of *congee*. His breakfast is at 9 or 10 a.m., and much like his dinner, which is about 5 p.m. ; but at noon he takes a lunch—some soup or cakes, or something to stay his stomach. All day the cookshops and foodstalls in the streets, and hawkers of cakes and fruit, sweetmeats, sugar-cane, and fruit and pickles, appear to be in demand. At night those whose business or pleasure takes them about patronise such vendors as prowl about at late hours, and even those who stay at home buy from them as they pass their doors.

Many of the foodstuffs are hawked about the streets. Even the live fish is brought to the very doors of the purchasers, floundering in shallow tubs of water, and weighed out while kicking ; so there is no fear of stale fish, a thing difficult otherwise to prevent in a hot climate.

The Chinaman believes in feeding up while doing hard work, and some of the boatmen, when taking their long voyages up or down the mighty

rivers of South China and working from dewy morn till dusky eve, stipulate for five meals a day.

John Chinaman is now beginning to indulge in foreign food. On the lines of foreign-owned steamers those who can afford it have a choice of either Chinese fare or English, and not a few try the latter. With the hundreds of Chinese students abroad in America and Europe, it is not to be doubted that the taste acquired in our lands for our dishes will be carried back to China.

The cooking of John Chinaman's food is done generally on red earthenware, round stoves, each only large enough to hold one pot or pan or kettle, which latter often are also of coarse grey earthenware. These are thin, and the substances in them are quickly heated. One would think economy had been one of the chief considerations in the manufacture of these, and of the iron utensils used in the preparation of food for the table. For there is no superabundance of metal employed in the construction of the latter, and thus a double economy is effected : less material is used, and the price is kept down, and less resistance is offered to the heat of the fire, thus less wood or charcoal is burned, which is the fuel of the south. For the production of the latter the whole country, except in the remote interior, has been denuded.

All the wood and charcoal is brought down in boats from up-country ; so that except in the neighbourhood of monasteries and at the backs of villages groves are uncommon, though every

temple, if possible, has its banyan-tree, and the grounds of *yamêns* are wooded. Iron saucepans or kettles are little known, but iron frying-pans are in constant use, to fry fish and vegetables and for many other purposes.

In the country fruit-trees abound, being planted along the high banks which protect the rice-fields from the river or divide them from one another. Though wood is cheap, compared with the prices that prevail in England, yet every economy is practised with regard to it, none being wasted; every chip is picked up (this being the children's task in poor families), and not a stick will be found lying about.

Grass is also used for fuel by the poorer classes; especially does this seem to be the case with the Hakkas. Many of the girls and womenfolk are busy all day in cutting this on the hillsides and mountain-slopes. As evening sets in, strings of them may be met, wending their way down the steep mountain paths to their homes in the cities and plains or valleys. Two enormous bundles are made up and fastened to a pole, one end of which is sometimes sharpened, and this is thrust into one of the trusses. The pole is carried across one shoulder in the usual way the Chinese carry burdens.

This indiscriminate cutting of the grass is very destructive to young plants, trees, and saplings, very few of the latter being allowed to grow, for, cut down with the knife of the grass-cutter, they

all add their quota to the evening load. The grass is, indeed, used for fodder to some extent, but largely for fuel. Hence the sterile appearance of mountain ranges in the south of China. In winter the dry grass on these heights is fired, so that a richer crop may result from the ashes. This, of course, is destructive of plants and young trees struggling for existence against such adverse circumstances.

On winter nights one sees for hours these straggling lines of fire encircling the hills, and creeping along like fiery serpents or dragons, forming a most picturesque sight in the darkness. But the aspect is a very different one when, on a visit to these spots in daylight, a blackened mass of cinders and charcoal has taken the place of what in summer would be luxuriant vegetation. In the dry winters, when for weeks and months no rain falls in Southern China, the long grass dries up, till it looks like growing hay. This burning grass gives off a peculiar odour. It flares up, and the fire has to be constantly fed. With thick iron utensils over the fires, such as are used in the West, cooking would be difficult; but with the thin pots and pans we have already described it is not so.

The atmosphere of Chinese cities and towns is not surcharged with smoke and soot, nor does a pall of darkness in consequence hang over these centres of population. As yet tall chimneys or factories are rare, though beginning to appear with

the advance of Western modes of manufacture. The smoke from kitchen fires and the incense burned twice a day causes a smarting smoke to torture the eyes in the streets for an hour or so morning and evening. This daily smoking, combined with the fragrance of morning and evening incense, has doubtless a salutary effect on the health of the city ; for with the reeking filth of the narrow, tortuous streets it is a wonder that constant epidemics do not decimate the large populations that live amidst it all, apparently unaffected by their insalubrious surroundings.

CHAPTER XIV

John Chinaman's Doctors

THE doctor does not see John Chinaman into existence and assist at the process, and so his chances of surviving birth are much less than those of young John Bull. At the same time he assists him out of life, and perhaps sometimes sooner than necessary were no physicians called in. We say physicians, for John Chinaman is not content with one doctor when he is ill.

Not that he has more than one at a time, as may be the case in our land, when exalted position or an abundance of funds may make it usual for several physicians to be in attendance. But the Chinaman expects a quick return for the money he expends on his doctor, or he looks for a speedy action of the drugs prescribed ; for if the result expected is not immediate, he calls another doctor, and yet another, till the end he wishes is attained, or until he is beyond doctors' aid.

Some have thought that there are indications in old Chinese literature that dissection may have

been known in olden times. This is perhaps more than doubtful; but, at all events, such a thing has not been thought of for centuries on centuries. In fact, the most empirical notions are extant as to the organs of the body and their functions; but, notwithstanding this, they have anatomical diagrams. Most grotesque are their ideas of the human frame as thus depicted, and as described in their medical books, for Chinese medical writers have added their quota to the extensive literature of that land.

In Wylie's *Notes on Chinese Literature*, accounts are given of some eighty works under the heading of Medical Writers. It is thought that several centuries before the Christian era some advance had been made towards a system. There are now considered to be nine branches of medical practice: these are blood-vessel and smallpox complaints, "fevers, female complaints, cutaneous complaints, cases of acupuncture, eye complaints, throat, mouth, and teeth complaints, and bone complaints." "The diseases of the inferior animals have been included, as a subsidiary branch of the medical profession, from the earliest times."

That medical knowledge of a kind has been in existence in China for ages, in a traditional form originally, is proved from the oldest medical treatise which is extant in that country—one written at least several centuries B.C. While it must be remembered that a volume of a Chinese work is only about the size of one of our smaller monthly

magazines, yet the works of some of the medical writers run to a great length, as one, a guide to therapeutics, is in 168 books, containing 1,960 discourses on 2,175 subjects, with 778 rules, 21,739 prescriptions, and is illustrated with 239 diagrams. Another ("considered one of the most complete of its kind") numbers 120 books. Yet another is in 90 books; but—one would feel inclined to say fortunately for the doctors—the majority of this class of writers are content with a few volumes each.

The great *Materia Medica* is known throughout Europe amongst all who know anything at all concerning Chinese literature. It is in 52 books, and the author, Lay She-Chun, spent thirty years in its compilation, making extracts from upwards of 800 preceding authors, besides adding to the work from his own knowledge. It contains particulars of 1,892 different medicaments. If all this were not a sufficient proof of the laborious and painstaking care the author devoted to his task, further evidence of it may be found in the fact that the author wrote out the manuscript three times before he was satisfied to let it see the light of day.

There sometimes seems a substratum of truth in the Chinese ideas as elaborated in the native medical books. A main idea seems to be grasped, and then buried under a fantastic mass of absurdities. The bones are considered as a sort of framework that holds the body together; but

no care is employed to describe them correctly. It would have been thought that exhumation of the skeleton from the grave (common in China for the purposes of *fung-shui*) would have shown them that there are two bones in the forearm instead of one, and the same with the leg. Also, it would be thought that the osteology of the different parts of the body would be better known, for here the same careless nonchalance is displayed as to an accurate enumeration and description of the component parts of the bony structure of the body. They have the most extraordinary notions as to the circulation of the blood; and the pulse is the stronghold of the medical practitioner. By the examination of the pulse the Chinese doctor considers himself able to diagnose the disease and fix its locality with precision.

With this infallible aid and guide to ascertain the seat of the disease and the disease itself, there is no need to hear the patient describe his sensations, nor even for that matter to see the patient, in the case of a woman, who may lie hidden in her bed with mosquito-net drawn, and simply put her two hands out through the curtains for the doctor to feel her pulses. There are three kinds of pulse for each hand, and each pulse is distinguished into heavy and light, &c., which serve to locate the disorder. The Chinese believe the beating of the pulse alone will show the cause and locality of the disease.

An author who nearly two centuries ago wrote

about the Chinese thus quaintly describes the solemn and important mode of examining this discloser of medical secrets to the Chinese medical men :

" When they are called to a sick person, they lay his arm upon a pillow, then place their four fingers along the artery, sometimes gently, and sometimes hard. They take some time to examine the beating, and distinguish the differences, how imperceptible soever, and according to the motion, more or less quick, full or slender, uniform or irregular, which they observe with the greatest attention, they discover the cause of the disease ; insomuch that, without asking the patient, they tell him in what part of the body the pain lies, whether the head, stomach or belly, or whether it be the liver or spleen which is affected. They likewise foretell when his head shall be easier, when he shall recover his stomach, and when the distemper will leave him." [1]

It is believed by the Chinese that there are a thousand differences in the pulse, dependent on sex, age, stature, and seasons. " Every season of the year has its proper pulse." " In the spring to have the pulse of the stomach, in the winter the pulse of the heart, in summer that of the lungs, in autumn that of the liver, are all very bad." No wonder that a book on the pulse in Chinese says, " The examination of the pulse is " in some places " very difficult," and in another passage in the same

[1] Du Halde, *China*, iii. p. 363.

text-book, "We must take great care not to confound the different kinds of the pulse, which have some resemblance between each other." It is likewise enjoined that the physician should be healthy himself, and in a state of tranquillity. A quick pulse at the wrist means a pain in the head; short and tremulous, heartburn; and so on page after page for nearly a hundred pages full directions are given as to the actions and changes of the nine pulses and the reasons for them.

Another great belief with the Chinese in regard to disease and medicaments is the division of complaints into those produced by a cold cause and *vice versa*, and the great *Materia Medica*, which we have already mentioned, says in this connection: "Distempers proceeding from a cold cause require warm medicines [*i.e.*, not heated medicines, but those supposed to be of a warm disposition], and those which proceed from a hot cause, cold medicines." It is most amusing to see how one's native servants are most particular about taking anything one offers to them, if ill, as, for instance, they will refuse a foreign drug which they fancy has a heating tendency if they have malaria.

The two principles of the *yum* and *yöng*, the basis of Chinese philosophy, which pervade all life and existence, everything being capable of being placed under the one or the other, also dominate the whole gamut of disease; and ailments are ascribed as due to a disagreement of

these, to the presence of bad humours, or to the evil spirits, " and until these agencies are corrected medicines cannot exercise their full efficacy." As an example of their reasoning, let the following suffice, taken from the same *Materia Medica:* " The upper half of the body belongs to the *yöng* and the nature of heaven ; thus the medicines suitable to that part of the body are the head or tops of the plants ; the body of the plant, that is, the trunk, is for the diseases of the middle cavity. The inward half of the body of man belongs to the *yum,* and is of the nature of the earth, and consequently the roots of the plants are proper for diseases of the lower parts."

The physician's power is limited, according to one Chinese author ; for he states that there are six sorts of complaints he cannot cure : " The first sort is of the presumptuous or haughty, who will not listen to reason ; the second sort is of the covetous, who take greater care of their riches than of their own bodies ; the third sort is of the poor, who want the common necessaries of life ; the fourth sort is of those who have the *yum* and *yöng* irregular ; the fifth sort is of such who, on account of their extreme weakness and want of flesh, are not fit to take any sort of remedies ; the sixth is of those who give credit to quacks and impostors, and have no faith in regular physicians." The utter disregard for a right description of what lies under the surface of the skin is balanced by the most minute account of

the surface of the body, which is all mapped out, and each square inch has its name and connection with the particular disease fixed on as affecting the patient.

A sovereign remedy when a parent is ill is for a son or a daughter to cut a piece of flesh from his or her own body, generally from the arm or thigh, with which a broth is made for the ailing father or mother. Every now and then a case of the kind is mentioned in the papers. The Chinese laud such a deed to the skies, as an exemplary act of filial piety. We are afraid it is not always voluntary, if an instance described by a foreign medical practitioner in the Kwong Tung province is to be taken as an example of some of the other occurrences of it, which there seems no reason to doubt may be the case.

In this attempted cure by means of it, the father had been under the care of an English doctor; but, with the fatuity of the Chinese, his family had proceeded to consult the idols, as the patient had not improved immediately on the first dose of the foreign medicine given. The god said recovery was impossible without the human broth. The sick man's daughter was persuaded, by the highly exalted ideas she had of filial piety, and also partly by threats, to give a piece of flesh from her forearm to make the broth. But her sacrifice was unavailing; the father died, and the martyr daughter succumbed, as her injured arm,

being wrapped up in coarse and dirty rags, became diseased.

Whatever is nasty is good for medicine in the opinion of John Chinaman, one would think; but the remedies employed are no more nasty than what our forefathers took to cure themselves. We cannot afford to laugh at John Chinaman, as in our own country there still lingers the remains of a belief in the efficacy of strange and hideous remedies. In one of the London daily papers recently an account was given of the venom from a rattlesnake being extracted, to be used as an antidote to madness, and one is tempted to say the cure seems an insane one. If people in civilised England use such remedies, what can we expect of the Chinese?

The medical missionary practising amongst the Chinese comes across some remarkable medicaments, and the exhibition of them under the most peculiar circumstances.

Here are one or two instances: A little girl was forced to drink a concoction of scorpions and woodlice, as a cure for gastro-enteritis, besides being burnt in several places. In *Roderick Macdonald, M.D.*, we are told how a poor woman suffering from cancer was made rapidly worse by the use of Chinese medicines. "One side was completely eaten away by the awful disease, and all over the raw wounds were spread slices of putrid pork! Their reason for this treatment was the hope that the worms in the pork would

attract the worms in the wound, and in this way draw out the evil disease." The patient was washed and bandaged comfortably; but later on the bandages were torn off by her friends, and red and yellow papers with Chinese characters written on them were pinned to her clothes and mosquito-net, and red papers and incense burned under her bed, to draw out the demons. At last all the relatives and her husband and children left the room for her to die alone, frightened to be near her, from fear of these demons.

The most disgusting compounds are taken, sometimes in doses large enough for a horse. One of the Emperors of China died after being doctored with a pill of the contents of which common decency prevents the mention.

The druggists' shops are a pattern of neatness, and are nicely fitted up with drawers, shelves, counters, and rows of pewter or blue china jars, and gallipots. The Chinaman knows how to dress a shop to make it look tempting.

Many of the drugs are simple enough, and roots are neatly sliced, often across the grain, such as rhubarb and liquorice-root, and look like botanical specimens. The herbalists' shops present a more untidy appearance, with bunches of dried herbs hanging all over the place and overflowing into the street itself.

One might divide the professors of the healing art in China into doctors, quacks, and old women, though the sceptical foreigner would describe

nearly the whole of them under both the second and third appellations. The first are again divided by the Chinese into two classes : one is composed of those who attend to outward diseases or complaints ; and the other is formed of those who look after internal disorders, generally, as may be gathered from what has been already said, in a blind way. There are no examinations, nor are diplomas given. Any one can set up as a doctor : no qualification is required ; but the son of a physician is supposed to be better equipped for the tasks of curing others, and more worthy of trust and confidence, than one who starts without any predecessor in the art of healing. This is not, as at first sight might be supposed, due to the idea of heredity transmitting the talent from father to son. It is mainly due to the fact that the descendant of a doctor will inherit his books of prescriptions, and thus be set up at once with the necessary knowledge ready to his hand when he starts.

Added *éclat* and prestige are the lot of the man who can put up over his door that he is a doctor of the third generation. He is then in the public eye duly qualified, and has no need of aught else to testify to his ability to kill or cure at sight. There is no doubt that a shrewd and intelligent man may, and does, sometimes hit on remedies which are beneficial ; and Nature, if not stultified, may be the healer, while the doctor gets the credit of the cure. But empiricism, ignorance, and pre-

conceived notions largely militate against everything that would assist the novice in his gropings in the dark.

Not only is preliminary practice wanting; but the practice that might be obtained clinically at the patients' own bedsides is almost denied him, or at all events reduced to a minimum, from the impatience of the Chinese when under medical treatment, and the resultant custom to call in another doctor if the first dose or so of medicine is not efficacious at once. In a serious case a dozen or a score of doctors may have tried one after the other their prentice hands on the sufferer, who has thus endured many things from many doctors, and, like the woman in Scripture, grown worse instead of better from their treatment.

It is possible that, if diligent search were made amongst the great mass of material of the Chinese Pharmacopœia by competent Western apothecaries and physicians, some remedies might be discovered of utility: it almost stands to reason that such would be the case. But fossil crabs and ground oyster-shells (the latter used for mumps) do not look very hopeful for experiment, or, if exhibited, conducive to recovery.

Happily, the medical missionaries at their hospitals have trained a number of students in the principles and practice of Western medicine. These, with the hundreds of thousands who pass through the missionary hospitals cured of their ailments, are making the Chinese in many parts of the

Empire familiar with foreign doctors and foreign medicine. The new Imperial Medical Department is also to be strengthened by the addition of doctors trained in European methods. Thus better days are dawning for the sick and infirm in China.

CHAPTER XV

What John Chinaman Reads

OF the making of books there is no end. Doubtless this is far more true, not only in the Far West, but in the Far East, than it was in the day when the learned author penned the statement.

Notwithstanding the iconoclastic zeal of the ancient and detested Emperor, who swept away the classic lore of China with a barbarity worthy of the Goths and of Alexandria, and notwithstanding the more destructive element of fire, which has consumed many a mammoth library of inestimable value, the literature of China seems an inexhaustible storehouse of volumes on almost every branch of knowledge or ignorance.

Were the funds of information and the treasures of interest not locked up in the intricacies of a language which is a Chinese puzzle-lock to most Westerners, ardent students by the hundreds and thousands, instead of the few, would have explored the vast labyrinth which tantalises by its immensity

those who would like to wander through all its intricate paths.

The classics are the sacred books of China—the Chinese Pentateuch and Gospels, though there is no analogy between them and those of our Sacred Literature except in name, or rather number —"The Five Classics" and "The Four Books." By the classics are meant these nine volumes which contain the sayings of Confucius and Mencius primarily, and secondly, works either edited or compiled by the former, or bearing the imprimatur of his ardent approval, or compiled by his followers.

Were we to select what John Chinaman considers his best books, they would scarcely exceed one hundred, the standard apparently set by some in England; but a hundred times the number, or a hundred times that, would not tell the tale of all his books.

A large mass of works has accumulated round the classics in the way of commentaries, &c. Histories are large and voluminous, dealing with whole dynasties or certain periods. Some of the ancient ones are dry as dust, consisting of a mass of isolated facts, or what are thought to be facts, stated in the most bald and uninteresting style. A blazon of glory gathers round one semi-historical book, or novel rather, which narrates the story of events in the feudal times. But, as a rule, novels are considered by the Chinese to hold quite a secondary position. In fact, a secondary position

is far too high a one for them. Novelists seldom put their names to their productions, as was the case once in the West as well.

Barring the classics and what pertains to them, poetry and *belles-lettres*, the other productions of the press are considered by the educated Chinese as inferior in quality, though in quantity their numbers are great.

It may be stated as an axiom of Chinese life that nearly all that is old is considered to be excellent. The old wine is better ; or at least was until recently, when the vintages produced in the West having been sampled and tested, a change is coming over John Chinaman's taste. At present, the experiment of putting the old wine into new bottles, or rather the new wine of Western civilisation, learning, and education into the old bottles of Chinese thought, is being tried, with the result that the inevitable fermentation has set in, sometimes with disastrous results, and unrest and outbursts may take place, till new bottles are turned out in sufficient numbers in the way of preparation of large numbers of Eastern minds, by shaping them into more progressive modes, so as to be able to assimilate the new.

The foundations of an education removed from the narrow basis of Chinese knowledge are being laid in China on a large scale. As a result, some of the youths of China would make their grandfathers turn in their narrow geomantic graves and spoil all the *fung-shui*, if they knew that their scions

were discarding the old classics, the glory of ancient and modern China, and actually saying that they had no use for them, and they were of no account.

There is one thing that redounds to the honour of the Chinese, and which should be flung into the teeth of their detractors ; and that is that there is not a single impure passage in the whole classical literature of China ; this is also true if we extend the term " classical " to our conception of what that word implies, and do not limit it to the sacred books of China only. It is only in some of the novels that there is a slight tendency occasionally towards the mention of things that had better be left unsaid ; but even this does not approach the atmosphere of impurity which pervades some of our Western light literature.

This is all the more extraordinary when one realises how unclean John Chinaman's mouth is. The Eastern atmosphere has apparently something to do with this ; but when all is said, his foulness does not go very far beyond, if any farther, than that some of the lower classes in England indulge in. It seems to us in the West a peculiar trait of mind which permits the constant reference to subjects which are tabooed in polite society with us. This gives a familiarity of treatment which is apt, according to our present-day ideas (though three hundred years ago our ancestors took the same position with regard to them), to develop into excessive freedom of speech about matters

which had better be left alone. John Chinaman does not swear, or but seldom; but he heaps odium on the mother and ancestors of his adversary, by suggesting the grossest crimes.

So does he familiarise himself with this form of objurgation that he can scarce open his mouth without using these forms of speech, which, used simply as exclamations, convey no meaning, so debased are they by constant employ, much after the manner of some in England.

To quote the *Quarterly Review* once more :— "The Chinese stand eminently distinguished from other Asiatics by their early possession and extensive use of the important art of printing." "Hence they are, as might be expected, a reading people; a certain degree of education is common among even the lower classes." "Among the higher it is superfluous to insist on the great estimation in which letters must be held, under a system where learning forms the very threshold of the gate that conducts to fame, honour, and civil employment.

"Amid the vast mass of printed books which is the natural offspring of such a state of things, we make no scruple to avow that the circle of their *belles-lettres*, comprised under the heads of Drama, Poetry, and Novels, has always possessed the highest place in our esteem." "We must say that there appears no readier or more agreeable mode of becoming intimately acquainted with a people from whom Europe can have little to learn on the score of either moral or physical science, than

by drawing largely on the inexhaustible stores of their ornamental literature."

As to fiction, there are 18,000 well-known novels. The following description from a work by myself will convey some idea of the Chinese novel :

"A Chinese novel is generally a finished sketch in black and white—very black and very white, no softening down nor shading : the characters stand out in bold relief. The villains are as black as black can be, and form the deepest background, to throw into relief the virtuous hero and heroine, and their friends, helpers, and well-wishers. The hero is a paragon of excellence, physically, mentally, and morally. He often possesses the prowess of a warrior, the intellect of a senior wrangler, while as regards the virtues he stands at high-water mark.

"The heroine—but what need to describe her? It is needless to say she is charming, as seen through Chinese spectacles ; her lover will generally find her—in this so different from the real Chinese women—so well acquainted with letters as to lift her from the mere position of a doll, and withal 'a clever, resourceful, and modest young lady.' Apparently insuperable difficulties are piled up, of course, by the novelist, for him to clear away by his consummate skill in the unravelling of the plots and intrigues against hero and heroine, and all comes well in the end, not with the ringing of marriage-bells, for such things

are unknown in China, but with the red wedding sedan-chair, the firing of crackers and beating of gongs, and feasting." [1]

"The whole subject of Chinese poetry is worthy of a more thorough treatment than it has yet received. One peculiar element is the tones which in the Chinese language give a musical note unknown in foreign tongues, to which attention has to be paid by the Chinese poet, apart from the identity of some required for rhyme." "The Chinese language lends itself readily to the poetic art; harsh consonantal sounds are wanting, and the combination of consonants and vowels is often musical. Though largely monosyllabic, the diphthongs give a somewhat dissyllabic character to many of the words. The cadence and modulation required are to be found in the tones of the Chinese language, and every word takes the place of a foot occupied by a metrical foot in our Western poetry." [2]

"In the hands of an accomplished writer, the Chinese language is capable of a condensed picturesqueness and vigour, such as can be rendered into no foreign language less ideographic in its mode of writing, unless by means of wordy paraphrases. Each character in its (often numerous) component parts carries a wealth of imagery to the sense, and whole series of metaphors

[1] *Things Chinese*, by J. Dyer Ball. 4th Edition, p. 485.

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 539–40. Also see *Rhythms and Rhymes in Chinese Climes: A Lecture on Chinese Poetry and Poets.* By J. Dyer Ball.

are embodied in a single epithet. A language of this kind lends itself especially to the description of the scenery, and the most superficial analysis of Chinese poetry reveals the fact that the productions which are most applauded in this branch of literature consist simply of elaborate word-painting, whose beauty resides rather in the medium of expression than in the author's thought. Hence it happens that when odes, renowned for centuries among Chinese readers, are transposed into the naked languages of Europe, it is found that their charm has vanished, as the petals of a flower are dropped from the insignificant and sober-coloured fruit."

The youth in his studies learns his first lessons to a tripping rhyming measure. After going through two or three small books of this character, he devotes some time in his scholastic and collegiate course to a number of the classics in prose, but, if he continues his studies, sooner or later he finds his curriculum embraces the ancient *Book of Odes*, a collection of over three hundred ancient folk-songs, consisting of songs, ballads, heroic odes, sacrificial hymns, and love-songs, handed down from centuries before our Christian era.

Poetry seems to have adapted itself to all conditions of Chinese life. Entering in at a city gate one may sometimes see a proclamation in rhyme, issued by some high official; a notice put up by your native servants in the servants' quarters of

A BLIND SINGING GIRL AND DUENNA

your house will also be at times in jingling measures; the ritual or exordium read by Taoist priests to the bridegroom and bride of the boat population is in lines of verse. The verses used at wedding feasts as a play or game are in quatrains. The oracles are in verse. Ballad-books abound, and for the delight of those who cannot read as well as of those who can, ballad-singers go about, ready to be hired to sing in a recitative strain, accompanying themselves with a tinkling instrument. Blind singing-girls with their duennas and guitars seek engagements at night. Thus poetry and song and music surround the Chinaman.

It would be impossible here to enumerate the names and works of poets in a land where poets abound, and every higher educated schoolboy is taught to compose in verse as well as in prose. Among some of the foremost poets of China were Lay Tai Pak (30 volumes), and So Toong Poh, whose works, poetic and prose, are contained in 115 volumes. These two produced rough diamonds and polished gems. But these are only two out of many famous ones.

One specimen, translated by the present author from the second of these two poets, is entitled—

A WARRIOR BOLD.

A Warrior bold
In Ho Sai old;
Alas! but no one knows him now.
Athwart the stream
Where waters gleam
He sees the boats through billows plough.

His piebald steed
Has run to weed,
Nor bears his master to the fray;
His lance so long,
In arm so strong,
A beam, nor man, nor elf could stay.

And now the toll
This noble soul
Must count the livelong summer's day,
And fret himself
With hoarded pelf,
And wear his wasted life away.

From Western lands
Our beaten bands
Return; but he our land could save;
He'd mount his steed,
And take the lead
Before ten thousand troopers brave.

And foemen die,
As arrows fly,
And sheathe themselves in quivering flesh,
Then from my car
I'd watch afar
My hero's valour rise afresh.

Besides this, two love-songs must suffice for specimens of Chinese poetry:

TO FIND A HEART THAT'S TRUE.

And oh! to find a heart that's true;
For winning it there's naught I'd rue.
And e'en in death I'd seek it yet,
Nor ceasing but till it I'd met.

And then a glance would test its truth,
And yet a glance would test its ruth ;
With love as test we'd surely meet
In happy troth, in counsel sweet.

Alas ! but fraud has had its way,
And fraud on fraud has won the day ;
An empty heart is all that's left,
Beware, or ere your heart's bereft.

E'en though he comes with heart of steel,
I'll test him twice to test the real ;
I'll test him thrice to know his heart,
Or ere he comes with guileful art.

OH ! CORD OF THOUGHTS OF LOVE.

Oh ! Cord of Thoughts of Love,
That binds us from above,
Canst thou but draw him here,
Oh ! bring him to me near.
If strength is in thy strands,
Then loose not thou the bands
Of heartstrings' blended length,
For hence their wondrous strength.

Oh ! Cord of Thoughts of Love.
That binds us from above,
If one doth cast me by,
Befooled with hateful lie,
I spurn thee, Cord of Hate :
I hate thee for that state.
Thou draw'st us heart from heart,
And mak'st true love to part.

Oh ! Cord of Thoughts of Love,
That binds us from above.
Love-worthy now thy meed ;
Thou draw'st us back indeed.

From either side away
We're dragged, nor can we stay;
Thus bound in union sweet,
I know not when we meet.

Oh! Cord of Thoughts of Love,
That binds us from above.
Alas! my heart is thine,
'Midst stormy skies and fine.
Its love is in thy heart,
Inshrined with guileless art.
My heart's best love to thee, my life
Is given. Oh! keep it true from strife.

Oh! Cord of Thoughts of Love,
That binds us from above.
Oh! pity 'tis that you
From time to time anew
Do cut the cord that binds,
And then my spirit finds
In riot wild my heart
And beating bosom start.

Oh! Cord of Thoughts of Love
That binds us from above.
I swear by stream and hill,
An oath by mount and rill,
That hearts must never change,
If Love apart doth range,
Nor cord will then us bind;
Our ways apart we find.

It is impossible in the space of a few pages to give any idea of the immense mass of Chinese literature in all its many branches. Take for example the one heading of Buddhism. Under this are to be found nearly two thousand translations by the early Buddhists in China—Hindoo

and native—made from the Sanscrit, without taking into account the original works which in time came under that category, and were written by Chinese adherents of that faith. It will thus be seen how vast and extensive a range Chinese literature embraces. Modern works of one kind and another pour out from the press in great and increasing numbers.

A fresh impetus has been given of late with the desire of the Chinese to learn all the West has to teach them; for now Western science and knowledge is being laid under contribution to an almost unprecedented extent. Unfortunately, though, all that is translated and thus appropriated and assimilated is not of the highest class, even bad novels to pander to the low passions of the vile being included. Standard books as well are, however, being spread broadcast amongst the educated in large numbers.

There is much hope for China when we remember, as one author says, that "the Chinese are great prose-writers, and express facts connected with all their civilisation and quasi-art and science with much accuracy." Their libraries are stored with works on medicine, astrology, astronomy, geography, hydrography, and religion. Many of their works are mines of native lore, and display an ability and knowledge which might have been turned to better account, had the authors enjoyed free intercourse with the men of science of the West. The Chinese possess a power of

observation the most minute, supplemented by a patient and persevering spirit, which even in the absence of higher qualities will serve them in good stead when they take to the serious studies of Western art and science."

This passage was written some thirty-three years ago. The time thus foreshadowed has arrived, and the nation is now availing itself of those advantages which were denied it for so many centuries that it took years to perceive that what was offered was worthy of its acceptance.

A new branch of literature has sprung up within the last few years in the modern newspapers, and these are now numbered by hundreds.

CHAPTER XVI

John Chinaman Afloat

A POPULATION large enough to fill a kingdom peoples the rivers, the waterways, and coast-line of China. Here are millions who never go to sea, but whose lives are more spent on the water than even sailors' lives are. With us few are seafaring men from the moment of their birth to that of their death; but all the Chinese boat people start their first breath on some small sampan which has withdrawn from the others. One of the bamboo semi-cylindrical movable covers over the centre of the boat has been hauled down over the entrance to this mid-portion of the craft, while the business of admitting another puling, tiny specimen of John Chinaman on to the troubled waters of life is being attended to. His mother is too busy to give up much time to him, and a few days finds the boat in its usual rank, and mother busy plying the oar again.

A British sea-captain has authority to perform the marriage ceremony while at sea; but it is

rarely that such a marriage is celebrated, much less that it is a sailor who is thus married. These Chinese boat people, however, are married on the water. The presents precedent to the wedding are carried in boats from the vessels one party to the union resides on to those of the other party. For the carrying out of the ceremony large marriage-boats are to be hired with scarlet hangings, together with music of wind instruments, and gorgeous wedding garments of the propitious colour—scarlet—but without the large red flowery sedan-chair which every landswoman must ride in once as a bride, but never again. With all this rejoicing and "double joy" the little boat-girl is wedded to her mate as securely on the water as her countrywoman the landsman's bride on *terra firma*.

And last of all when, after all their long toil and lives of hardship, the occupants of sampans, passage-boats, and junks go to their long rest, it is from the craft on which they die—the last ceremonies having been performed—that the dead are taken on shore, and in the huge coffins laid to rest in the same mother earth as the landsmen.

Like the gondolas of Venice, the sampans are the cabs in Chinese cities and towns which have a sea or river frontage; the cargo-boats and lighters are the drays and waggons and carts, which are utterly unknown in the south, and not only take off goods to the vessels lying in the

harbour, stream, or offing, but also transport goods and merchandise from one part of the shore to the other.

Nearly all the peripatetic traders and hawkers on land have their counterpart in little boats, which supply every commodity required by the boat people and those who have a river frontage. Your garden can be stocked with flowers, or pots placed on your verandah from the florist's little boat, groceries bought, cloth purchased from other tiny little craft—miniature little stores, where well-nigh every available niche of room is occupied with goods for sale.

Fish, alive and floundering, so near their freedom in the broad river, but confined in the boat of the floating fishmonger, are brought to the side of your own boat, and in the same way the boatman-greengrocer has a choice of the season's vegetables fresh from the market-gardener's weedless rows, brought, we were about saying, to your very door itself. The oil-man, too, not ready to pour his oil on the troubled waters, but anxious for you to buy it for lamp, or to fry your vegetables and fish that the passing greengrocer and fishmonger have just supplied you with.

Do you want a bowl to eat your rice out of, or a flower-pot to put a cactus or some other treasure into at the stern of your boat, alongside the hencoop, hanging out over the water? The crockery-seller will soon be along paddling his tiny craft,

weighed down to the water's edge with his frail ware. After him will come the floating soup-kitchen, with its pots of savoury fish or other soup boiling over its furnaces in the bottom of the boat. And when most of these have ceased their plying up and down the river for trade, and the inky blackness of the water succeeds to the light of day, with only a dancing twinkling ray of light flashing now and then across the gloom on the deep stream, in unison with the surroundings comes the eerie cry in winter of the seller of hot sugar-cane, with its weird effects, as it dies away in a long-drawn tone of voice.

All these and many others by day and night row, or scull, or paddle up and down the river, catering for the wants of multitudes, who thus can save the trouble of going on shore to make their purchases.

Amidst the busy scene the shrimp-catcher is throwing his basket-traps from his boat in long lines, to bring up these toothsome dainties for the market. His wife rows, and he casts in his traps, occasionally taking his share at the oars. Ferry-boats slowly cross the river with their complement of a dozen passengers, seated in two rows facing each other, as in a London 'bus. Each passenger pays two cash for crossing a river a quarter of a mile wide—that is, a twentieth of a penny. The loads of the coolies are put in the bows of the boat, where also occasionally is to be seen a leper, who is not allowed amongst the

other passengers. The ferryman *yeeoo-loes* at the stern.

A few years ago, shooting every now and then amongst these, was to be seen a small sampan, vigorously sculled by one man at the stern, and rowed by another at the bows. On one of the seats inside lay the bag of smuggled opium they were hastening to deliver.

Hundreds, nay thousands, of all sorts of boats and vessels are passing up or down, or moored, or anchored, at the banks or further out in midstream. Here are lying long boats with the usual matting covers extending nearly the whole length of the narrow craft, which has turned-up bows and stern to cope with the rapids it has shot coming down, and has to breast going up one of the long waterways of China. These up-country boats consort together (as do many of the different vessels of one sort or class), and a score or two, or even larger numbers of them, may be seen lying alongside one another in great strings near the banks. There are certain spots where each kind of boat lies, and those who know the river and its ways know just where their anchorages are.

The different kinds of boats—and they are numerous—which may be classed under the generic term of houseboats also gather each after his kind in one spot, and one may see streets of them. They are fastened to a long and large rope cable which runs along under their bows. The front platforms, all in a line, look like the sidewalk in a

street, and the boat people pass from one to the other, and sit out in the open smoking and chatting to one another when thus laid up in harbour. The sampans and little boats pass up and down the open waterway in front of them, like cabs in a street. Sometimes two rows face each other, and the illusion is complete.

When one of these is hired for a day's excursion or a long trip up-country, it comes out of its line, and all is bustle for the voyage. The master's wife and children live on board. They occupy the stern, where the galley is. The travellers who have hired the boat take the whole centre part, where there are one or two small cabins and two or three large compartments, which serve as sitting, or dining-rooms, and, if necessary, bedrooms at night.

The boatmen navigate the boat from the front platform, where in one kind of boat a huge oar sticks out from the bows, to help in the steering, though there is an enormous rudder at the stern as well. Galleries run along both sides of the vessel on which the boatmen run when poling or "quanting" (as we believe it is termed on the Norfolk Broads) the boat. If necessary some half-dozen or dozen of the crew will go ashore and track her, on the rough excuse for a path on the bank. At other times, as an auxiliary force or even alone, a small boat, attached as a tug to the large vessel, tows her in front, the small boat being propelled by half a dozen men standing and

rowing. Oars are also used at times; but with a strong and good wind sail is hoisted, and so by one means or another the heavy, huge boat progresses with fair wind or against foul, unless she perches herself high and dry on a sand-bank, when, if necessary, help is sought from any craft in the neighbourhood to assist in getting her off.

Besides the luggage of the passenger and his family who have hired her, the wily captain and his crew have managed to load bags of smuggled salt (salt being a Government monopoly in China) into the hold, where they lie *perdues* till the opportunity for disposing of them has arrived. The Chinaman has always an eye for the main chance; and though you have hired his boat, he manages, unknown to you, or sometimes before your very eyes, to take a cargo on board as well. At nightfall the boat anchors, glad to get near a town, or be in company with a number of others, for fear of the enterprising pirate.

Then there were the enormous flower-boats of Canton, which are almost, if not quite, a thing of the past. One of their functions was to serve for the dinner parties of gentlemen where, as Chinese customs forbid men meeting their friends' wives or respectable women at the dinner-table, they consorted with those whom their wives would not receive in their own homes. Standing high out of the water, they formed a butt for the wild cyclones known in the East as typhoons, and great was the wreck when one of greater strength than

usual swept over the waters. As these boats ministered to vice, official prohibitions were fulminated against them every now and then, and they were driven from pillar to post. Finally, made of most inflammable materials with wood-carvings of considerable dimensions, a great fire has swept them pretty well out of existence, when hundreds of the poor inmates perished. Even before this the largest ones were disappearing, as robbers attacked them and carried off the inmates to sell.

Then there are the different passage-boats, as they are called, which have occupied the position which local trains do in our countries in the West. They start at an early hour in the morning from certain spots on the river front. Most of them nowadays, since the awakening of China to steam power, are towed by steam launches. They carry hundreds of passengers, who are packed so closely together that it is a wonder how they can all get in. There are three tiers of decks, and it is a mystery how the Chinese sit for hours in these cramped-up positions. At long intervals one capsizes, and the loss of life is infinitely worse than in a railway accident in England, caged up and caged in as most of the passengers are.

Besides these passenger-boats there are the large two-masted boats which take the place of the goods train, and sail away for two or three days' journey, laden with goods.

But time would fail to tell of the thousand and

one different craft that are to be found on the rivers, canals, creeks, and waterways of China. Each town often rejoices in some type of vessel slightly different from those of other towns, while at the same time using many that are common to adjacent parts.

Besides all these inner-water craft, there are the sea-going fishing-smacks and trawlers and numerous fishing-junks of one sort and another, which supply the enormous market for fish in China, dead and alive, salt and fresh, with such a variety that if one ate everything that comes out of the sea, as the Chinese do, there would be a new kind of fish for every day in the year. For they range from the baby oyster to the shark or dog-fish, from the toothsome, semi-translucent white-rice fish to the green-boned garupa.

The large sea-going junks have been run off the coast by the modern steamer ; but fifty years ago they voyaged to Siam and the Straits Settlements, Java, Sumatra, the Moluccas, the Celebes, the Eastern Archipelago, and all that part of Asia. Some centuries ago they vied with us in the West in the long ocean voyages, they took to Ceylon, India, the Persian Gulf, and the Red Sea.

In the olden days these large sea-going Chinese junks came down from Tientsin and the north of China with the north-east monsoon to Canton, where, if they did not go further down the coast and on to foreign parts, they lay for months till the south-west monsoon was ready to fill their

enormous sails and take them home again. They were three- or four-masted, with great jaws in front, gaping mouth at bows, two eyes, to be able to see their way, and high stern-sheets. Such adventurous voyages are now things of the past.

These junks looked cumbrous and unwieldy, and it is a wonder they weathered the dreadful storms and awful typhoons they encountered with their large matting sails. At such times the tendency was for every sailor to become captain, and the roar of the storm was supplemented by the pandemonium on board, where every man was shouting orders, and all was confusion and clamour.

Not all these adventures on distant voyages were for material advantage. Some who travelled to these far regions were Buddhist monks, who journeyed to the sacred places of their faith and braved seas and storms to bring the treasures of their sacred writings and relics of Buddha to the land they were conquering for their religion. The even greater dangers of the overland route to India were encountered ; Alpine heights scaled, precipices crossed, and deserts traversed, where, in addition to the physical risks met, the travellers' minds were tortured by the calls of demons who bewitched them to their destruction.

John Chinaman makes a good sailor : he does not get drunk ; he is content with a smaller wage than the Englishman ; to him a hard board is a softer mattress than a hair one, or even one of down ; he, as a rule, is quiet and well-behaved

when he is not treated with impudence, superciliousness, and injustice; he obeys orders and does what he is told. Not only are Chinese largely employed on the coasting steamers and on the ocean liners as carpenters and washermen, but on the private lines as sailors.

Quite a number are to be found in the East End of London, awaiting ships to take them home again. A number of Chinese shops are established for their headquarters in or about Ratcliffe Highway, and smaller numbers are to be found in Liverpool, where a good many Chinese find employment as washermen.

Some of the vessels afloat belong to the Government; and history records not a few expeditions beyond the seas, to gain Formosa and fight Japan. One that essayed to discover the famed Isles of the Blest never returned from the quest.

The China Merchants Company is one of the latest developments, following the exploiting of the Chinese coasts and rivers by foreign-owned steamers. Its boats run up and down the sea-coasts and up some of China's giant rivers, though this company has not, like the Japanese, or, for that matter, their own ancestors of ancient and mediæval days, penetrated to the Far West yet. The boats are captained and officered by Englishmen. Some Chinese merchants own steamers; especially is this the case in the Straits Settlements. Several hundreds at least of Chinese-owned steam-launches ply on the inland

waters of the Empire. These are entirely manned and run by the Chinese.

Large rafts slowly float down the rivers, managed by a few men, who, spending days and weeks on the frail structure of logs and beams, bring them down from far up-country where the forest-destroying propensities of John Chinaman have not yet exterminated nearly all the masses of trees, as is the case nearer the coast. Huts built on the moving mass shelter the primitive navigators, as, borne by current and stream, they navigate the hundreds of miles to the towns and cities where the rafts are broken up.

At every landing-place and every street-end that abuts on the river in a great city, and wherever there is a chance of picking up a passenger on the river front, there is to be found —shall we call it?—a stand for little boats. The boat-women who "man" them are busy chopping up rounds of bamboo into sticks for incense-sticks, or engaged in something else to add to the family income when no fares are forthcoming. Whenever a probable passenger appears in sight, approaching the water's edge, a perfect uproar arises as the women rush to the bows of their little boats, beckoning to the prospective passenger.

As soon as they learn where the fare wishes to go, they name their price. *À la Chinois*, they ask more than they expect to get, and then follows a noisy bargaining. The intending hirer offers less than he is willing to give. One boat-woman

will drop her price a trifle, when all the others follow suit ; and so it goes on, one side lowering its terms and the other raising theirs, till finally the traveller accepts some figure named, steps on to one of the boats, and then, as if by magic, the hubbub instantly ceases, and quiet succeeds the babel and uproar.

CHAPTER XVII

How John Chinaman Travels

THE modes of travelling in the south of China are by boat and chair; midway up the coast wheelbarrows come into use; and further up in the north, ponies, donkeys, or mules, litters, and carts. Jinrickshas ply for hire in a few places where roads are roads, and not narrow tracks—such, for example, as in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Hankow, and Macao. They are found, too, in some purely Chinese cities, which those places are not—notably in Nanking, where a broad carriage-road has been made.

The beginning of a network of railways is being cast over the land, in the way of a few main lines and some local ones. Though John Chinaman does not evacuate the cities and towns in summer and take by storm the seaside, fly to the mountains, or dash off on excursions by the hundreds and thousands, he yet does a good deal of travelling, or at least some Chinese do. Travellers on business are numerous. If a dollar or two

can be made, they set forth eagerly in the pursuit of wealth; the market-towns are invaded on market-days by hosts of those who have things to sell, or who wish to buy.

But the great time to see a regular exodus from cities and towns is the season for visiting the tombs, in April especially. Then the boats are crowded with passengers; every route home is thronged with travellers; the hill-sides are black with descendants and relatives of the dead, busily employed in worshipping at the graves on these heights.

If John Chinaman falls ill, and a few doses of medicine do not restore him again, he slips off home to the country, where he can die amongst his friends, or be revivified by his native air. Thousands and tens of thousands have to travel to examination centres, and on reaching the higher stages of their education, even go to Peking from distant parts of the Empire. Officials have to travel from one end of the Empire to the other to take up their appointments. Insurrection and rebellion send troops from one province to another. Theatrical troupes tour the country with vessels laden with their scanty scenery, properties, and multitudinous and gorgeous robes, costumes, and apparel.

Unless he is a high official, with trunks by the score for wives, and children, and servants, and attendants, John Chinaman's travelling arrangements are simple. Like the man in

Scripture, he takes up his bed and walks. The bed consists of a mat, a leathery papier-mâché, hard pillow, or even an earthenware one, a red blanket, and a cotton-stuffed quilt ; but in summer even less. He may also take a teapot, some cakes, perhaps a brass basin, a small towel, a quantity of clothes, a pipe and a fan. The bedding is in a roll, and the rest in a large basket or small trunk.

Arrived on the boat or steamer, he selects an eligible spot, spreads out his mat, takes off his shoes, and squats or reclines, while the hours slip by unheeded, gets hot water to wipe over his face and brush his teeth in the morning, takes his meals on board, and generally enjoys himself in a placid manner, smoking, chatting to his fellow-passengers, or listening to the quack who harangues cleverly and eloquently by the hour, or he reads, or listlessly does nothing—an art the Oriental can carry to perfection. The sedan-chair is a more expensive mode of travel, and not every one can afford it.

It is a sight near a city or market-town to see men, women, and children hastening to the former, or carrying marketable articles to the latter, as they walk with their half-trot along the high banks of the river ; for John Chinaman can go at a good amble when loaded with wares, or carrying his own luggage on a journey. But the gentleman, and occasionally the lower classes of society, indulge in the chair.

The Chair

The mandarin is carried in stately style, and the higher his rank the grander the pomp and circumstances surrounding his retinue. The very highest in official position may sport eight bearers ; but the majority may not aspire to more than four, while the mere gentleman has perforce to be content with two or three. The insignia carried in the procession, the number of the retinue, the colour of his chair, as well as his uniform, &c., all proclaim the greatness of the "great man."

If an official promenade does not require a measured tread and slow, the movement is a gliding one, as in Canton, where chair-carrying is an art. With an ordinary individual in the city the carriers keep up a constant succession of cries, to clear their way in the crowded streets, or warn their fellow in the shafts behind of steps and obstructions, while responses are echoed back. These sing-song cries are added to by admonitions to careless wayfarers and to other chair-bearers.

"Mind your back!" "To the left!" "Both of us to the left!" "Both to right!" "Two steps down!" These and similar cries and warnings punctuate the whole transit through the narrow lanes that serve for streets when they are thronged with the surging crowd. The most careful edging or backing into shops is required when one chair meets another under such circumstances. The passing of vessels in the Suez Canal is nothing

to it, and traffic is suspended while one chair scrapes past the other.

In country districts, or for country excursions, the sedan-chair presents a striking contrast to its superior city cousin ; it is then town *versus* country with a vengeance. The former is fairly comfortable, with a cushion to sit on, and possibly one for the back, albeit the cushions are almost as hard as the soft side of a board. There are wooden shelves at the sides for the arms, and a loose slip of polished wood is ready also to be placed in front of one, to reach from side to side —from one arm-rest to the other, to rest one's elbows on. Thus the passenger is enabled to lean forward and better view the constant panoramic scene before him.

A constant kaleidoscopic transmutation takes place as the animated scene dissolves itself and the living cinematographic display unfolds. Long vistas of gorgeous signboards in gold, vermilion, and green open out in continual succession, a feast of colour. The bright rays of a fiery tropical sun are tempered by loose boards or trellis-work, or awnings covering the shaded streets. Glints of sunlight percolate, settling in radiant gleams on any non-absorbent object, and relieving from gloom anything they touch, though the general effect in many a street is that of a shaded half-toned light.

It is a bustling scene that meets the eye as one is whisked through some main thoroughfare.

A PERFORMING MONKEY

Through Crowded Streets

A constant stream is flowing along its narrow confines. Gentlemen in silk robes of tender hues of cerulean blue and satin jackets gleaming in purple and other colours, are jostled by coolies carrying agricultural produce and manures for the fields, and elbowed by fishmongers with live fish in tubs of water. Now a string of blind beggars meanders through the thick traffic, making for shop after shop, to extort by their monotonous whine a stray cash or two; while a sturdier rowdyish scamp, with self-inflicted blood-stained wounds, demands alms with impudence and assurance. Anon a wreck of humanity with festering hands and fast-rotting, toeless feet rubs shoulders with the elegantly dressed merchant, who loathes the sight of the distorted and swollen face of the dreaded leper. The burden-carriers of all kinds and classes push by, heralding their advent by their twofold cries, some to clear the path before them, and others to ease the weight of their heavy loads. Those in pairs carry on a constant duet, as the hinder man responds with grunts to the calls of the one in front.

It seems a strange medley; for footpath and roadway are all thrown into one. The whole roadway is a side-walk or roadway or path free to all, pedestrians and riders, the empty-handed and the heavily burdened, in the two streams that are setting in opposite ways. There are no wheeled vehicles in the south, except rarely a stonemason's primitive wheelbarrow, creaking with every revolu-

tion of the wheel, in protest at the slabs of granite on it. And, wonder of wonders, of late years there has come the bicycle, ridden by some young Chinaman, with queue tucked into his leggings, and piloting his course through the surging crowd with infinite care and constant ringing of bell. Fancy a bicycle running on a London sidewalk, and the reader will have some idea of what this means. Narrow as the way is, congested with the streaming multitudes, yet its boundaries are encroached on at both sides by the overflowing shops, especially the grocers' and rice-dealers', whose baskets of grain cross the thresholds and infringe on the streets.

Nor is this all, for the city traveller's chair almost brushes over the petty trader's little store of goods, which are set out in tempting array on the long stone slabs which pave the side of the streets where vacant from the overflowing shops. Here the seller of small brochures, ballad-books, does a good trade with his red and brown paper pamphlets spread on the stones, or hung in rows on the blue brick house wall behind.

But the neatest and most attractive stall is that of the petty curio-dealer, with his little array of odds and ends, bric-à-brac, old curiosities, objects of vertu, a string of centuries-old cash, a few coins two thousand years old, to empty the purse of the numismatist, vases which make the connoisseur's mouth water, an ancient metal mirror. When the space will allow, this curio-dealer will

blossom out into a regular stall-holder, with his tables laden with good things, and others of no particular value at all.

In some streets, where family houses present a plain stone and brick front and only one doorway, and where the shops are not greedy of the spaces in front, there is a perfect open-air market of wares spread out for sale at the sides of the streets—anything and everything almost to tempt the passer-by.

Such are a few of the glimpses of Chinese life that the traveller in the sedan-chair sees as he passes through the busy streets, crowded with the pedestrians on business or pleasure bent, while on either side the depths of the shaded and cool-looking shops, with their varied wares of all descriptions, are more or less visible to the rapid *coup d'œil* as one hurries by.

One can enjoy all this in the comparative comfort and luxury of a city chair; but the country chairs are distinctly uncomfortable. Made of hard bamboo, with ne'er a cushion, hard though it might be, to ease the aching bones, one rides for hours perched up on the level of the almost naked coolies' shoulders, now leaning forward to relieve oneself of the fatigue of half-lying back while shaken along what by the greatest stretch of courtesy are styled footpaths, the like of which one never sees in England, except it be sheep-tracks on mountain heights.

In places the so-called road is better, though

narrow, and it may be at times paved with slabs of granite, which originally were placed level—at least one must give that amount of credit to the makers of the road; but now in many cases sloping at different angles and presenting edges often, instead of smooth surfaces and joints. To a certain extent this is even the case inside the cities. In our own lands, if tired from a walk, it is generally the length of the way that has fatigued us. But the wayfarer on a Chinese street or road finds the unevenness is what tires him, for on a return from a walk one feels feet and legs wearied by the constant surprises of level, and the vain attempts to adapt oneself to such an unusual state of the constantly unexpected. This irregularity of the paving proves much more wearing than the length of the walk; for at nearly every foot-fall the steps have to be adapted to the inequalities of the surface, as well as to the slipperiness in certain streets leading to the water-side, or from or to a well, owing to the spillings from the overfull buckets of the water-carriers.

In the country there is little or no attempt to carry the road along in a straight course. It winds and meanders and winds back in a most wearisome manner; nor is there any grading attempted; it rises and falls abruptly and without any warning, according to the nature of the ground-surface. Now it rises on a bank, and now it sinks again to a lower level. It widens at times, and then narrows again. In the north, for the vehicular traffic, the

roads have to be broader than in the south, where there are generally no wheeled vehicles except the rough quarryman's wheelbarrow.

In the central coastal regions the wheelbarrow is a common mode of conveyance, not only for the passenger, but for bales of goods, which are piled up on this awkward, clumsy-looking conveyance in a most wondrous manner. The old rhyme says :—

> "The roads were so muddy
> And the lanes were so narrow
> I took my wife home on a wheelbarrow."

But in Shanghai and neighbourhood, as well as in and around other cities, this curious mode of transport is largely used by both men and women.

Like almost everything Chinese, however, the wheelbarrow is entirely different from the English one, and the name (no other is available) does not convey an idea of the structure mounted on the wheel. The men and women are not bundled into the box-like carrying portion of an English wheelbarrow, like so many goods, with their legs dangling over the edges ; for the very good reason that that portion of the wheelbarrow is entirely wanting in the Chinese distant cousin to the English wheelbarrow.

To begin with, the two are alike in having two shafts or handles and one wheel ; but there the resemblance ends, and as regards the wheel itself the similarity is more in name than in reality ;

for the wheel is in the centre of the machine. On both sides of the wheel is built up a structure which affords not only a seat on each side for from two to four persons to sit on, but also a back to rest against. The whole of this portion of the wheelbarrow is made of rails or open woodwork, and besides the projecting seats, it forms a framework over the centre wheel. A cord hangs down on each side below the seat, for the passengers to rest their feet on or hitch their heels into, if they have any, for the Chinese ordinary shoe has but a rudimentary heel, if any at all.

The wheelbarrow-man has, one would think, a hard time of it, especially when half a dozen mill-girls go out for a ride. He holds the handles, and a strap across the shoulders eases some of the weight. His vehicle needs careful guiding and steering and balancing, as it is rather a ticklish craft, especially when it is piled high with bales and bundles and packages of goods. He is in an awkward predicament when one falls off, or nearly so. The progress is slow with a heavy burden—a rapid foot-pace—and is all right for the passenger, except when bumping down two or three steps. The European, however, after one trial, to be able to say he has ridden in a wheelbarrow, prefers the easier and more rapid ricksha, where the man runs along with this miniature gig, and rapidly reaches his destination.

In Shanghai, with its broad roads in the foreign concessions, the Chinaman copies the foreigner in

his luxurious carriage, more comfortable than anything John Chinaman has evolved for travel in the long ages past, and conforms so much to foreign customs as to take his wives, sons, and daughters out for a ride with him. The streets are too narrow yet in most Chinese cities in the central and southern parts of the Empire for wheeled traffic.

The railway, though long resisted, has at length penetrated to the Central Empire, and if one chooses, one may ride all the way from London (with the exception of crossing the English Channel) viâ Siberia to Peking and Tientsin in the north of China, or even go on to Hankow, in the centre of the Empire, and before a great many years even down to the south, to Canton itself. From Shanghai one may go to Nanking, one of the ancient capitals of China. From Canton one may penetrate by rail in two directions—west, as far as Sam Shui, some thirty odd miles, or north, on the slowly being constructed Canton-Hankow Railway, some forty or fifty miles, though every year will bring a further mileage on this line into use. Hong Kong and Canton are also now being connected by the iron road.

China finds it a slow process to construct railways, when she insists on no foreign interference or foreign capital being subscribed or loaned to her. A further trouble in the south has been that the people have been afraid of trusting their money to Government officials, and the mandarins have

met this attitude with too dictatorial and overbearing a manner in their dealings with the people in regard to railway matters.

Two of the great drawbacks to travel in China, however, are the robber and the pirate. The danger arising from them is at times considerable. The author has had three friends or acquaintances killed by Chinese pirates at different times and places, but, though threatened by them at one time, he has never actually been attacked. Certain districts of the country are infested with them; at times other districts will go immune for years from their depredations. It takes considerably from the pleasure of travel to know that at any moment one may be brought face to face with a murderous crew.

Travel by native houseboat is a most pleasant though slow mode of proceeding up or down the rivers. Land journeys entail sleeping in native inns, which beggar description for filth and vermin.

CHAPTER XVIII

How John Chinaman Dresses

IMAGINE a people going about in pyjamas (and *badju*) the whole day long, and one will get some idea of the common costume of the male section of the nation; for a loose, baggy pair of trousers and a loose-fitting jacket form the basis of Chinese costume for both men, women, boys, and girls. The hot climate makes everything tight-fitting an abomination, except when the long, hot, weary months give place to the cool, refreshing winter. Then what are called collars appear—*i.e.*, something in the way of a band to fasten round the neck, primarily to keep it warm, made of satin or fur. The official collar is a stiff satin one.

But to go back to jacket and trousers. They are even wanting altogether at times in the case of labourers, when a man will appear in a costume, or rather no costume, which in our land of prudery would land him in the hands of the police in no time; for occasionally a man hard at work pounding rice or carrying it through the streets will be

seen with nothing but a loin-cloth on. It is a common thing in hot weather—in fact, most common—to see John Chinaman with nothing on but his trousers, and these, if he is busy at work, will be rolled up as far as they will go. Short trousers are even made that scarce reach to the knees. The shopkeeper, especially after his meal, will often be seen sitting at his counter in this airy costume, or want of costume. In fact, it is the Chinese equivalent of "shirt-sleeves," but the shirt itself, or even anything below it, is wanting; and this, from the heat of the climate, is even more often resorted to than the throwing off of a coat in our lands.

There is no indecency in all this want of dress, or with it; for the Chinese are a modest people, and in the south, even on the hottest summer's day, no woman would appear in such attire or want of attire. In the north, where the heat is more excessive for a short period than it is in the south, the women when inside the courtyards of their houses do imitate this state of undress, to the extent of throwing their jackets open or off. Children, especially in country districts, may be seen toddling about with absolutely nothing on; but after a few years of this freedom from the trammels of dress, they have to conform to a semblance of modesty, and appear properly clothed, according to the Oriental idea of propriety. In the case of the girls quite enough is put on to satisfy even the Occidental in his idea of what is right and fit.

Jackets

All sorts of changes are rung upon the foundation idea of these primitive upper and nether garments, and in the case of the humble classes of society a multiplicity of these garments is piled on, or peeled off, layer after layer, as the exigencies of the weather demand. Half a dozen jackets of one sort or another, and several pairs of trousers may be used to keep out the cold of winter. A long gabardine or robe is the frock-coat of the mass of the people, and so common is blue its colour, especially in summer, that a book has been written with the by no means inappropriate title of *The Land of the Blue Gown*.[1] Often nothing is worn over this; but a jacket, when the weather requires it, or, in the case of well-to-do, well-dressed people, a Chinese waistcoat may be seen over it. In accordance with the Chinese general rule of everything being done in an opposite way to our own, the waistcoat is an upper garment.

But to return again to the jacket. It generally buttons round under the shoulder or arm, as does the long gown mentioned above, thus giving a lapel, which does not, however, fold back. But there are jackets and jackets. Some are close-fitting, and one variety of these has buttons all the way down the front worthy of an English "buttons," though Chinese buttons, as a rule, are more modest than in the West. They are often of small cord, knotted into a conventional shape.

[1] By Mrs. Archibald Little.

Round brass ones are also common, and different ornamental styles are used, the boat-girls delighting in half-dollars or ten-cent pieces.

Double jackets—*i.e.*, jackets lined or padded with cotton-wool—serve to keep John Chinaman warm in the wintry blasts, fresh from the ice and snow fields of Siberia and Manchuria, when he cannot afford furs. Of these, if his purse allows him, he has a good variety, and some of them cheap. Unyeaned lambs' wool is a favourite; foxes' fur and other furs give him a variety of choice and price.

Once more we hark back to the jackets. It is not every one that wears a waistcoat, but it looks as if the original John Chinaman who developed the idea took his jacket, cut off the sleeves well out from the body of the jacket, leaving gaping armholes, shortened it, and tightened it round his body (though it is still loose enough in its fit), and then had the original type from which the future waistcoats were developed. A sleeveless, waistcoat-like jacket is sometimes worn, with nothing else on the body. It occasionally buttons down the front, as some of the jackets do. The woman's jacket is longer than the man's, and buttons under the shoulder and arm.

As to the trousers, they flap about loose, looser than our Jack Tars' round the ankle, and looser than any self-respecting Briton would wear his fearfully and wonderfully made pyjamas of all colours of the rainbow. This frivolity of taste

would shock sober John Chinaman, who has his own judgment of good taste and his own gamut of colours to choose from. He is not a savage, to be tickled by gaudy tints, though he brings blue and green, in imitation of Nature, into juxtaposition in his paintings and in his dress often enough to shock our preconceived notions of the harmonious blending or contrast of colours.

Many an English manufacturer in the past has thought gaudy cottons and ginghams, which would set an African savage wild with joy, were the very things to touch a grave Chinaman's heart with delight; instead of which they are received with disgust. A parallel mistake was made by a foreign firm who sent out goloshes to China with the names of the makers or importers stamped in Chinese characters on the soles. No Chinese will throw anything with writing on to the ground or street, where it would be trodden underfoot. The printed or written word is looked upon as almost sacrosanct.

But as to colour in dress, it must be said that tastes differ in different parts of China. White, being mourning, is only for underwear in the south of China, except in the case of amahs (nurses) for foreign children, when, in deference to the wishes of their English, German, or American mistresses, they put on white jackets, to keep the children's clothing from being dyed blue with the garments they would otherwise wear. A man may occasionally be seen with a white jacket on; but he

is not properly dressed. An exception must be made to this broad statement, for a white grass-cloth long robe is quite *en règle* for a teacher or other gentleman, and white sheepskin furs are worn. Thus it would appear that material makes all the difference. Blue is to a large extent a predominant colour; but as Nature is profuse in her scheme of colours in the gorgeous East, so man vies with her in her profusion and brilliancy of hues, and with prodigal hand he dresses himself in glorious tints.

In England men have given up the contest with women as to who shall deck themselves the more profusely in the colours of the rainbow, and retired in favour of the fairer sex, content that they should have the monopoly of adornment. In the Far East man still retains the supremacy, though woman runs him close in this respect. The long robes of gentlemen are of many colours—not that a Joseph's coat of many colours is worn by men, though children often wear a patchwork jacket which reminds one of that Scripture character. Each garment is generally a monotone with men. The robe will be of one of the many shades of purple, or of blue, or of pure white; while brown and many other shades also appear in the wardrobe of a Chinese gentleman. His jacket over his robe will be of some other colour; so that the sight of a crowd of well-dressed Chinese is a feast for the eyes.

Splendour and Poverty

The magnificence of a mandarin's apparel is a sight to behold, glistening in the richest colours as regards his robes, and his insignia emblazoned thereon, embroidered in gold and the softest floss silks, while his limpet-shaped hat crowned with his button of precious stone is ornamented with his single or double-eyed peacock feather, and the red cords hanging over his hat from the apex. As a set-off to all this gleaming glory are seen the severe hues of his black satin collar and official black satin boots with white felt soles. Round his neck hangs a costly string of beads, originally derived from the Buddhist rosary.

Among the labouring classes, in addition to the prevalent blue, a rusty brown is much esteemed. With all the brilliancy of colouring, the exigencies of restricted means and economy cause many a shabby attire to be seen. The queue, hanging down the jacket or gown of the man, gives a greasy, broad mark down the back of the garment, and the Chinaman is not always particular as to the perfect cleanliness of the silk and satin garments he wears. The ordinary labouring man in China does not perhaps look so dirty as the Englishman in a similar state often does (though there is sometimes not much to choose between them), partly due to there being less to get dirty and nasty, except in winter. The ordinary Chinaman is not so careful of the cleanly look of his clothes as many among us are; but the common garments are often washed. Many Chinese appear

less to appreciate the advantages of a good wash, even in what is considered superior society, though others are as clean as one could wish; but purse and climate are rather against it.

There are clean Chinese, as clean and sweet as any man. But the Chinese beggar is caked with dirt and crawling with vermin. Indeed, vermin are often looked upon as a necessary evil, a condition of things which cannot be avoided. A Chinese preacher enunciated the opinion that these parasites on the Chinese body were sent or permitted by Providence as a trial for patience, so that virtue might have her perfect work. A not uncommon sight in the streets is to see two Chinese coolies (or other Chinese of that class) engaged in the interesting pursuit of these preyers on human kind. Garments are produced by the lower classes in the open air, and, evidently with no sense of shame, are given a careful scrutiny along the seams and other likely hiding-places to discover the hidden haunts of the tormentors. Bed-boards are also brought out into the street and thumped endwise on the pavement, to dislodge those which hide in the cracks during the day and plague man during the night.

When a Chinese puts on his long robe, his trousers are generally tucked in at his ankles, and he often pulls over them what for want of a better term must be called leggings. These reach up to his thighs, and are held up by tapes; tapes again are used to tie them at the ankles, where they

narrow down. They are made of the same materials as the other articles of dress.

A wide-sleeved jacket, made of rich satin or fur, is often put on over the long robe by those who can afford it. It is thus that the "yellow jacket," bestowed by the Emperor, is worn. It is the equivalent of an order conferred by our Western sovereigns.

Saint Monday is not kept in China, either to resort to the public-house—such establishments are not known in China—nor is it kept sacred to the washtub by the female members of the community. There are no wash-houses, no laundries, in China. Every man his own washerman might not be an inappropriate motto for the Chinaman. Given a dirty jacket or pair of trousers, a wash-basin or tub (soap was immaterial, but is now in general use, and even made in China), and the needful water, and in a few minutes, after much sousing and rinsing, out comes a clean garment, a long bamboo pole stretched from roof to roof or propped up by two bamboo crutches, and the sun does the rest. If necessary, the garment is starched, but ironing is unknown except by the tailor, who has been using the principle of the American charcoal iron for centuries, probably before the cute Yankee discovered it in the West and patented it. Mangling is also unknown. A garment or a pair of socks will be washed as need requires. There are no soiled-linen bags, or dirty-clothes baskets to accumulate a week's washing. Of course among

the rich their slave-girls or servant-women are the laundresses.

In China the men have taken to the stocking, the women to the sock, and the ladies, with their bound feet, to neither the one nor the other; they bandage their deformities. The servant-woman often wears blue stockings. The "blue-stocking" in another sense of the term is almost unknown, though there are instances of her in history.

The native footwear next the foot is made of cotton cloth sewn together; outside are the slippers, rather than shoes, of cloth, with felt soles. There is, however, a considerable variety in shoes for men and women, and fashions change and vary. There are many naked feet to be seen; in fact, the labouring classes go barefooted to a large extent, some of them never putting on a pair of shoes except on New Year's Day or their wedding day. When John Chinaman wears a pair of shoes, he delights to go slipshod, with the backs of the shoes folded down under his heels, and so to clatter along the street or through the house. Sandals are largely in use by the labourers; especially are they worn by the coolies. They are made of straw, and sometimes consist only of a thin sole of leather fastened to the foot.

The trousers of the men are sometimes tucked into the long stockings at the knees, and thus John Chinaman is often seen in knickerbockers. A long tape garter, blue or black, or of ornamented braid, worn below the knee, keeps the stockings

from slipping down. The women do not wear garters. Of late years foreign cotton socks are worn by some, as well as singlets or vests, as they are called nowadays in England.

It behoves a mere man to approach the mysteries of woman's dress with awe; but let it be said that the primary idea of the costume of woman in China is the same as man's. In fact, women wear the breeches; so the English dictionary's definition of those articles of apparel as "a garment worn by men" is not applicable to the Far East. The higher classes of society disguise the fact when "dressed," by wearing flaps of richly embroidered silk or satin in plaits over their lower limbs in front and behind, which serve for petticoats. There is, however, no hiding the fact that all the women in China wear breeches, in the literal sense of the term, and some figuratively as well.

The women's coats are longer than the men's, reaching well down towards the knees. A few retain the high-soled shoe of fifty years ago; and some the Manchu shoe, with heel misplaced into the centre of the sole. The fashion of late has been to use the Shanghai shoe, which has a thin sole, and is more like a slipper, and must be far more comfortable to walk in than the high, perched-up affairs of former days. The women walk much more naturally with the new fashion than with the old, which constrained the free action of the foot and made their gait stiff and awkward.

How John Chinaman Dresses

The cities of Shanghai and Soochow are the Paris and Bond Street or Regent Street as regards fashions, which *do* change even in conservative old China, as she has been in the past. A few years ago the fashionable girls and ladies were suddenly transformed almost into pigmies. Fashion decreed that jackets should fit tight, though not yielding to the contours of the figure, except in the slightest degree, as such an exposure of the body would be considered immodest. These jackets were also made very short. This style of dress did not last very long—a year or two, or a few years at the most. There is on the whole not so much scope for innovation or variety.

The poorer classes are more out of the fashionable world than with us, and with women the old style of doing the hair is seen sometimes amongst the working classes. The old fashion made obligatory a wonderful structure, formed into the shape of a teapot-handle at the back, and spreading out into two wings at the side of the head, which were kept extended by the plentiful application of a kind of gum. Two back wings also added to the curious erection. The present mode of doing the hair is much neater, and the shape of the head is shown, while the hair is gathered together behind. The hair is drawn off the forehead very tightly, and bound usually at the back, with the result that many young women even become bald on the forehead and temples. To hide this a little frontlet of hair is bound over

the bared part above the forehead, and sometimes black powder added.

Women wear no collars, though there seems a tendency amongst some brought under foreign influence to put on a narrow piece of crochet or similar work on the neck of their jackets. The women often wear a band over the forehead in winter, to keep off the cold. No muffs are used; but the men have such long sleeves to their coats and robes that in cold weather they can clasp their hands together and have them covered and warm. There is no need for the removal of ladies' hats in a Chinese theatre, for the simple reason that there are none to take off. Except the working women, who wear them to protect themselves from sun and rain, and these are coarse bamboo affairs, no hats are worn by the female sex. For protection from the elements, several kinds of bamboo hats are used by the men, one variety of which even eclipses the picture hat in size. Soft felt hats are also worn by the lower classes of men, and all grades wear close-fitting skull-caps. In summer these are largely discarded, but a man is not properly dressed without this cap, and must hurry to put one on when receiving a formal call.

No woman is considered properly dressed without ear-rings. The variety of these in different parts of the country is wonderful. A very common kind is a large gilt or gold ring an inch or so in diameter, to which is suspended a flat ring of jade-

stone. A press of jade is often worn to hold the back hair, if the style of coiffure is such as to require it. Every woman has a long hairpin, or two at least, of copper or silver, and, if she can afford it, of gold, with a part of it of jade. These stick out of the hair as ornaments.

CHAPTER XIX

The Care of the Minute

THE legal maxim *De minimis non curat lex* would appear generally to regulate English life and action, and the usual Englishman appears to rule his life by, to put it in nautical terms, a principle of "by and large." So far does he carry this that his smallest coin—the farthing—is almost a negligible quantity in the handling, except in the draper's shop.

The English proverb says, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," and utterly ignores the insignificant farthing. In Chinese currency the smallest and almost only coin is the cash, which at the present rate of exchange is worth the enormous amount of one-tenth of an English farthing, though its purchasing power in the interior of China is about what a penny is in England. It is a small round coin about the size of a halfpenny, with a square hole in the centre. This type of coin has been in existence for two thousand years, or even more. Its square hole serves as a text for a sermon on the motto, "Act on the square." Its round

shape might be emblematical of the ease with which money rolls away out of one's control. To prevent this happening, or rather really for convenience in carrying and handling, this coin is tied up with dried grass-like strings or hempen cords, by means of its centre hole, into hundreds, and the hundreds into thousands. When there is a string of coin to throw over one's shoulders when travelling, probably heavy as they are, they are less burdensome than the weighty iron coins of Lycurgus, in ancient Greece.

A sweetmeat or a pickle can delight a child's heart for a cash. A hundred, a few score years ago, would have served (at the rate of exchange then prevailing, of twenty to the penny) for the support of a labouring man for one day, nor in the interior is their sustaining power much lessened. The world-wide rising in prices has its echo even in the Far East, and living costs more than it used to do, which is all the more reason for John Chinaman's frugal care for the minute. There is no such thing as the unconsidered trifle in China ; nothing is wasted, except time ; nothing is of no account, unless, perhaps, it be human life.

Every Chinaman seems born with the instinct of acquisitiveness. Where an Englishman would starve, the Chinaman will make a competence, for he is able to turn all advantages to the best account. Added to which, he is frugal in the use of the little he possesses or can obtain. He has

an exact conception of the value of things. Nothing of the slightest use is thrown away, and this definition covers almost everything. Even, according to popular fancy and story, the gods are supposed to see that no waste takes place. As an instance of this is the story of the God of Thunder. He was rumbling along in his chariot in a storm, a half-monster of the skies, with claws of a fowl and the beak of a chicken, and in the semi-gloom and darkness of a Chinese kitchen, where soot and smoke paint the walls and roof black, he espied a young woman who had, as he thought, thrown away some rice—cooked rice—and thus wasted an article of food. He struck her dead with his hammer and chisel, to discover too late that what he thought was rice was the white rind of a melon.

To prevent the repetition of such a sad and fatal mistake the Goddess of Lightning was appointed to go with the god on his punitive expeditions, whose duty it would be to flash light from two mirrors she held in her hands, and thus illuminate the dark places of the earth before the indignant god should strike.

The child is warned against the waste of leaving even a few grains of rice in his bowl after his simple breakfast and dinner by a frightful story that for every grain thus left a smallpox mark will appear on his face.

Every scrap of iron is saved and hoarded up, or turned into cash when next the itinerant marine-

hawker comes round with his two baskets to gather the spoils which would be thrown upon the dust-heap in our lands of the West. Shiploads of old horseshoes and scrap-iron are sent out to China, where ere long they reappear in useful kitchen knives or tools and nails for the carpenter.

Every Chinese boy is a successful merchant in embryo. A Samuel Budgett would be no wonder in this land of frugality and picking up of scraps, as every Chinaman in humble circumstances would act as that worthy merchant did about the horse-shoe, and further, would probably give Samuel Budgett lessons to surprise him.

What would be insignificant trifles in the West are worth money in China. Things that are cast out on the rubbish-heap with us are hoarded up or turned into ready cash—such, for example, as old tins, whose day seems past when all the jam is gone and the sardines they held eaten. Every tin of a similar nature, if not immediately utilised as a drinking-cup or box to hold something, finds its way to the tinsmith's shop. Old kerosene tins begin life anew as boxes and trunks: one makes a handy small one, two a fairly good-sized one, while four would make a magnificent trunk. When travelling in the country you can scarcely please a Chinaman better than by giving him all the old tins, cans, bottles, and pots which have contained your preserved fruits and provisions. His eyes glisten and his face beams on the receipt of the treasures.

The Hawker's Spoils

The marine-hawkers perambulate the streets with two large baskets, slung to a pole over their shoulders. Scarcely anything comes amiss to them; bits of copper, iron, tin, or other metal, old shoes, and most of the things we would think worthless find a rest in their baskets in exchange for a few cash. One American patent-medicine-seller offers a cent for every old bottle issued originally from his firm, if returned to him empty. Without any such notice on the empties, every empty bottle is of value in China, and after passing through the marine-hawkers' baskets may be seen in rows on some street stall, where after the infinitesimal gain made by the gatherer of them, another small profit will result to the retailer.

No old bottles are seen lying about the shore or on the roadside; they are too valuable to be tossed aside like that. The spirit merchant, or whoever supplies his goods in such things, has no need to have them specially made for him, though many are made in China—especially is this the case with the tiny phials holding essences, such as peppermint, largely used medicinally.

After you have drunk your tea, your servant, besides having his cup, will often resell the used leaves. Fresh tea is made from them on some poor man's table, and they thus serve to cheer another family by being re-infused, and this though tea is cheap enough in the Land of Tea.

The ashes from the opium-pipe are re-smoked by others; but this drug is an expensive article.

Clothes pass down from one to the other, till at last they reach the beggar, at times a mass of rags scarcely held together. In the first stage of their descent from their high estate, and while still very respectable, you may see them lining the walls of the "ancient clothes shops" as they are styled—a good name, as "ancient" is often a more fitting term to apply to them than "old."

Poverty incites to this care for the minute. So the children, little tiny toddlers often, supplement the efforts of the father and mother to get rice for the hungry mouths, by foraging about for every twig and shaving that can be found to keep the pot boiling. The seamstress-mother stumps along on her bound feet, carrying in her basket, now that the day's work is over, scraps for mending and patching for the men whose wives, in accordance with Chinese custom, are living at home in the country with the mothers-in-law. Her footsteps are slow, prevented as she is by her cramped feet from pacing it out bravely, and she is burdened with the baby carried pick-a-back, while a little brood in varying stages of childhood run along beside her, gathering up some morsel of wood or bit of combustible matter.

Every floating stick or piece of wood is picked up carefully by the boat-women as they row their sampans along, or as they drift on the tide past them. A shallow, tiny saucer-like basket attached to a short bamboo pole is ready amongst the boat furniture, handy to retrieve this flotsam and rescue

any stray chip which in England would not be thought worth the trouble of rescuing from the water, much less of stopping the plying of an oar, as the boat-women will do at times, to recover them from the stream. One may sometimes see a boat coming along under sail, the sails made of old flour-bags sewn together.

It is only by the strictest economy and the utilisation of every advantage that comes in their way that the great mass of the Chinese people can manage to make both ends meet. Millions of them live just above starvation point. Under such circumstances there is the incentive to a husbanding of every resource, to a seizure of every opportunity that presents itself to save money or to obtain what prevents the expenditure of money. And yet withal they are, on the whole, a happy, merry people.

About the only thing in China that seems useless is dirt; and so it is allowed to accumulate in street and house, in clothes often, and not seldom on the person. The heaps of rubbish piled up at street corners or on the country roadside, or on the banks of rivers, contain nothing of value. Shreds of pottery, broken tiles, pieces of earthenware, mud, old bits of mortar resolving themselves into earth, and suchlike apparently present no potentiality of use, except in reclaiming land on the river fronts. This is constantly being done in an inexpensive manner, though rather to the detriment of some of the watercourses.

Nature has so lavishly provided John Chinaman with these means of intercommunication in the south that he has not yet awakened to the necessity of conserving their courses and preserving their banks intact.

Even old coffin-boards, after the corpse or skeleton has done with them, are raised from the dead, or the dead raised from them and provided for elsewhere. The boards serve as a primitive bridge (being strong, massive chunks of timber) to cross a ditch or watercourse. Even a fence or hoarding made of them has been seen by the author.

Men with large wooden trays, somewhat like a magnified edition of a butcher's tray, stand in the mud of river-banks, sifting out the silt, to recover any object that may seem to them worth picking up.

The Chinese would consider our system of sewerage a dreadful waste. The drains, &c., are only for the surface water. The dirty water from the kitchens is thrown into old buckets, except a small quantity that goes down the open sinks, and periodically women come and empty them into their own pails, which they carry off for pig-swill. Men and women also collect the night-soil from the houses in the cities and towns, and about 9 a.m. many a street is, to the European passer-by, almost impassable, owing to the frightful stench rising from the open buckets and the collecting operations, for all is done in the open streets. The material gathered in this and other ways is

carried away and used for manuring the fields, which, barring the rice-fields, at all events in the south of China, are to a large extent simply market-gardens.

The liquid fertilising material is applied diluted with water to the growing plants. It may be imagined how unpleasant a walk in the country in the evening may be under such circumstances ; for that is the time that the market-gardener or farmer employs for this combination of watering and manuring. It may also be imagined with what success plague, cholera, and other epidemics spread under such conditions. The Chinese live through it all, and seem to thrive under what would kill off Europeans wholesale.

Probably no people on earth live on less than the Chinese can and often do, unless it be the natives of the Indian peninsula, though, as soon as his enhanced income will permit of it, John Chinaman launches out in his expenditure on food, clothes, furniture, house-rent, and luxuries.

John Chinaman has pretty well denuded his country of woods and forests, by his search for firewood ; and he prevents the young trees growing again. For the grass-cutters, mostly women and girls, scour the hills and mountains to gather their bundles of grass, and all falls before their destructive knives.

It is wonderful how little one can do with, if one is brought up to do without. A trestle or two, perhaps, one or more hard, uncomfortable

chairs of wood or bamboo, a bedstead of two trestles and two long broad boards, a mat for mattress, a blanket, a quilt, a mosquito-net, a rough wooden or bamboo table, often a "gate" table, a few earthenware pots and pans, and two or three furnaces (each pot or pan has a separate one), half a dozen bowls and plates, lastly, but not of least importance, a teapot—and there is a house fully furnished for a poor family in China.

No ; one side of life has not been provided for. An idol, or a piece of board or paper with the god's or gods' names written on, will do for worship, and some charms. Nevertheless, with it all, the love of Nature is not quite forgotten. There will likely be a broken flower-pot or two, with some broken-down plants.

The litter of scraps of paper, old envelopes, and torn-up letters, with occasionally a whole newspaper blown about in the streets or over the sands, or even a page or two of a book with advertisements galore—all this is a sight never seen in China. This is not due to tidiness or cleanliness, as every vacant space in a city or a street corner has its heaps of rubbish piled high ; but is owing to the reverence felt and evinced for the printed or written page. Scarcely any thing causes the foreigner more to be despised in China than his utter disregard of such things.

The author when throwing away into a pond a piece of dirty foreign-printed paper in the interior of China had his attention solemnly called

to the fact by a young Chinese lad in an awe-struck tone of voice. No paper with characters on it is thrown down on the ground or tossed away, but carefully stuffed into small wooden boxes affixed to the walls, or, failing these, into cracks or crevices in trees and like situations or cavities, whence they are gathered by men who go about with a basket and a pair of bamboo tongs for the express purpose of gathering up every scrap of printed or written paper. The contents of these baskets are burned in a temple or public hall. There is scarcely any need for the rag-picker in China, though such a gatherer is sometimes seen; for there is little or nothing of any value for him to gather. Dustbins are not required in houses—the street corner or the river front serves that useful purpose.

Silver in China was not coined till of late years. With the foreign mercantile intercourse, Spanish, South American, and Mexican dollars were introduced. They were stamped, as they circulated, with each merchant's or shopkeeper's private mark, to secure their being genuine, with the result that after a few score or hundreds of "chops," as they were called, had been impressed on them the hard-used dollars broke up into pieces. Even when whole the dollar was weighed, to make sure it was full weight. The scales for this purpose, which were finely marked, allowed seventy-two hundredths of a tael, or sometimes it was seven hundred and seventeen

thousandths to the dollar. One of these seventy-two hundredths did not amount to a halfpenny; but it was worth quite an appreciable number of cash, and John Chinaman's care of the minute is carried to fractions little thought of by us.

The dollar being thus reduced to fragments by this continual "chopping," became "broken silver," and if the little scale was required for the whole coins, much more was it necessary for the bits of silver, to know what they were worth. In purchases these little fragments and their weights were haggled over until agreements could be come to between buyer and seller. The shopman had his money-scales, and the purchaser also carried his as well, to check the shopman's. With the silver coinage that has now come in, this state of affairs is gradually disappearing.

There is no need of a Eustace Miles to teach John Chinaman to live on threepence a day. Thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, already do it on less. Refreshments and food of all kinds are obtainable at a low rate unheard of in England. Eight Tangerine oranges may be had for a penny; others cost about double that; a stick of sugar-cane about eight or ten inches long costs less than a farthing; several little cakes may be bought for the equivalent of a farthing, and the same low scale of prices governs many of the articles of native consumption.

As to the care for the minute in labour, a volume might be written on it, and on the un-

ceasing patience which John Chinaman will bestow on his work. The amount of labour devoted to some minute treasure of porcelain decoration is little short of fabulous. Matthew Arnold's picture of the "cunning workman," who

> "Pricks with vermilion some porcelain vase,
> An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
> And all day long, and when night comes the lamp
> Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands,"

could probably be seen scores of times in the humbler quarters of great cities in China. He will devote days, weeks, months to the intricate minutiæ of some piece of carving, nor think his time wasted.

From all the foregoing it will be seen that if there is any country where the adage, "Waste not, want not," is believed in and acted up to by the people, it is China, where it is practised to its fullest extent. As a nation, the Chinese present to us an example of frugality and a habitual readiness to labour which scorns no drudgery or pains.

CHAPTER XX

The Yellow Peril

"Peace is to be prized."—The Chinese Classics.

"Who can unite the Empire under one sway? He who has no pleasure in killing men can so unite it."—The Chinese Classics.

WITH no uncertain voice does the sage Mencius denounce war. That "lust of conquest will not prosper"; that "war hinders the increase of population"; that "a war of conquest is really manslaughter"; that "it destroys the balance of power between states"; that "annexation should only be when the inhabitants are favourable"; that "even a war of punishment may be avoided"; that "war is generally to be deprecated"; that "there are no righteous wars. Instances there are of one war better than another"—these are the principles to be deduced from the Book of Mencius.[1] Mencius "always advocates a policy of peace. In this respect he

[1] See Faber's *Mind of Mencius*, by Hutchinson, Trübner's "Oriental" Series, pp. 268–72.

is at one with all the chief state philosophers of the Chinese."

Lao Tsz says: "Wherever a host is stationed, briers and thorns spring up. In the sequence of great armies there are sure to be bad years." This "*caveat* against war" goes on to say: "A [skilful] commander strikes a decisive blow, and stops. He does not dare (by continuing his operations) to assert and complete his mastery." "He strikes it as a matter of necessity; he strikes it, but not from a wish for mastery." The "Tao Teh King" proceeds: "Now arms, however beautiful, are instruments of evil omen, hateful, it may be said, to all creatures." "He who has killed multitudes of men should weep for them with the bitterest grief."

Thus the founder of Taoism made by his writings a dead set against war. He considered it productive of misery and leading early to ruin, as "only permissible in a case of necessity, and even then its spirit and tendencies must be guarded against." [1]

To these masters of thought and leaders of the people's minds may be added others. Suffice it to call attention to Li Hua's eloquent description of an old battlefield where "the poison breath of war" blasted man and beast.[2]

[1] See Legge's *The Sacred Books of China: The Texts of Taoism* in "The Sacred Books of the East" Series. The Clarendon Press, Oxford.

[2] See Giles's *Gems of Chinese Literature*, pp. 152–5.

Thus we have sage and philosopher, scholar and people, all with an underlying repugnance to war. Let us hear what *Wu Tsŭ* (the author of one of the oldest military treatises in the world) has to say on its subject-matter, as regards the nature and reasons for the use of the sword:

"The natures of war are five: First, a righteous war; second, a war of might; third, a war of revenge; fourth, a war of tyranny; fifth, an unrighteous war. The prevention of tyranny and the restoration of order is just; to strike in reliance on numbers is oppression; to raise the standard for reasons of anger is a war of revenge; to quit propriety and seize advantage is tyranny."

"The barbarous prestige conceded to military conquerors" forms no part of the Chinese visions of the future. If any country has lived up to the idea of the pen being mightier than the sword, China has been that country. She is now being caught in the vortex, ever widening in its destructive energies, into which the most civilised nations of modern times cast their hard-earned wealth and peace of mind, while striving to ride unharmed over its whirlpool depths.

The idea that China will rouse herself in her hundreds of millions to overrun the Far West is a fevered dream, a chimera of the brain; it forms a grand plot for the most sensational type of novel. Some of her emperors in the past, it is true, have dreamed dreams, and sent out armies

to conquer the Isles of the Seas, to wit, the Island Kingdom of Japan; but their fate was that of the Armada against our own shores, and they disappeared.

The whole instinct of the people, their whole mode of thought, the trend of public opinion would all doubtless be against the transformation of the nation as a mass into a vast military force, leaving their homes to go out conquering and to conquer; but one or two of those in power are succumbing to the ideas of conscription in the future.

It is not that Chinese brains are not capable of the formation of plans of warfare. In addition to their own native intelligence, the study of Western methods of warfare, superadded to their own skill in the past, would be sufficient for the exigencies of the moment, and adequate to the needs of the future. Their adaptation to circumstances is remarkable. What looks like a most primitive procedure in the war in the Western hinterland of China was a most wise procedure; for the Chinese rule of warfare, that the enemy should provide the commissariat, was carried to such an extent that the Chinese army rested from its arms, and, for the nonce, the swords of the soldiers were exchanged for ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks.

When the crops which they had sown had ripened, and food for the campaign for the ensuing season was provided, the general, Cæsar-like,

resumed operations; and thus the barbarians of the West were reduced, and the horrors of war interspersed with the delights of farming. And the wise commander proceeded to gather the fruits of the ground for future exigencies till another period of intercalary farming arrived.

Such a method, with its leisurely procedure, would hardly meet the exigencies of modern warfare; for a wave of the Yellow Peril to engulf Europe with its hordes would rēquire a gigantic food supply to meet its prodigious appetite.

Again, were such an insane vision as the invasion of Europe ever to turn the heads of the sober-minded Chinese, would not the nations of the West sink their minor differences, and oppose an irresistible phalanx to such a devastating host? Because Japan brought Russia to her knees—the best of Asia, as far as military prowess is concerned, against the worst of Europe in regard to martial preparedness—it does not follow that either Japan or any other Asiatic nation could conquer the whole of Europe, or, for that matter, the entire world.

It is a mystery how the vast preparations for such an impossible undertaking could be kept quiet in the present day, when every event is known, to use an Irishism, even before it takes place, and the omniscient and omnipresent newspaper correspondent ferrets out every item of news for the ubiquitous daily paper.

To ensure the success of such a vast undertaking, one master-brain would have to dominate the myriads of thinking, peace-loving Chinese, and turn them from rational human beings to wild beasts of the desert.

Could one imagine such a tyrant ready to bend the whole will of the nation to his behests, the preparations required for such a gigantic conquest would be immense. The resources of the nation would be required for generations to come to be husbanded for the direful moment. All her latent powers must be developed to their utmost extent; her new-found knowledge adapted to the genius of her people; their minds moulded and diverted into new channels of thought and desires; the conservatism of past millenniums turned, not into the learning of the West, but into a blatant greed and lust of bloodshed; the whole nature of John Chinaman radically changed, from that of a civilised being into that of a wild savage, breathing destruction to all mankind but his own kith and kin.

Added to this, remembering the constant and rapid change of armaments, munitions of war, and all that pertains to warfare, both on land and sea, which renders in a few years every weapon obsolete, where are the millions of money, the hundreds of millions of taels of silver, to come from, to provide the equipments of war on such a scale? China is passing rich, without a shadow of doubt; but until some financier shall arise with

a multi-millionaire's powers of amassing her wealth, of storing up her ingots of sycee, or a genius is born for the occasion, and inherits the purse of Fortunatus, it is a mystery where the wherewithal would come from.

China is already following the example of the West, by borrowing from her, for her railways, &c. Would she continue to borrow from her victim to destroy her, and would her victim provide her in this way with the sinews of war?

Again, many a line of railway would be required to pour forces such as would be required for this Armageddon, which our prophets of woe, Cassandra-like, are foretelling; fleets of transports, men-of-war, fighting ships of all kinds and classes, the like of which the world has never seen in ancient or modern times.

Is it possible, then, that the grafting of Western militarism on the rooted hatred of war of the Chinese will so alter the whole fibre of the Chinese moral nature that rapine and bloodshed, conquest and the lust of rule, destruction and the wholesale murder of millions of defenceless women and children, the annihilation of nations, the changing of the gardens of the world into deserts of blight and devastation will result? Is it possible that the good tree of Chinese life will bring forth such evil and corrupt fruit? God forbid! To do this, the whole nation must be transformed into demons, a savage people must take the place of a civilised nation. If this is to be the result of the introduc-

tion of our boasted Western civilisation, then let it perish off the face of the earth!

But those who know the Chinese will give an emphatic "no" to the whole question.

Is it to be supposed that the knitting together of the nations in the bonds of friendship and amity will not extend beyond the bounds of Europe, where it has begun, fostered by the wise counsels of our late King? Is it to be supposed that this *entente cordiale*, that this brotherhood of nations, will not extend and its influence be felt till even distant China and its teeming millions will be brought into the bond of peace? Who would have thought a few years ago that an alliance would have been formed between Japan and England? We believe that eventually the golden rule of nations as well as of individuals will be, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." The West expresses the Golden Rule positively; the East negatively —"What you do not like done to yourself, do not do to others." Three times, in slightly varying terms, is this expressed in the Chinese classics. If anything, the West in this shows a more excellent way to the East. Will the East, already having the idea, pervert this glorious teaching to the destruction of light and learning—the East which has been the origin of light—*ex Oriente lux*—and its depository during the dark ages of Europe?

The Spirit of the Age—the *Zeitgeist*—is that of unity and accord; the world is being drawn

together, and under its influence will not the noble precepts of the Chinese sages, long lying latent in their classics, and saturating the native mind, find a wider field of operation in the extending sphere of life which is opening up before the Chinese, touched as they are now being with the peace-giving spirit of Him who said, "My peace I give unto you"?

In many parts of the world John Chinaman, instead of being a yellow peril, has been a golden blessing. The British Empire in the Straits Settlements is being built up by his persistent, persevering efforts. Out of almost the depths of the ocean, like the coral insect, he has raised up a solid foundation of commerce, industry, and progress. To change the illustration, he is the busy bee who takes the place of the drone. The native will not work as John Chinaman will. His progressive, pushing energy transforms the drowsy, sleepy jungle into the thriving British colony and the enterprising city.

John Chinaman has developed the Malay Peninsula by his ever-increasing crowds of pushing, industrious, enterprising, diligent toilers. Large numbers of Chinese are found in South America, the West Indies, and in India itself, and almost anywhere you go, even on the top of a London 'bus, you will find John Chinaman. There is scarcely a nation on earth that has not at least one of his number within its boundaries. He is almost as ubiquitous as the proverbial Scot,

of whose habits of frugality and patience he is an Asiatic edition, and, like the Scot, he reaps his reward. Like the Scot again, he also gets far more than his share of opprobrium for the very qualities which ensure his success.

CHAPTER XXI

John Chinaman at School

THE education of the Chinese has had everything to do with their apparent mentally stagnant position for centuries. Having elaborated a system that admitted of no expansive energy for generations, every Chinese scholar was but a stereotyped edition of previous issues of the race, with little scope for individuality of expression. If one broke loose from the trammels which bound his fellows, he was a heretic; for all were schooled to one line of thought and to one mode of expression. The almost exclusive cultivation of the memory, with the confining of the expression of thought into rigid lines of conventionality, based on the classics and the scholastic writings on them, has tended to destroy the power of thought.

While thus affording an excellent training for the retention of what has been once learned, the course of education was not of great utility in expanding the mind. The result was that there

A PHYSIOGNOMIST

was a certain variety within narrow limits in the intellectual attitude and mental output. The objective in opposition to the subjective held sway. Compared with the vast range of subjects which nowadays find entrance into our curriculum of study, the Chinese course has been decidedly limited.

The immortal classics filled the mind's eye of the Chinese scholar; his purview extended no further. Fortunately, the few books which formed the text of Chinese learning, which other future works amplified, had applied to everyday life, as a sermon does the original motto on which it is founded—fortunately, we say, these books embraced one book of history and one of poetry, as well as one on etiquette; so that the study of their country's past and the cultivation of the muse entered into the higher school and college course. Arithmetic, though hinted at in the first book put into a Chinese boy's hand, was beneath the notice of the ordinary Chinese student. A few treatises on it and some of the higher branches of mathematics [1] are to be found in the vast storehouses of Chinese literature. The scholar, deeply versed in the lore of the schools, as well as the merchant in his counting-house, and the clerk at his desk, are perforce content to use for assistance in the simplest calculations the abacus, or counting-board,

[1] Those who are interested in the subject will find the mention of a couple of score of works in Chinese on these subjects in Wylie's *Notes on Chinese Literature*, pp. 91–104.

constructed on the plan of that taught to our infant classes in our Board Schools.[1] Under the Chinese accountant's deft and agile fingers, the balls fly with lightning speed up and down the wires or rods. With this combination of mental and mechanical arithmetic, most rapid results are obtained. But this has nothing to do with the scholar, who simply picks up a knowledge of its use from seeing it constantly employed, or, if he enters upon a commercial life, has to be taught its manipulations.

The complex character of the Chinese written language and its inadaptability to be set down as our Arabic numerals are in any position convenient for the fundamental operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, and the resulting complication of these simple processes in more advanced calculations—all these tell against the easy employment of the Chinese written characters as signs in the carrying out of mathematical operations. We scarcely appreciate the facilities which our figures give us. We may picture to ourselves how cumbrous it would be—in fact, almost impossible—to carry out the complex and intricate reckonings connected with the whole branch of mathematical subjects in visible and simple signs, were the Roman method of

[1] It is interesting to find that there are several Russian customs and habits similar to, or identical with, those of the Chinese; such, for instance, as the use of the counting-board in business, the eating of melon seeds, &c.

representing numbers the only symbols at our disposal. True it is that the Chinese have a simpler method of arithmetical notation, a distant cousin to ours, and the affinities of which to ours may be traced; but, though these might have been employed as our figures are, the Chinese have not advanced in this direction beyond a facility in simply expressing numbers by them. The disadvantages of the use of the abacus are that it is only the process of reckoning as it proceeds that is temporarily recorded, *pari passu*. There is no long array of figures to go back on, and detect any error in the calculation, nor to keep as a record of the process by which the result has been attained. Each step in the process obliterates the former, until the final result is reached.

Geography has been, under the old system, an unknown study to the schoolboy, and the most crass ignorance has been the normal condition of the Chinese hitherto, who, misled by the name of the Central Empire (or Middle Kingdom) of their own land, and by the scant knowledge possessed of distant lands by their forefathers, have supposed that China was the centre of the world, which engrossed nearly the whole map, while other nations inhabited islets scattered round the borders of this projection of the earth's surface. Though grudging space for earth's kingdoms, this curious map had room to spare for the Milky Way, as the Chinese believe it is connected with the earth.

Natural Science, it may well be supposed, was not thought of. A most unnatural nescience prevails : most ridiculous things are believed in this connection, worthy of our own Mediæval and Dark Ages.

The acquisition of his own language was the only task the Chinese schoolboy had to set himself to, and notwithstanding it was his own, it was as difficult as the learning of another tongue is to an English boy ; for though he can speak his native tongue, the language of the books is so different as to take years of unremitting toil to acquire a facility in its use. Many a boy after two or three years at school, debarred by poverty from a thorough education, left school with but a smattering of it, which was of but little use to him in after life. Should official appointments come in his way when a man, he then learns Mandarin. To be a polyglot in Chinese, he must go out of his own land, and thus in some foreign port, where the different speeches of his many-tongued country are gathered together, in the mart, and amidst the exigencies of trade and commerce, he necessarily acquires more than one of them.

Memory was the only thing exercised at first by the youthful aspirant to Government position (for this is the goal set before the student), and, in consequence, he simply learned everything by heart for the first year or two. It is much as if our youngsters, when first sent to school, were set down to learn off by heart, without any explanation

at all, Cornelius Nepos or Cæsar. The book first put before the boy did condescend to adapt itself slightly to him by being written in rhyme in lines of three words each; but its style was above the comprehension of the youthful brain. Here are a few passages from it :—

"Men at their birth, are by nature radically good;
Though alike in this, in practice they widely diverge.
If not educated, the natural character grows worse;
A course of education is made valuable by close attention.
Of old, Mencius's mother selected a residence,
And when her son did not learn, cut out the [half-wove] web.
To nurture and not educate is a father's error;
To educate without rigour shows a teacher's indolence.
That boys should not learn is an unjust thing;
For if they do not learn in youth, what will they do when old?
As gems unwrought serve no useful end,
So men untaught will never know what right conduct is."

After running over a number of subjects, amongst them an epitome of Chinese history, this little *Guide to Knowledge* for the instruction of the young ends thus :—

"Diligence has merit; play yields no profit;
Be ever on your guard; rouse all your energies."

The next that succeeded this rather abstruse treatise for a boy at the age of five or six, is a unique book in four-line verse, consisting of just a thousand characters. The story goes that the

author (A.D. 550), commanded by the Emperor to make an ode out of these thousand characters handed to him, did so in one night; but the *tour de force* of the effort, accomplished under the fear of condign punishment if he failed, blanched his raven locks. He was richly rewarded for his great mental exertion and wondrous feat. How any mortal brain, its actions confined within such arbitrary limits, could accomplish the superhuman task is a mystery. This second book begins thus :—

"The heavens are sombre; the earth yellow;
The whole universe [at the creation] was one wild waste.

A common third book is one entitled *Odes for Children*, in pentameter verse. Here are some specimens of it :—

"It is of the utmost importance to educate children;
Do not say that your families are poor,
For those who can handle well the pen,
Go where they will, need never ask for favours.

One at the age of seven shewed himself a divinely endowed youth,
'Heaven,' said he, 'gave me my intelligence:
Men of talent appear in the courts of the holy monarch,
Nor need they wait in attendance on lords and nobles.

In the morning I was an humble cottager,
In the evening I entered the Court of the Son of Heaven:
Civil and military offices are not hereditary,
Men must, therefore, rely on their own efforts.

Learning the Classics

A passage for the sea has been cut through mountains,
And stones have been melted to repair the heavens;
In all the world there is nothing that is impossible;
It is the heart of man alone that is wanting resolution.

Once I myself was a poor indigent scholar,
Now I ride mounted in my four-horse chariot,
And all my fellow-villagers exclaim with surprise.'
Let those who have children thoroughly educate them."

Then the classics were put into the schoolboy's hands. Everything was learned by heart for some time even after this; and each scholar, to show that he was at work, and probably the better to fix in his memory what he was learning, shouted out, over and over again, in a loud sing-song tone, the passage he was learning, until he knew it thoroughly. After which he went up to the master by himself to "back" it, *i.e.*, he turned his back on him, so as not to see his book lying on the master's desk, and said his lesson.

After the first year or so the master explained to him what the scholar had learned; so that after this his progress was more intelligent, though even yet it was necessarily slow and difficult, as his books were in the classical language of China, the book-language, tantamount almost to a dead language—a dead language in living use, as far as books are concerned; but dead in speech. It is terse, sententious, recondite, abstruse; its diction and style are remote from the everyday speech; it is archaic in its form and vocabulary: so that explanations and commentaries are necessary.

This memorising was varied by writing lessons, which began with the tracing of good characters through the thin Chinese paper with the Chinese pen, which is really a brush. Further advanced, the scholar learned to compose antithetical sentences, in which each word and idea balanced one in the companion sentence. Essays on texts from the classics formed a part of a Chinese liberal education ; and the making of verse, the counterpart of our students writing Latin verse. All these taxed the Chinese scholar's powers of memory and initiated him into the learning of his country's past. The result of all this is that a Chinese well-educated scholar knows his classics by heart. Name a passage, quote a line, or even a word or two, and, though there is no index to them, in a few minutes he will point it out to you in the book, with its context.

He is thoroughly imbued with all the principles which govern the rulers in their government of his country, in the Government's relations to the people, as well as those which control the populace in their relations and attitude towards the powers that be. His thoughts go round in the well-trodden circle of the ancients. Modernity is unknown to him ; all the marvels of the present age have been hitherto beyond the power of his conception.

But here we must put a full stop ; for the ponderous tome of the past will soon be a closed book ; a new volume is being opened, and though the writing in it is uncertain, yet, as confidence

and knowledge is attained, we predict the annals which the future will read of the present will be more glorious than all the mighty dust-laden crowded book-shelves of the past have to show.

Even before the time of Confucius (B.C. 551), education was general in China, and the State afforded every encouragement to it; but it was not till long after the Christian era that those in authority woke to the idea of employing it as a training-ground for the Government official and a bulwark to the State; so that the highest posts, short of the throne, were thrown open to any whose talents brought them the highest distinctions in learning, and whose abilities, when tried, supplemented their mental efforts. In this way it may be said that the people in China are governed by the people; and the safety of the country is conserved by the large mass of literati, whom this system of education produced, and whose interests are all on the side of peace and order.

It was late in China's long page of history that the system of competitive examinations for the Civil Service took their origin. A long series of these examinations was before the young man, which, if successfully passed, opened the gateway for immediate or prospective employment in the service of the State. It is said that the idea of our Civil Service Examinations was taken from the Chinese.

The old lamps of education in China are now being changed for new ones; but, unlike Aladdin's wonderful lamp, the old lamps have lost their

power to produce the wonder-working results they achieved in the past, when by their light not only China was illumined, but the whole Eastern world about her as well. To change the metaphor slightly, the old dim candles, well made as they were in the age which produced them, have nearly burned out, and the light is not sufficient for the present needs of the nation. They have been superseded, not by dim oil lamps, or even by gas, but by the brilliant electric light of modern science and knowledge.

The Chinese scholar, equipped as he was with all the knowledge deemed essential in the Far East, was like Dominie Dobiensis, described in *Jacob Faithful*, who, though he breathed in the present age, spent half of his life in antiquity and algebra. Substitute the Chinese classics for algebra, and you have the man. The greatest stimulus to exertion for the Chinese student is the example of the great Government mandarins going about in almost regal state, and surrounded by what appears to his eyes as the height of luxury. Every incentive to the attainment of such an exalted position is paraded before him, and the example of many a poor youth who has risen to such a commanding height is held up before him.

But the old order of things is changing. The old style of education is ceasing to be the passport to official employment. Most drastic changes are being made; a regular *bouleversement* is taking place. All through the Empire the old

schools are being replaced by the modern one, modelled with more or less of similarity on those of the West. The old classics are being relegated to a back shelf; new school-books based on the modern knowledge of the Occident are taking their places on the desks; and the scholars are trying their best with the aid of their teachers to assimilate all they can from beyond the seas, from the once-despised foreigner. The old saying, *ex oriente lux*, is being reversed, and the light is coming *ex occidente*. One of the oldest nations on earth, which for ages was an example and teacher of others, is putting aside her pride, and beginning to sit at the feet of peoples and nations that were undreamt of, and whose progenitors were wild, half-naked savages when China was at the height of civilisation and refinement as compared with them.

Hundreds of miles inland, away from the coast, where the influence of the foreigner is more felt, the author came across these modern schools. The teachers often are woefully ignorant of this new learning that they are attempting to impart to their eager scholars; but there is the desire on the part of teachers and taught to learn something, nay, as much as possible, of this new world of knowledge and learning, and science and literature, to which the events of the past few years have opened their eyes and shown the advantage of acquiring, and which they believe is to result in the uplift of China to her former position again in the comity

of world powers. Conceit and ignorance have hitherto clouded their sight, and pride made them disdain the idea of learning from the barbarians of the West. The foremost spirits of the nation have determined that the reproach of being unable to hold their own shall not continue; and as the learning and science of the West, they believe, has made Europe and America great and powerful, China will learn these same arts and mysteries of knowledge, so as to regain her wonted greatness, and hold up her head once more, and be respected.

The lands or buildings of a Buddhist monastery are seized, or resumed by the Government,[1] and their halls, lands, or funds appropriated for educational or other purposes of necessity in connection with the forward advance of the nation, without a word daring to be said against it—in fact, with the approbation of a majority of the inhabitants. This is one way of meeting the great expenses which must necessarily be incurred at the present moment in China; another is to demand by a powerful Viceroy, from some wealthy institution, a contribution for the needs of, say, a Provincial Government, without a demur being made. One of the late Governors-General of two of the largest provinces in South China mulcted a famous and well-known temple in the sum of $50,000 (say £5,000), with the result that some of their lands

[1] Many of the religious establishments are largely indebted to Imperial patronage and liberality for their primary existence or extension.

had to be disposed of, and thus their extensive property curtailed. This mandarin required money for the many new undertakings that were being entered into, amongst them schools of one kind and another. What more natural than to obtain the requisite funds from an effete institution, whose inmates mumbled prayers once a day before impassive images without any benefit to the community? The world is progressing, and what is useless must go. The support of some hundreds of idle monks whose day is past is absurd. Every Chinaman of intelligence will tell you that the Buddhist monk of the present day is a drone.

It is a difficult matter to judge of the amount of education abroad in the land. Are the people all educated or not? From what has already been said, it will be gathered that some at least of the boys are unable to remain long enough at school to benefit much by the small amount of instruction they have received. It is only the well-to-do, as a rule, that are fairly well educated, according to the standards of the past, which, as we have seen, are not well adapted to prepare them for the world of the present day.

Thousands and millions of boys have to leave school before they can read intelligently the difficult Chinese language: they go out to earn their daily rice, with a smattering of the Chinese character. Take up a book, and they can pick up words here and there which they know; but this knowledge is not sufficient to enable them to

understand thoroughly what they see before them. To many, the result of some years of study is that a simple book is understood more or less, but it must be written in a most easy style. Even with a plain style it often happens that many passages and words must be passed over without more than a guess at their meaning, and often not even that.

Schools have abounded all over the Empire; every village has at least one; but years of study are required to ground even a Chinese boy in the elements of his own language, though, as has been already said, Chinese is the only language learned, and all his attention is devoted to it alone, and, if he wishes to be well educated, all his energies must be concentrated on it solely for ten or twenty years of his life. Sooner or later this beautiful but cumbrous language will have to burst its bonds of antiquity and appear afresh in an alphabetical form.

There is an eagerness for education which it would be difficult to find surpassed by any nation under heaven. Society is divided into four classes, and scholars head the list, to be followed by farmers, labourers, and lastly merchants. The apotheosis of the scholar is the mandarin, and the schoolmaster is most highly honoured, though in the very depths of abject poverty. The teaching profession, instead of being one to be despised, is one of the highest in China.

In the scheme of education which has prevailed in China, the female element may be left out of

calculation, for hitherto it has been almost a negligible quantity. Occasionally one comes across a woman who can read, but it is a rare occurrence. During the twenty-five to thirty years which the author spent in law courts in China it was indeed seldom for him to come across a woman who could sign her name to an affidavit, and when one was able to do it, it was exceptional if such a one could do it otherwise than most laboriously.

Girls' schools are now being widely established. Notable cases of educated women have their exploits emblazoned on the grand roll of Chinese worthies, notwithstanding all the difficulties in their way, and have been esteemed on that account. Now a grand future is opening out not only for the boys but the girls in China.

The number who have taken the B.A. degree in China for some years past amounts to 14,000, and it has been estimated that there are 700,000 Chinese graduates now living in that so-called Land of Literature and Learning. These form a nucleus round which a large circle of the educated cluster. Some have estimated the educated class in China as 15,000,000. This is far too small an estimate. Different results would be obtained even by most extended inquiries, as answers most dissimilar would be given by different men in different parts of the Empire and in town or country. If, as in England and other European countries, books were written in the speech of the people, education would not be such a very

difficult thing as it has been in China. How greatly the difficulties of education in our land would be increased, difficult enough as they are now, if all the children's books at school were written in the language of Chaucer!

CHAPTER XXII

John Chinaman Out of Doors

JOHN CHINAMAN lives very much out of doors. Before the open-air craze infected England he had practised it for thousands of years. When he is indoors he is generally out of doors; for the houses are open all through their interiors, paved courts open to the sky alternating with the main buildings. Thus the open door has prevailed throughout the Empire, though the outer door was shut to outsiders, and the closed door was presented to foreign nations. Closed doors on the street front are often the order of the day, though this by no means excludes the fresh air from large mansions.

In the south all the shops have an open front, such as the English greengrocer often displays. In the coldest weather the shopman sits at his counter the livelong day, exposed to every wind of heaven that blows. This living so much in the open air doubtless neutralises to a large extent the insanitary conditions prevalent. The mild condition

of the weather during the greater part of the year also fosters *al fresco* meals and an open-air life.

To make up for this free open life during the day, John Chinaman shuts himself up at night in the closest atmosphere possible in cabin or bedroom, and, in cold weather rolls himself up in a cotton quilt, head and feet and body, till he looks like a corpse. How he manages to breathe in this bundled-up condition is a mystery; but he seems to survive all right, and be none the worse for it.

In the hot summer nights many a house empties the sleepers out of doors—at least as far as regards the men-folk. Many of them lie in the streets on boards or mats or bamboo-beds. Some mount to the roofs and sleep on the drying-stages which most of the houses have for drying clothes, or for sunning vegetables of one sort or another. Occasionally, like Eutychus of old, one heavy with sleep may descend more rapidly than safely (such a thing has been known), and sleep his last sleep with no Apostle Paul to waken him out of it.

On certain days, such as the Dragon Boat Feast, the whole family of John Chinaman goes out of doors, and the river-bank is lined with spectators to see the boat-races. Father, mother, sons, and daughters, together with the slave-girls conveying pipes for the ladies to smoke and also carrying the babies, are the happiest of the happy throng.

On the annual Tomb-Worshipping Day there

A CHINESE CROWD AT AN OUT-OF-DOORS THEATRE.

is a regular exodus into the country. Old and young gather round the family tombs on the hill-sides outside the city walls. After the ceremonial genuflections and offerings of pork and fowl and other eatables, the burning of incense and candles, and the adding of a turf on to the former years' sods on the mound over the dead, the family picnic in the open.

Men will go to a monastery in some of the beautiful hill countries within a short journey of some of China's teeming cities and spend some time in the cool air, combining religious exercises with a summer outing. There are suites of apartments for the use of such devotees of Nature and the gods. Ladies also avail themselves of these opportunities to go into retreat.

An immense amount of travelling goes on in China, principally, almost entirely, for business purposes; and day's trips, or long journeys even, are taken for purchases or sales of goods and visits to markets. In all of these ways John Chinaman manages to get a good share of fresh air without definitely setting forth for that purpose.

John Chinaman and his womenkind are keenly interested in theatricals, and often the theatre is but an open shed, where performances will go on for days and nights in succession, one play following on the heel of another with scarce an intermission. The journey by road or boat from the country-side around to the centre of attraction, where a god's birthday starts the theatricals, gives a

good outing to the natives of the surrounding parts.

Much of the buying and selling and marketing, instead of being carried on indoors and in roofed-over buildings, is done just outside the front door. There is no need to go shopping, for the shops come to you; at least, the street-hawkers pass along in almost constant succession. Especially is this the case with those selling food at meal-times. Now it is a silk-floss man with his two dark-wood cupboards, like mammoth *armoires*, but a mass of drawers, in which, as he opens them, the richest gleams of soft silk glint in the glorious sunlight with golden hues and all the colour of the rainbow. Soberer shades of braid and all the many other etceteras which are attendant on a lady's wardrobe are to be found nestled here and there in his drawers.

The mistress and her maids gather round him, as he discloses his treasures, and the slave-girls also admire, while the serving-women handle and advise and give their opinion on the merits and demerits of his stock, with the freedom which the Oriental household allows to all its inmates, however humble they be. Bangles, rings, bracelets, odds and ends of silk-floss, all carefully rearranged in their receptacles, he shoulders his burden, and goes down the street lightened by a few ounces, while his purse is heavier by a few cash. Twirling his rattle this chapman disappears.

Food Hawkers

There is no need to go round to the grocer's at the corner, or to the more distant oil-shop, to buy oil, as here comes the oil-man with his dark-brown tubs, full of the peanut-oil with which nearly all the Chinese cooking is accomplished. The same oil served in the tiny saucer lamps as an illuminant before the introduction of kerosene.

Next comes a fish-seller with great fat carp lying alive in their own element in his circular, flat, shallow wooden tubs, or it may be a species of herrings, which, being smaller, are able to splash about in the water. Or the fishmonger may have a load of white rice-fish, white translucent little mites with two tiny black specks for eyes. If none of these are to the taste of the would-be diner, then let him wait a few minutes, and some other kinds of pond or fresh-water fish will come along, heralded by the street cry of the vendors. If great tench are what you want, a large fish has already been cut up, and is lying on the basket-tray this man carries as well as a tub. It is cut right down along the back-bone, and the red blood is smeared all over the white flesh of the fish.

His steelyards are with him, as with all the hawkers, and he will gladly weigh the exact quantity you want, or if it is a live fish he will hook him up by the gills and let you know his weight, while the poor fish is floundering and quivering suspended in the air, and then, if suitable, he will scale and cut it open for you, all on

the street. But if it is a tasty piece of salt-fish you want, the salt-fish man with his sun-dried fish in his huge basket-ware carriers will supply your wants with his stock in the same way at your very door.

Now that the fish is provided for breakfast or dinner, what about vegetables? They are also forthcoming in the same way, each peripatetic vendor of these often having but one kind, though sometimes several sorts are found in the baskets of the man. They are carried in the way usual for bearing loads in China, viz., in two baskets suspended from the ends of the carrying-pole or bamboo, which latter is laid across the shoulder, and changed from one shoulder to the other when the man is tired. The bearers of these and other burdens often have callosities and great lumps on the shoulders from the constant loads they bear—loads greater, one would suppose at times, than mortal flesh could stand.

Almost everything John Chinaman needs can thus be bought on the streets. Not only the necessities but tasty luxuries as well—sugar-cane, oranges, water-melons, all kinds of fruits, sweet-meats, pickles. A perambulating soup-kitchen will occasionally pass. The owner announces his arrival by clapping two bits of bamboo together. Occasionally a travelling lending-library will come down the street, with well-stocked bamboo book-shelves. Of course its staple commodities are novels, and in a well-to-do family there may be

one or two of the women-folk with a sufficient knowledge of the characters to be able to read them.

All this out-of-doors sale of goods in the street and on your doorstep does not mean that there are no shops or stalls. There are an immense number of them ; and it is an almost out-of-door life that the shopkeepers live. As a rule there are, as we have said, no shop-fronts, *i.e.*, they are not closed in, though there are a few premonitory symptoms of that coming. The whole front of the shop is open to the street.

The whole contents of the shop hanging on walls or displayed on shelves, or, in the case of the more valuable wares in glass cases, are visible to you (except in the case of some kinds of goods) as you pass along the street ; for windows are conspicuous by their absence. Even the process of manufacture is being carried on *coram publico*, as, for instance, with gold and silversmiths.

All the bargaining that goes on between customer and shopman is patent to the passer-by in the street, and, if you are a foreigner, a little crowd will gather to hear you beating down the price.

If you have been long enough in China, you will have learned how to get your bargains at a reasonable price, and learned from watching wily John Chinaman at this work, which is a delight to him.

With a casual air he stops and asks what the

shopman is willing to sell this article for, to be told a figure ridiculously high, perhaps twice what it is worth. He meets this, after having pointed out some defects, or the low quality of the goods, by offering considerably less than its value. ("It is naught, it is naught [it is worthless], saith the buyer: but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."—Prov. xx. 14.)

Each side raises or lowers its prices, and so the higgling goes on till John Chinaman finally retreats into the street, if he is not there already, as if to leave such high-priced goods alone, while the solicitous shopman follows him to the very door, if not out of doors, as he rapidly reduces his terms, in the hope of bringing his prospective customer back.

Walks for the sake of walking, when we walk along the streets or roads, swinging our arms and stepping out with vigour and drinking in the fresh air, are nearly unknown. Chinese men will sometimes say, not, "Let's go for a walk," but, "Let's walk along the street." This is almost as much to see the sights in the streets as for exercise. Occasionally they may be seen sauntering along a country road near a city; but their whole attitude and bearing is as far from our idea of what a walk is as England is from China. An Englishman takes his dog out for a walk. A Chinaman would never think of a canine companion walking along the road with him; but he will take his caged lark out into the open

A BLIND MERCHANT

to get the air. He carries the cage upright on his palm or hand, and sets it down in the grass, while he stands and enjoys the brisk, lively creature's joy, or crouches down on his haunches beside the cage.

In the hot summer evenings the river- or harbour-side may be haunted by crowds more or less in déshabille to cool themselves, while on the drying-stages on the house-roofs others are seeking a breath of air.

At certain seasons of the year a ring will be formed, and the heels, sides, and soles of the shoes be used to kick the shuttlecock by men, while boys watch, or try their prentice, not hands, but feet, at attempts more or less successful to do the same. Kites are also flown by men as well as by boys. What will soon be a thing of the past is the archery indulged in by the aspirant candidate for military commands, as well as the peculiar athletic exercises carried on by them.

The Chinese ladies do not get much of this out-of-door existence. Very few are to be seen in the streets. If they venture out, and are young and pretty, they expose themselves to the jeers of the loafers, who make insulting remarks about them. When paying a social call or on a visit to a temple, &c., the proper thing is to go in a sedan-chair, and thus, with blinds let down, the lady is almost invisible to the crowd through which she rapidly passes, safe from insult with

her woman-servant or two rapidly trotting behind her.

Wealthy gentlemen are very fond of what are called gardens laid out in their grounds or in the suburbs, and here the ladies of the family may disport themselves. There are no flower-beds, almost all the plants being in ornamental pots of various shapes and designs. Some flowering trees are rooted in the ground. Even with or without a garden, plants will be found in pots or ornamental stands in the courtyards. The nearest approach to flower-beds is the enclosing against a wall of a bank, or trench rather, of earth, which is raised above the ground by a low wall on the outside. This wall is mainly formed of open-work ornamented glazed foot-square tiles. In the soil placed within these large sort of troughs, plants are grown. Bamboos droop like lovely Prince of Wales feathers, while plantain or banana-trees flap their enormous long and broad leaves in the breeze, if any reaches them in these enclosed and secluded spots. A garden is not complete in China without a pond, or a succession of them. Once provided, it or they are immediately filled up with the large peltate leaves of the lotus, which rise a little above the surface of the water, each as large as a small tea-tray. Long, rambling bridges lead to little summer-houses perched up in the centre of the water. In other parts one comes across rock-work of the most marvellous construction, adding

CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S GARDEN.

not a little to the bizarre aspect of the whole place.

Kiosks and summer-houses are dotted about, and rockeries of artificial stone-work, grotesque in their miniature precipitous heights, arrest one's steps. The paths are lined with rows of plants in pots on high glazed earthenware stands. At times you pass between two rows of boxwood in these pots, trained into the shape of birds, animals, and men, the heads and hands in earthenware stuck on to the plants. A private stage may be found, where a theatrical troupe, hired for the occasion, will perform before the family and friends. Low walls to place pots of flowers on, built up of open-work green glazed foot-square tiles, add a piquancy to these private grounds. Large buildings will be found here and there ready for a picnic. Chinese art has supplied blackwood furniture, paintings, geometrical open-work French doors, three-legged stools, the tops a large mass of rock, uncut or but little trimmed, smooth and deliciously cool on a broiling hot summer's day. Besides all the above there may be long cloister-like corridors, on the walls of which there will be seen almost endless rubbings of classical writings, or of the elegant caligraphy of some master-hand.

Amidst such congenial scenes the Chinese gentleman saunters, enjoying to the full the varied objects. His wives and children will wander around with a whole retinue of servants and

domestic slave-girls, when no men-folk are about, taking their pleasure in a quieter way, except for the clatter of tongues. The small-feeted ladies lean on the shoulder of dependants, as they hobble along, their crippled state preventing anything in the way of vigorous exercise, and the traditions of the race being also against violent motion, unless necessity demands it.

There is one type of outdoor attraction which draws John Chinaman out of doors by the hundreds and thousands, and it is very similar in its outcome to the pageants which are all the rage in England at the present time; but the fashion in China is probably century-old. Under the name of processions there is almost always something of the kind going on. Every chance of having one is seized on in China, whether it be in connection with religious festivities, a marriage, a funeral, or official comings and goings. Let us begin with some of the smaller ones. One of the saddest is that that takes the criminals to the execution ground, otherwise used as a potter's field. The street-gates, consisting of upright bars fixed into sockets in a granite slab across the street, are nearly closed. The chief things that one notices are the half-stupefied, huddled-up human objects, each carried in a basket like animals. The whole business is soon over, and the clay furnaces are brought out again on the potter's field to dry in the sun. A few corpses, minus the head, are carried off for

interment, and except for one of these objects under a mat, and the blood-stained ground, nothing is left to show what has taken place.

Occasionally one may come suddenly in one of the narrow alleys upon a curious little cavalcade rapidly passing along, the chief feature in which is the wretched thief, who is receiving his punishment out of doors, and being whipped through the streets. Particulars of his crime are written out and exhibited, so that all may know. A gong is a most important part of this procession, and at each beat of it down comes the whip on the thief's back. As soon as all the streets of the ward in which the theft took place are gone through the unfortunate man is let go, glad to escape from the clutches of the law.

Still out of doors are some of the other punishments, though not rising to the dignity of a procession, such, for instance, as the wearing of the *cangue*, or wooden collar, out in the streets, or at the gate of some court. The victim is unable to feed himself, as the framework his neck is enclosed in prevents his putting his hands up to his mouth.

No high official goes out of his *yamên*, or official residence, without a procession. The Chinese are economical in their salutes, but they have them often. Three reports signal the coming out of the "great man." In our lands such an occasion would be shorn down to its lowest possible limits. A grand carriage or two with gorgeous footmen

and coachmen, and *voilà tout;* but the stately booming gong has to herald the magnate's progress, as the beater gives regular blows on it, and lets them vibrate and fill the whole air with their waves of sound. The insignia of his rank and the posts he has held are in large characters on wooden tablets. A big official umbrella is carried before him, fully spread, akin to the *baldacchino* of Italy; a monster fan on a pole, too; then his lictors rattling iron chains, and some attendants behind him on ponies. A quiet, gaping crowd which lines both sides of the streets but does not move or raise a sound, stares silently on one of their rulers, who has risen from their ranks to this exalted position in his eight-bearer sedan-chair.

Marriage and funeral processions are made little of in England, and the show, except in military ones, is very tame and commonplace. But in China before the wedding itself there are two or three preliminary small processions, when the presents are being exchanged between the parties and the bride's trousseau is being sent. In the latter case every article which can be is painted a bright red—the colour of joy and rejoicing—and tables and chairs, clothes-horse, basin-stand, and all the necessary articles for housekeeping, are paraded through the streets, little ragamuffin boys carrying them, or not much cleaner men bearing them on their shoulders or in stands or suspended from poles.

Processional Glories

Almost every procession is heralded with two gigantic globular lanterns, on poles, resting on the shoulders, and high above the heads of all. In a grand procession, lanterns of different kinds come in here and there in its course, a batch of half a dozen or a dozen or more, glass and finely ornamented, sometimes horn ones. But the two in front of the procession are often made of bamboo-splints and oiled paper with large characters on them. In a wedding procession these characters represent the surname of the person being married. Then bands of musicians are interspersed through the procession, rending the air with their noisy, harsh tones—discordant sounds to our ears—of clashing cymbals, banging, booming gongs, clicking drums, shrill flageolets, flutes, and guitars ; for both string bands and wind instruments appear in these grand ambulations through the streets. Numerous litters or stands with canopied roofs, or open to the sky, have ornaments on them.

In the case of a wedding procession, one has a number of sugar ornaments, in the shape of animals and different things, toothsome objects afterwards for the children. Large sums of money are spent on this paraphernalia ; but the most important thing of all is the large red sedan-chair in which the poor little bride is shut up close. It is a marvel of Chinese art, profusely carved and tastefully adorned with myriads of kingfishers' feathers. On a hot summer's day it must be

perfectly suffocating inside it, and a poor bride has been drowned before now when crossing a river from the boat having capsized with the heavy chair aboard. If the families are well-to-do, such a procession is no mean affair, and articles by the score will appear in this strange peregrination, requiring hundreds of coolies to carry them through the crowded streets, to the delight of all. The Chinese often impoverish themselves over their marriages.

Funeral processions, again, can be grand affairs, taking an hour to pass a given spot. The shrill clarionets pipe forth their dirge ; but it requires a trained ear, which few Westerners can attain, to know the difference between this and the joyous notes of the marriage strains. Two enormous mourning lanterns, of course, lead the way borne aloft ; bands of musicians perform ; a sedan-chair contains a conventional portrait of the deceased ; a kind of portable altar is borne before the coffin, with a tablet and candles with sticks of incense, their tiny points glowing with light.

If a man had many friends, a prominent feature is the number of large oblong banners, yards wide and many yards high, in mourning colours—purple, and blue, &c., containing suitable inscriptions which take the place that wreaths occupy with us. The huge coffin at last appears, carried by eight, sixteen, or more coolies, sometimes on a catafalque, but with a red cloth thrown over it. And then comes the saddest sight of all—the

THE DRAGON PROCESSION.

mourners, clothed in coarse hempen mockery of wearing apparel, with bands of the same on their heads, holding staves with white paper round them in their hands ; and the women-folk wailing the dead in the most forlorn and eerie manner. Paper imitation money is scattered on the way along the roads, to keep the ghosts from troubling the living or the dead, as the pilgrimage wends its way and finally climbs some desolate hill-side, where on some high ridge or sloping height the grave is placed.

But the occasion of some idol festival of a god, when the image is taken out for a procession with the insignia of official rank and a stand with charms from his temple, may be made into a fine affair with sufficient subscriptions. In times of epidemic thousands will be spent to get up one of the grandest of these processions. Then appear the most magnificent costumes, lovely in the richness of their colour, and beautiful, gorgeous screens of embroidery of kingfishers' feathers and glass ; covered stands, with curios and eatables ; hundreds of bannerets ; several idols in their shrines, with their retinues, and girls by the score riding on ponies and representing historical characters ; tableaux vivants of children and girls, beautifully dressed in gorgeous costumes, carried on stands representing scenes in past ages of China's long and interesting story ; and finally, maybe, a gigantic dragon or two made of cloth and tinsel and spangles, a hundred or more feet

in length, prancing about, supported by scores upon scores of strong and healthy young men, whose legs only are visible beneath the flowing silk and spangles which form the body of the great monster.

A chapter out of fairyland is revealed when a lantern-procession is seen. Tens upon tens of gigantic fishes made of gauze illuminated with lights inside and lanterns and transparencies innumerable is a sight not to be forgotten.

CHAPTER XXIII

John Chinaman Indoors

NOT only when John Chinaman is indoors is he almost out of doors, but when out of doors his streets are again often so shaded with matting and boards, to shut out the fierce sun, that he might as well be indoors. When he goes into his house, if it is of any size, and not a mere hovel, he is out of doors again; for a Chinese house, unless it be the living-place of the very poorest, is but a multiplicity of houses strung together, one may say, and stretched out as long as his purse-strings will allow, and almost as broad as circumstances permit. John Bull piles storey on storey, though he has not yet attained to the sky-scraper heights of Brother Jonathan; but John Chinaman spreads himself out, and not content with scattering his buildings over the ground, he will often bring a garden or two within the precincts of his mansion. If he has no room for that, he will be satisfied with rock-work, and instead of parterres and plots of flowers, a style of gardening he does

not understand, he will have a fruit garden of oranges growing in flower-pots, and flowers blooming all the year round in similar portable substitutes for plots, which, when the blooms are past, can be carried away by the florist, and replaced with seasonable plants bursting into bud and afflorescence. Thus within-doors John Chinaman has an ever-circulating garden.

A mansion modestly hides itself behind a plain brick wall, just as a plain man's house makes no show. In the one case the bricks may be of a better quality and more neatly pointed than those of the poor man's abode; the double door being of good hard-wood and more prettily decorated than the humble dwelling. It may be safer in the East to shelter oneself from the public view; a flaunting of one's wealth is not always advisable, lest possibly forced contributions be demanded, and one's magnificence suffer at the expense of one's unwilling munificence.

The streets that the houses front on are mostly narrow, and paved with longitudinal slabs of granite or other stone. Two or three steps of the same stone, as long as the front of the house, but shallow in height, and which almost form a part of the street, are placed in front. No garden or railings divide it from the roadway. Two enormous rotund lanterns generally hang one on each side of the door, especially on the first and fifteenth of the month. These swell out in proportion to the greatness of the master's position, till often a Sir John

Falstaff could hide in one, provided he could get in through the top or bottom, and if the lantern, made of bamboo strips and oiled paper, were strong enough to hold him. These are gaily painted with scarlet, and the occupant's name is put in black characters on them.

Over the doorway, in the centre, is an elongated round lantern, much smaller, or a small version of the big ones, with the word " God," or " Spirit," in large character on it, and " Reverence " in small character. These are not necessarily always lighted at night, as they are more for show than brilliance. Their brilliance is in the paint, when newly put up. Once suspended, they are allowed to hang, the sport of wind and rain, as they lightly sway about with every gust ; so that ere long they become torn and shabby, their skeleton framework showing through their surface, tattered and worn. The grey-blue brick wall is relieved by two bright red strips of paper, pasted on the wall down each side of the door, with antithetical sentences written on them. Over the doorway is another piece, often with the good wish that " The Five Blessings may descend on this door," or a similar felicitous phrase ; or sometimes only five pieces of red oblong paper perforated in strips, which are supposed to convey the same wish.

Has the tenant obtained a degree at the examinations? Then his literary title is set forth in black characters on a scarlet board hung over the door. Should his friends attain a like dis-

tinction, the notices of it sent to him are pasted on the outside wall of his house, like great advertisements a yard or two long and two or three feet in width. The colour of the paper and that of the ink varies according to the degree taken. Sometimes a small wooden tablet is hung at the side of the door, or a piece of paper is pasted up with the occupant's surname on it.

At the New Year, or rather just before, in preparation for it, there is a scrubbing and a washing outdoors and in. If a house was never clean before, it is fairly clean now, except in the dark corners. All the scraps of paper flapping about on the outside wall, as mentioned above, are torn down and fresh put up, ready for the great day of the year. Everything looks spick-and-span. But, alas ! many a house will appear in mourning even at this most festive and joyous time. At any other season of the year, if a death occurs, the red papers are torn down, and white ones pasted up in their stead for deep mourning, to be replaced later by blue ones for half-mourning.

At such a time the gay-coloured lanterns are out of place, so mourning ones are hung up. A peculiarly shaped ornament is hung over the door, draped in white, and its rods covered with white. A mat-shed is put up, and rises above the narrow street. A white paper stork is hoisted high on a bamboo pole, with a gigantic sort of tassel of white paper with streamers. A long funereal inscription on white paper with a peculiar border

of colours, yards and yards in length and a yard or two in height, is pasted up on the outer wall of the house, and protected from the weather by a mat roof over it.

As we have already said, white is deep mourning, and the chief mourners at a funeral follow the coffin clothed in the coarsest hempen unbleached cloth of an almost yellow hue, and of the loosest texture imaginable. Though blue is half-mourning, strange to say blue clothing is not mourning at all, or the whole nation nearly would be in mourning. Blue cord braided into the end of the queue denotes slight mourning, and white deep. The shoes also show that a man is in mourning, and some of the ornaments in a woman's hair.

The main door of a Chinese house is two-leaved, massive and large, and of hard-wood in good mansions ; outside it are a pair of lighter doors, which only reach half or two-thirds of the way up. A small railing runs along the top of these doors, and a rattan or bamboo hoop goes over the jutting-up portions, at the edges of the two little doors, and holds them together, and there is a wooden bolt as well. The main doors have two large wooden bolts. Sometimes, usually in large mercantile houses, a framework of wooden bars can be shot back and forward as a door.

Stepping inside a high threshold, one finds oneself within what is simply an entrance-hall ; but it is placed athwart the house, and does not run up into the house, as with us. It is under a

separate small roof. On one side will be found a shrine to some god ; it may be simply a piece of red paper with some deity's name on it, and incense is burned twice a day before it.

At one side may be found the gate-keeper's lodge or room, if the family is in such a position as to warrant the keeping of such an important individual. There is no door-bell or knocker at the door. More primitive styles are necessary to attract the attention of the inmates, if there is no porter : and these are various—rattling the door, banging it with umbrella or fist, or slapping it with flat of hand, and shouting, must at times all be resorted to. The delay is often considerable, and awkward in heavy rain.

Facing one as one enters the front door, and but a few steps further on, a row of tall double-leaved doors stretches across the way. The doors, it may be remarked, have most primitive old-world hinges, such as were used in our land in bygone times. A stick projects at top and bottom of door and works in a hole made for it in stone or wood let into the floor and in a beam at top. These wooden projections set in sockets act very well in the place of hinges.

When one has penetrated thus far into a Chinese mansion, one begins to understand the construction of Chinese houses. Roof follows roof in succession, with open paved courtyards between. Side-cloisters on each side of the courtyards join the main buildings. These buildings, linked loosely

on to one another, may number three or four, or they may run to half a dozen or more. To this central range of buildings in a large mansion, auxiliary ranges of similar structure may be linked on, arranged in the same manner alongside, and connected by a doorway.

Gardens in a large house will be found in these side regions ; but most of the flowers are in flower-pots. There are but few windows opening out of doors in Chinese houses. The style of construction does not lend itself readily to their free adoption, and the prejudices due to *fung-shui* hinder their acceptance, except on the frontage of rivers and on to the intervening spaces—the interior court-yards between the different roofs of a house. These numerous open spaces or paved courtyards, in the interiors of houses, especially in large houses, take the place of outer windows to a great extent, as a row of windows will open on to them from the upper stories of the different main buildings, which are separated by them and joined together by side-galleries. The great part of the dwelling is on the ground floor, though there will be in some of the buildings some accommodation on a second storey, to which a steep staircase gives access. The floors on the upper storey are of boards ; but on the ground floor generally of foot-square, semi-porous red tiles an inch thick. These easily break, and are damp, and in poor and old houses they are not much better than mud floors. Thin marble tiles about the same size are sometimes seen.

The foundations of the house are often of granite, the walls of a bluish-grey brick, and the roof very generally of thin red pan and roll tiles in alternate rows. In good houses a second layer of tiles is laid over the first, and even a third is not unknown.

In the abodes of the rich, much elegance may be seen. Large pen-and-ink sketches, usually unframed, hang as a centre-piece, or a number of them, sometimes framed, if smaller, are hung round the walls ; curios are seen and a vase or two. Though the Chinese do not attain the simplicity of the Japanese in the adornment of their apartments, yet there is not the overloading of a room with bric-à-brac, of which there is often too much in the West.

There may be elegance, but there is a lack of comfort in the large barn-like halls which serve for reception-rooms. There are large halls, but often stuffy little rooms partitioned off for bedrooms : spaciousness in one part, confinement in the other. There are no ceilings, or but seldom, though the roof-beams in a good house will be painted, and the inside surface of the roof-tiling whitewashed. There is a scarcity of floor coverings in the way of carpets or rugs. There are no fireplaces or stoves ; so the inmates go shivering about on their carpetless tiled floors with doors open on to the open courtyard. Clothes are piled on, to keep out the cold in winter ; so that the thin man becomes apparently stout, and the little baby is

THE GUEST HALL IN A CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE, HONG KONG.

almost as broad as long. Brass foot-warmers and hand-warmers are used by some to keep these extremities of the body warm. A live cake or two of charcoal-dust is buried in the ashes in them, and the heat thus conserved lasts for several hours. It follows, as a matter of course that there is an absence of chimneys. A few may be seen, and more are yearly appearing over the new manufactories necessitated by the adoption of Western money, electricity, water-works, &c.

In the courtyards and about the house will often be found numerous stools, which form pretty accessions to the meagre and primitive Chinese furniture. There may also be large, square, high stools of Chinese ebony, with marble tops. Marble-topped tables are scattered in different rooms. Large hard couches, nearly as broad as long, are seen at the top of the room, ready for the opium-smoker, with all the accessories of the seductive vice. Long paper scrolls with inscriptions hang on the walls, if pictures do not already take up the space. Sometimes besides the centre-piece, already mentioned, a few pen-and-ink sketches, framed and glazed, are seen, though when in the shape of kakemonos they simply hang open on the wall. Ornamental lanterns in glass and ebony or silk gauze hang about. There is, however, not a comfortable sofa in the whole establishment of rambling rooms, and one may wander through the whole straggling congeries of buildings and not find an easy arm-chair. The only approach to

comfort is sometimes found in a leather folding-chair like our ship-chairs. The poet Cowper's description of the furniture of our forefathers might be written to-day of these articles of Chinese furniture :—

> "Restless was the chair ; the back erect
> Distressed the weary loins, that felt no ease."

And his description of one of the kinds of stools we have already mentioned is also apt :—

> "On three legs
> Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
> A massy stone."

According to our ideas, Chinese houses are but scantily furnished. Down both sides of a reception-room, to flank the opium couch or bed at the top, will be seen two rows of chairs of Chinese black ebony, with a high stool-like table in two storeys between each second chair and the first of the next couple. These little tables are conveniently at hand to put cups of tea on, or the hookah-like pipe in the intervals of smoking.

Few have had the privilege of living in a purely native house and being in the native household as one of the inmates ; for East is East and West is West, and, leaving all matters of food and sanitation out of the question, the greatest forbearance is needed on both sides not to tread on each other's

corns and shock each other's ideas of decorum and politeness. Most Europeans would put a question mark after the word "privilege" above, unless they really wished to get an insight into the inner life of a Chinese home, and were prepared to forgo comfort. This mode of entering into Chinese life is, however, scarcely necessary, as so much of their life is spent in the open, and is seen out of doors, that it is not difficult for one who has studied the Chinese thoroughly to picture the small remaining portion of their life unrevealed from what one knows, and from the echoes that one hears of the hidden life. To take lodgings in a Chinese house, as one would do in Europe and America, is impossible, or next to it, and would be inadvisable, from the European standpoint, for the reasons given above.

The tradesman, except in the most affluent circumstances, and as a rule even then, lives in or above or behind his shop. The merchant, who in China is only a shopkeeper on a larger, grander scale, very possibly does the same. If not, like his European *confrère*, he will spend the best part of the day at business. The merchant will often have shares in half a dozen, a dozen, or more, separate businesses. To keep a personal supervision of all these is impossible, and to hold some check on them he will put in a clansman, to keep some oversight on what goes on in his interests. Under these conditions it is possible for an unscrupulous man, in case of difficulties and a failure

of the firm, to attempt to deny all responsibilities connected with the insolvent business, and the fact that a Chinaman can use several names to represent himself aids him in his nefarious designs. On the whole, however, the Chinese are honest business men.

The mandarin's office, barracks, court-house, gaol, and residence are all in the same congeries of buildings: so he is always at home, and his work is never done, in the case of high and responsible officials. He is never out of harness, except for the nominal period of three years (really twenty-seven months) of mourning for his parents. During this period he should have no additions to his family. This is the only time when the ceremonial etiquette of Chinese family life sanctions the restriction of the birth-rate. At other times John Chinaman's idea is that the more sons the better, and unfortunately the fewer daughters still the better.

There is no counterpart to the Londoner's and the English city dweller's exodus to the suburbs in the evening and into the city in the day. The country has not yet been discovered in China, much less the seaside. The Chinaman's country is his ancestral home, though it may not be the country for which our Western wishes long, our minds dream of, and our eyes behold with visions of future delight, when in the dusty noisy city streets. In the ancestral hall are John Chinaman's tablets of his ancestors for several generations back

at the very least. To this root-place of his clan he returns when the outside world has been too hard for him, and in abject poverty he seeks the help which the ancestral or family funds will afford him. Religion, social status, support, if necessary, are all to be found here; and often wife and family reside here while the chief bread-winner is at some great mart or distant port, or even abroad seeking to amass the fortune which, as a rule, John Chinaman knows so well how to acquire by his frugal habits, patience, perseverance, and keen business instincts. The wife is left at this centre, to minister to the comfort of the parents-in-law; for theoretically and practically the old folks at home are the chief concern. They are not relatives, according to the Chinese idea, but belong to the innermost circle of human relationships, more intimate than the outer, ever-expanding family.

Once or twice a year, if possible, John Chinaman goes home to see them. It is to be supposed that he incidentally sees his wife as well; but that is not the object of his visit, at least the ostensible and avowed reason for the journey. At other times, if distance and labour do not forbid, he may "go back to the country," as he calls it. An occasion that rightly enough would imperatively demand his return is as a son, to perform the last pious rites for his parents.

It would, however, be entirely unnecessary to be present at his wife's funeral; nor indeed, for that

matter, is it necessary, in some parts of the country, for him to be present at his own wedding. He may be too busy, and not be able to get away to put in an appearance, or it is possible he may be at the other side of the world; but his mother can arrange everything for him. No courting, of course, is necessary; and a barnyard fowl will act as his *locum tenens* at the marriage feast and ceremonies. This is one of the things that, to say the least of it, make it rather awkward for an English or foreign girl to marry a Chinaman, as on going home to China she may find a Chinese girl already installed as chief wife by the old mother, and, unless the stranger from over the waters is willing to take her place as second wife, and be the slave of the mother-in-law and the drudge of the real wife, ructions are the result. Thus, once installed, the legitimate, legal wife cannot be ousted from her position for an outsider, who would have no status in Chinese family life, but that of a secondary wife, or so-called concubine.

It is a thousand pities that this phase of Chinese marital life is not widely known in Europe and America and our colonies. A Chinaman comes abroad, and is made much of. He is perhaps a nice fellow, is making his way in the world, and is kind and attentive to the English or Australian girl he is courting. She is infatuated, and marries him, knowing nothing of Chinese social life and customs, and not believing what she is told, should

any one, knowing what the Chinese marriage customs are, warn her beforehand. As long as they remain in Australia or some foreign land all may go well ; but, naturally enough, sooner or later the man wants to go home, and, kind and good husband as he may have been, the inexorable laws of marriage, the customs, with the iron-bound sanction of ages, cannot be broken through, and the man feels himself helpless. The girl is disillusioned too late.

These cases are not uncommon. The author has come across not a few in his official life, and occasionally had it in his power to render some slight assistance to the distressed women; but in other cases nothing could be done. If there are children, *i.e.*, boys, the matter becomes complicated, as the family, supposing the first wife has no sons, wish to retain one at least for ancestral worship, and the author has known stratagems and tricks resorted to, either to get the child away from its mother, or to keep it, should the mother attempt to leave the much-wived household. What the mother's feelings are may be imagined without an attempt at description.

The Chinese official appears to long for the day when he may cease from his arduous labours, a difficult thing, as there is no age for retirement —illness, senility, or dismissal being the only means of retiring into private life. That many long for this laying down of the robes of state, there is ample proof in Chinese literature. One of

the foremost poets of China verses the wish thus :—

"Would I could
Hie me from my office cares.
By the brooklet then I'd lie,
Catch the finny tribes with snares;
In my cottage in the wood,
Read my books and dream and think,
Love o'er all the past to brood
And the present with it link."

The gentleman at large, if a literary man, finds enjoyment in his library. The author has a pleasant memory of visiting a wealthy merchant of literary and scientific tastes in his country house, who, amidst edifying conversation, regaled him and his friend with slight refreshment, the leading feature in which has fixed itself on the writer's memory as a pot of English jam, which was expected to be taken from the jar by the aid of a foreign fork.

Meals are the most important part of the day to a Chinaman. The wise will not in a moment of urgent haste for the performance of some important matter, call on a Chinaman, even though he be his servant, to forgo the pleasures of the table, even for a brief season. The two set meals in the day occupy some of a man's time, to which are added an informal lunch, and other pickings pass some of the hours. His lark, also, requires a gentleman's care, to give it some fresh air, though he may not feel the need of any himself. This

and a chat with friends will move on the slow wheels of time. Now and then, public affairs may come in the day's work, as those who have the responsibility of the neighbourhood on their hands meet in temple or guildhall.

It must not be supposed that an assembly of this sort is governed by the rules that keep our public bodies to a strict attention to the business before them. Yet without the rigid rules framed for the rapid transaction of business, the work is done, and well done too, notwithstanding the leisurely chatting, the drinking of innumerable cups of tea, smoking of endless pipes, and splitting of hundreds of melon seeds. Looking after his large family of wives and children also engrosses the attention of a man of leisure during many an hour.

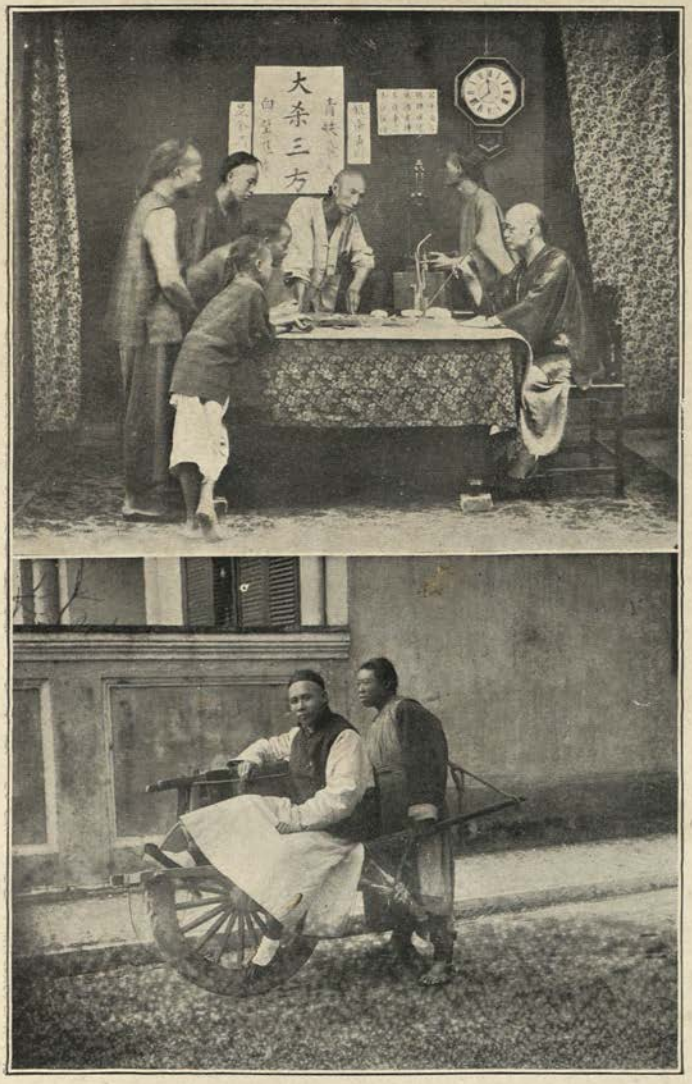
There are no calls on the ladies of the house by gentlemen. The inner apartments only receive lady visitors and their children; gentlemen are only received in the outer apartments by the host and his sons. The inevitable tea, pipes, and melon seeds, and sometimes sweets, &c., are produced. A most ceremonial reception and leave-taking precede and follow the ceremonious call. The rank and position of the guest form the guide to the honour that is to be accorded to him, and the distance the host has to escort him to his sedan-chair.

Dinners are not given at home, but at a restaurant in the town, and, of course, no ladies of respectability are present.

Chess is thought to be a game for a scholar, nor is it confined to that class, as the street chair-coolies may be seen playing while waiting for hire. Other games are also played. One of the most common amongst the latter class is nine men's morris.

The Chinese man of fortune is fortunate if gambling has not cast its glamour and infatuation over him, as his ample means, if not entirely dissipated by it are bound to suffer large encroachments on them. Nearly all Chinese gamble more or less. Better still if the opium-pipe does not claim him as its slave, as the chains once fastened on him are well-nigh impossible to burst, and the vice soon masters him, demanding, as the habit grows, more time to be devoted to it, and ruining his whole life, filching money from his purse, and when that is emptied, gradually taking his property. When that is exhausted, wife and child sometimes go, to find the means to satisfy the craving for the drug. At last the man is left an "opium ghost," as the Chinese expressively term it, for he is but a ghost of what he was, an emaciated and walking skeleton on the brink of a dishonoured grave, ready with gaping mouth to engulf him. Happy, if timely wise, he resolutely shuns the foe at its first advances.

The women in the house employ themselves with embroidery, making their small shoes, smoking, cracking melon seeds, looking after their children and the ordering of the household. If rich, the



1. A GAMBLING HOUSE. 2. THE CHINESE "BARROW."

oversight of the women-servants and domestic slave-girls occupies part of their time. The negotiations for the marriage of their children, in which the father takes his full share, is another engrossing matter. Gossip, playing dominoes and cards while away some idle hours, and visits to acquaintance are not forgotten, when, shut up in closed sedan-chairs, they hurry through the streets, attended by a woman-servant or slave-girl. Quarrels are not uncommon between the different wives.

A feast-day is a gala-day. Theatricals form a bright interlude; but it is not considered respectable to frequent the theatre. The whole life would be miserable to our well-educated woman, with so many interests, not only indoors but out. We must, however, remember that this narrow life, with no wide outlook, is what the Chinese lady has been brought up to, and she knows no other. Notwithstanding all her disadvantages, many a Chinese woman is capable, sensible, and well fitted to rule her household; but much is wanting, nevertheless, for her to attain, in the majority of cases, to the position she should occupy in the home-life of the nation. This, many of the people are beginning to realise. Now is the opportunity for the West to give of its best to the East, and impart to them the civilising influences of Christianity.

CHAPTER XXIV

John Chinaman at Work

JOHN CHINAMAN is a hard worker—one of the hardest, all things being taken into consideration, on the face of the earth. An early riser, he toils on through all the long hours of a weary summer's day without a Spanish siesta or an Englishman's midday dinner-hour.

Climatic conditions and no weekly day of rest deny him the intense energy, displayed amongst some of the world's labourers, and oftener to be found in the temperate and rest-giving West ; but take the Chinese boatman when in full toil, and the burden-bearing coolies in Canton, and the incessant hard labour and the strength displayed are commensurate with any efforts of the West.

Unbraced by a continuous cool climate, as prevails to a great extent in most European countries, John Chinaman's physique is doubtless lower than that of many a stout Englishman or brawny Scot. But see a couple of chair-coolies, slight in build and short in stature, lift up a sedan-

chair on their shoulders—no light weight in itself —and bear it through the heat and burden of a sweltering day, with the thermometer far up in the eighties, and rising up even beyond ninety degrees, in the shade: see all this done amidst an atmosphere surcharged with moisture, and your respect for the endurance of John Chinaman goes up a considerable number of degrees. The author has had four men carry him rapidly in a very heavy chair up a steep height of about 1,800 feet with only one or two slight rests, and then, shortly afterwards carry him down the same distance on the same road again. Though the Chinese jinricksha-coolie cannot excel, or perhaps vie with, his Japanese *confrère*, yet he can do a good spin in the shafts of that vehicle.

John Chinaman is the most patient toiler to be found on God's earth. He does not hurry himself, unless under the weight of a great and heavy burden. The hustle of the Far West is but little known in the Far East. Time is of comparatively little importance to him; it is not of the essence of the contract; time does not seem to be money. It is more the distance traversed than the time taken to do it that forms the basis of the demand by the chair-coolie or jinricksha-coolie for more than his legal fare.

Scamping of work is not unknown in the East, any more than in the West, and here it is that the Chinese carpenter or bricklayer seems to appreciate the full value of time for the accumulation of an

unearned increment of wages unjustly acquired. Strict commercial honesty is as common in China in the mercantile firm as the Englishman will find it in the centres of his own commerce, if it is not better understood and carried out; but the workman's application of it to wage-earning is a different story.

Some of the long hours of Chinese toil are more apparent than real; for the busy hammer and anvil of the blacksmith are heard at ten o'clock at night, and the explanation of this is, that there are different relays of men employed.

Patient toil, in which time appears to be of little consequence, and with tools which a Western workman would think it impossible to do anything decent with, are the normal conditions of Chinese labour. There is a want of finish in much of the work produced by the Chinaman's primitive tools, but it is a wonder that, with such rude contrivances as some of them are, he is able to do what he does so well. On the other hand, some of the work that goes from his hands is exquisite. The carving is fine, as shown especially in the wood-carving of curios, black-wood furniture, panels, and the open-work of the upper part of the French doors that he delights to put in his buildings, taking the place of the otherwise plain partitions. The carving of ivory chess-men, card-cases, &c., of marble cups, of stone into snuff-bottles and curios, is all worthy of note.

As an instance of patience, there is in Chinese

literature the story of one who, wanting a needle, ground down a crowbar for the purpose. "A Chinaman never scorns any kind of drudgery," says the author of *The Chinese as They Are*. "He feels no scruple as to the honourable or dishonourable character of the occupation, but casts an eye towards the wages stipulated, and zealously applies himself to the toil."

Some of the Chinese tools are very different from those in use in the West. Hones and whetstones are used by the carpenter, one being a constant occupier of his wooden tool-tray ; but if a pair of scissors or a razor is to be sharpened, they are not ground with a grindstone, but shaved by a cutting tool similar to a spoke-shave. Every kind of iron or steel work is produced in a very rude manner. The brass padlocks are curious things. The chisels are rough-looking objects. A plane has a small stick for a handle, put through a hole prepared for it at the back part of the body of the plane, thus requiring the use of both hands. The saw has its blade generally set at an angle to the handle, the latter being a framework, forming with the blade, which is at one side of it, a parallelogram. A carpenter's brace and bit are ingenious and curious ; the former is a stick, with a short cross-bar at one end for a handle, a loose cord is attached to it at both ends, and the slack part of this is twisted round the bit-holder, which can thus be caused to rotate rapidly, one hand holding the brace and the other the bit-holder, guiding it

and exerting the requisite amount of pressure required.

The Chinese scaffold-builders (quite a craft in itself) are very clever and ingenious. In a land where at certain seasons of the year the rain descends in torrents, precautions are necessary to shield and protect a building while in course of construction and repair. Not only is a framework of bamboo poles erected round it; but this is carried over the roof, and covered with large oblongs of bamboo-leaves fastened together. No nails are used in these structures, which are tied together securely and firmly by long thongs of split rattan. Under this shelter workmen are secure from sun and showers. When the work is over the builders appear again, and, removing the coverings first, they take down the framework, using for this purpose short knives to cut through the rattan.

Nor are these mat-sheds only used for a protection for buildings at certain times; but they are put up, to house the workmen required on any particular job, as the building of a house, extensive repairs, or excavations of earthwork, construction of roads, the building of tombs, &c., and still further, many Chinese use them as permanent residences. Europeans, indeed, occasionally find them convenient for that purpose, as they can be fitted with wooden doors and windows, &c., and they are most useful also when required for a short time, taking the place of tents and marquees.

They are quickly put up, quickly taken down, and quickly destroyed if by chance they take fire. They are largely used by the Chinese for theatres.

Instead of employing a long ladder to ascend to the roof of a house to execute repairs, the Chinese appear to prefer to make a temporary ladder of bamboo poles against the house. The scaffold-builders are in constant demand, and most useful their work is for steeples and towers. Temporary bridges are made in the same way, with bamboo poles and boards laid for the flooring. Little wharves are also constructed in the same manner. One constantly sees in Hong Kong an inclined plane of such material, leading up from the street to the upper storey of a house where a death has occurred, to allow the passage of the heavy coffin through a window down into the street.

An immense number of operations are carried on in China with man-power, as steam-power is only being introduced of late in railways, steamers, &c. Horse-power would form no unit of calculation to a Chinese, for horses are unknown, and Manchurian ponies are but little used, in immense tracts of that great Empire. In the south, where a few are seen, they serve as carriers of military mandarins, who ride on them, and the servants of great civil officials also use them for the same purpose. The only animal used for traction in the south is the water-buffalo, which draws the primi-

tive plough through the Chinaman's fields, and also turns the oil-mill, &c. Man is the pack-horse, man is the carrier of burdens of every kind and of every material. Man burdens himself with his fellow-man in a more literal sense than with us. With oar, track-line, and pole, man has moved millions of boats and vessels for thousands of years, in a land where boats are used for every conceivable object, thankful when favourable wind and tide give him respite from active toil, and all that is necessary is a hand on the tiller and the sheets of the wide-spread sail. Man with an endless pump raises water by using his feet on treadmill-like steps rotating floats within a trough and so dragging up the water from the river to irrigate his rice-fields. And in his boats which carry fish to the market, his feet acting on the same principle, bring in a supply of fresh water to the fish in the tanks.

Applying the same method he takes the place of a steam-engine in some of the passage-boats on the Canton River, which proceed rapidly on their voyages, relays of men working the stern-wheel and so providing the motive power; the boats might be fitly described not as of so much horse-power but of so many men-power. In this connection it may be interesting to note that jinricksha means man-power carriage.

Most ingenious are the ivory-carvers, who employ a number of small chisels, either level at

the edge or slanting on one side to a point. Some have a projecting tooth upon one side, in order to undercut the figures. "The workman holds the object in his left hand, and scrapes away the ivory with his right. He resorts to no means for abridging the labour of his task." Some of the most curious objects produced by them are concentric ivory balls, one being within the other and all carved, even the innermost ones. This is done by tools being introduced through the holes of the carvings of the outer balls. This example is enough to show what infinite care and trouble Chinese workmen take in their work.

Nearly every Chinaman believes in the right to work, and the majority find the right work to do, though it may be almost unremunerative. Numerous as are the occasions for a procession in China, there are none of the unemployed, crying their lugubrious strain of "We've got no work to do"; that is left to the beggars, and even they work diligently and unceasingly at their employment of soliciting alms. The inherently vicious take up the work of highway robbery and piracy, to which often the otherwise honest have been driven by floods or famines.

It has been recently stated that in England 13,000,000 persons "are living within a week of want, and are habitually underfed and insufficiently clothed." It is impossible to say how many millions of China's teeming population are in a similar

position; but that there are vast multitudes of them in such a condition there cannot be a shadow of doubt, and yet, except when a flood or famine upsets the ordinary state of affairs, they manage to keep soul and body together and continue the race.

The solidarity of labour is evinced by the ubiquitous guild, which not only gathers all the otherwise scattered members of one handicraft under its ægis, but bristles with enmity against all who try to impugn its authority and crushes them by its power. A system of apprenticeship is in existence, during the years of which the lad becomes proficient in his calling. The guilds are financed by the subscriptions of the craftsmen, fines, &c. They subscribe liberally to charitable purposes.

Theoretically to work with the hands is the most honourable of all callings in China, next to that which claims the pre-eminence—that of working with the brain, viz., the scholar. After the literati come the agriculturists, and this means the man who has a small holding. In China one does not see farms hundreds of acres in extent. A Chinese acre, a *mow*, is less than the sixth of an English one.

A farmer is really a market-gardener, though he grows rice and other crops. His fields are neat and beautiful, with the regular and clean rows of vegetables—not a weed is to be seen. Morning and night, with his two large buckets

hanging to a pole across his shoulders, in a half-trot he runs up the hollows between the ridges, and showers down the miniature rain from these primitive watering-pots. There is no rose, only a slit cut across the long bamboo tube which rises from each bucket, and a broad jet of water spurts out from them. He is busy, too, with his buckets of liquid night-soil diluted with water, which he ladles out on the growing crops; he appears to have no olfactory nerves, as he carries on his nauseous task. The earliest dawn finds him at his work; but soon after five or six o'clock in the evening the fields are deserted. Then he hies him home to his hovel-like abode in the little hamlet or village, for lonely farm-houses scattered here and there over the country-side are unknown in China.

Safety is in numbers, though even robberies and armed assaults on villages are not unknown A single house would be liable to a raid on it. In river-travel the boats are glad at night to stop at a village, or where several others have put up till daylight.

The emerald-green of the rice-fields is a beautiful sight, as the tender shoots rise from their watery bed. Later on they put on a corn-golden hue. The most untidy fields are those of the sweet potatoes, which grow on sandy soil. The creepers of this spread over the ridges and encroach on the hollows between.

The farmer's tools are most primitive; his

plough, harrow, and mattocks were brought with him from the cradle of the race, and evidently have not been altered since. His winnowing-machine, simple in construction, has been copied in Europe, it is said. The mattock is used largely in agricultural operations. In working it is lifted high above the head and brought down with force, and the impetus of its descent sends it well into the soil. The spade is but little used.

Thriftiness under the hard taskmaster of limited means is perhaps carried as far, if not farther, than amongst any people. The endurance of the Chinese coolie is great. The coal-coolies coaling a vessel work hard and carry in the usual Chinese manner the two baskets of coal, slung to a pole, up the narrow gangway planks in a continual stream and empty them down into the bunkers. The earth-coolies, like ants, carry the excavated earth in continuous lines, one with full baskets, the other with empty ones returning for another load. Thus a cutting is made for a railway, or foundations for buildings, or reclamation work is carried on. In Hong Kong it is a sight to see the traffic of these coolies on the road. There are about 150 houses in the Peak district of the colony at heights of from 1,000 to 1,800 feet above the sea-level, including a large hotel and two barracks. All the material for these buildings, whether timber, brick, or tiles, has been carried by men, women, and children up a steep road, much of it in a hot, broiling sun. The stone for retaining walls

and foundations was obtained on the heights themselves, but this likewise was carried by men to the site required.

The children begin early at this hard labour, taking a few bricks in the bamboo slings suspended to the two ends of the pole, and, like Milo with the calf, as they grow in strength the burden increases, till between thirty and forty bricks can be carried at each end of the carrying pole. Two journeys are sometimes made in the day with these loads, while most would think that a simple walk up and down without any burden was quite enough, if not too much, on a hot day. Not only are these two journeys taken, but the houses in which these coolies herd are often a mile or two away from their work.

A not uncommon thing for Chinese when carrying heavy objects a long distance is to take two loads; they start with one, and before long put it down at the side of the road, and go back for the other, keeping up this alternate carrying of the two till the end of the journey is reached. Thus a rest is obtained between each carry. With the perspiration pouring down his naked back, or barefoot in keenly cold weather, and nothing on his legs but a ragged pair of old cotton trousers, the Chinese coolie makes the best of life. "He earns whate'er he can" with a habitual readiness to labour. He can wash his own clothes; his wardrobe is small; he can cook his own dinner; he is happy and contented, and makes

the best of everything, joking and laughing, and seldom quarrelling with any one.

Everything that surrounds him is conducive to the expenditure of the least to produce results commensurate to his needs. Even his enjoyments, barring the vices of gambling and opium-smoking, are on a reasonable scale. A mountain streamlet, if in the country, provides him with some cool water to rinse out his mouth when thirsty (not much cold water is drunk in China). Some one has placed an old bowl ready at hand to catch the water as it trickles out of the rock, a little stall under some shady tree has laid on it cups of amber-coloured tea, a few cakes, and fruit, any and all of which may be had for the expenditure of a few cash. His breakfast he has had before leaving home, and his dinner he will have after his day's work is over. He carries his pipe and tobacco with him, and has a whiff or two out of its tiny bowl every now and then, or buys a few cigarettes for a few cash from a stall, and one or two may be stuck above his ear, ready for a smoke when wanted. Sometimes he carries a few cash in his ear. His amusements are not many: he can always chat to his heart's content, and laugh and joke to any extent with others like-conditioned as himself. The theatre, with its entrancing scenes of historic story or broad farce, can be enjoyed for a mere trifle.

It does not seem much to live for; a narrow horizon, the limitations great; and yet he enjoys

life—one feels almost inclined to say, to the full. He starts it with a knowledge of how to be happy, though single, and he has scarcely learned that when his mother puts him into the position of "how to be happy though married." If any one has solved the problem of how to be happy though poor, it is John Chinaman, and in many instances he soon rises to the position of trying whether he can be happy though rich.

A people capable of the minute care and attention, patient industry, and never-relenting toil shown in their carvings are the same who have constructed some of the wonders of the world, as all these powers of application and endurance ensure, when once commenced, the completion of great undertakings. An example of this is the Great Wall, 1,500 miles long, along the northern boundaries, which took ten years to construct. The Roman Wall of Britain pales into insignificance beside this enormous rampart, which, as one writer has remarked, would extend from Portugal to Naples. Nor is this the only wall of this kind. Dr. Stein, the explorer, has recently found remains of others, the existence of which had been forgotten. The Grand Canal is another monument to John Chinaman's persevering toil—an enterprise which reflects far more credit upon the monarchs who devised and executed it than does the Great Wall; and if the time in which it was dug, and the character of the princes who planned it be considered, few works can be mentioned in the

history of any country more admirable and useful. When originally constructed, there was uninterrupted water communication between Peking and Canton—nearly the whole length of the Empire.

CHAPTER XXV

What John Chinaman Believes

DEEP-ROOTED in all his thoughts and feelings, John Chinaman enshrines the ghosts of those who gave him birth. These spirits he fears always, even if he reverences them and desires their welfare; for he believes that on their comfort and goodwill depends his well-being.

Besides these the world is filled with good and evil spirits, for he does not confine his mental vision to what his physical sight reveals to him, but allows his fancies full play in what has been described as "the dim mysterious region beyond our present range of thought." John Chinaman, however, fully peoples this region with very substantial shadows who roam in this upper world. There are hungry ghosts amongst them for whom, in his charity, as they have no relatives to care for them, he provides a feast once a year. These ghostly feasts—whether for his own ancestors or for famished starveling spirits, by rights belonging to others, or for his gods, consist of the

sublimated essences of solid food and drink, which by some subtle mysterious manner serve to feed with their invisible elements the invisible beings. The hunger of the ghosts provided for, man, in the persons of the offerer and his family, can fall on what they have left. According to John Chinaman, all are satisfied, and, viewed from his standpoint, it is a most satisfactory proceeding, for not only are the ghosts fed but, except for the drink offerings, some of which may be poured out on the ground, what has been offered, undiminished in quantity, serves as a feast for the living.

Besides libations poured on the ground, smoking candles have flared and guttered in the wind or on the quiet altar, and the fragrant savour of incense floated in the air. Joss paper has also been changed to ashes, and somehow or other penetrated into the spirit-world, transformed, so John Chinaman believes, by the process, the unreal into the real, the shadow into the substance, the tinsel into silver and gold, by the sublimating effects of the fire. Paper and bamboo models of boats likewise are burned, and in the same way become boats fit to stem the floods of Hades. Sedan-chairs and carriages, and even servants, all made of paper and bamboo, are thus sent to relatives and friends and all who have died. Equally flimsy miniature houses are transformed into gorgeous substantial mansions in the Elysian Fields ; paper garments, patterns of the real, into

warm clothing for naked spirits. Thus fed, housed, clothed, nourished, and every want provided for, including even mock cash, juggled somehow into real coin to buy in the next world what he has omitted to send from this, John Chinaman is satisfied that hell's evils are overcome, and heaven resounds with praise and enhanced joy, more especially as he has doubtless also spent substantial money on priests, monks, and nuns, to say masses to release the departed from the pains of hell.

Besides these spirits of the departed, the world is peopled with beings who but seldom reveal themselves to the eye of flesh. Spirits reside in the wide-spreading banyan-trees in the temple-yard and at the corners of the bridges, and are remembered with offerings. Some of the former worthies of earth are now worthier than ever, as they have been entrusted with different functions of Nature. Fire is ruled over by the God of Fire, who was the wick or flame of a lamp in a temple for long ages, until finally he attained to the sanctity of a temple and shrine for himself. A midwife in Canton, who lived a century or two ago, has been deified as the patron saint of women at the most critical period of their lives. A famous general in feudal China two thousand years or more ago is now the God of War. All the forces of Nature have gods presiding over them.

Down in the pearly depths of the Yellow or China Sea sits in a palace of delight the Ocean

Dragon King, who sends the rain, mounting the sky and riding on the clouds, spouting out the showers as they fall. His duty is assigned him, and the precise quantity he is to send, the measure of his floods of blessings being fixed by the inexorable decrees and commands of the Gem-meous Ruler, the Supreme Ruler over gods and demons in the Taoist hierarchy of gods. This same Dragon King of the Ocean Depths lost his head once for disobedience; for he sent more rain than ordered for the purpose of falsifying the predictions of a soothsayer, and was beheaded in consequence.

The sailor, especially the rough and rugged Fokienese navigator, puts his faith in a goddess who, while in the flesh, and sitting at her spinning-wheel, fell one day into a trance-like sleep, and her spirit leaving her body rode on the storm, and rescued her father and one brother from the deep. She would have succeeded in towing her other brother's boat out of danger as well, had it not been that her mother waked her, and the thread in her mouth, which was the tow-line attached to the bows of the subsequently wrecked vessel, snapped, and her brother was drowned.

The women venerate especially the virgin Goddess of Mercy, the daughter, centuries ago, of an Indian king, who withstood all attempts to force her into marriage. Biting her finger, she extinguished, with the blood which spurted out, the flames in the palace which were lit to coerce her

into yielding or being destroyed. The personification of tender mercy, on her visit to Hades she pitied the poor wretches being punished, and poured some of the precious dew or holy water from her vase, and thus eased a poor soul being brayed in a mortar. This and kindred actions called out a vigorous protest on the part of the officials of the Lower Regions in favour of justice being done and punishment being allowed to continue, as the recompense of evil deeds. Like the Buddhas—for she is a Buddha also—she sits on a lotus as a throne; an infant is often on one arm, or sitting in her lap. Her sublime grace has charmed the demon who stands on her right, and made him a slave of compassionate love. Her pity and loving-kindness are vouchsafed to all; for she hears with compassion the prayers of those who are in distress.

But the hosts of the unseen are innumerable. Nearly every house-door has pasted on it the figures of two ancient generals, who guarded an emperor from the disturbance of evil, noisy spirits, and who are therefore trusted in by all for a similar purpose now; for evil ghosts and demons are everywhere. They rush along the streets, if a straight course is allowed them, and so, to prevent this, turns and corners are made in the narrow streets, much to the inconvenience of all, as well as of the bad spirits, and houses also jut out to obstruct their course. To prevent their loitering at these corners stones are set up or

let into the wall, with the awful words on them, "A stone from the Tie Mountain," and, aghast, the ghosts sweep round the corner.

The benign God of the Locality, often with his wife, sits in a shrine at many a street corner; for the evil spirits of the English public-houses do not infest these spots in the Chinese streets. Shrines and altars to these tutelary spirits abound. At each shop-front, in the end of the counter which separates part of the shop from the street, a little niche is seen in the stone- or brick-work, and in it on red paper or a board can be read an inscription which bears the name of the God of Wealth; for the Chinese are honest in acknowledging that they worship wealth. Many in the West do likewise, but will not allow that they do. This inscription is often an invocation to riches to come and bless the shopkeeper; incense night and morning is lighted before this, and offerings often made. Another shrine is in the shop itself, where also incense is his service, as well as other acknowledgments of the god's presence.

A list of Chinese gods and deities would be long, and never complete, as new ones are constantly being added to the number; and what would serve for one part of the country would not be appropriate to another. The gods have come down to the Chinese in the form of men, or rather men have risen to the heavens in the form of gods, for nearly all the deified heroes

or saints have had a human history, either ancient or modern.

The popular belief is that the spirit of the god takes up its abode in the conventional image which man prepares for his dwelling, after the service of instalment and induction, which is signified by a vermilion dot on the eye. If a temple is to be repaired, the gods are asked to take themselves away until all is ready for their return, when they are invited back. It seems altogether very much like grown-up people playing at dolls, only it is in real earnest, and not make-believe, and the people are dominated by the fear of these gods which they have highly exalted to this regal state to rule the destinies of man from that high eminence conferred on them by their worshippers.

The system of Buddhist philosophy has pandered to the human cry of the lowly dwellers on earth who felt unable to scale the icy heights of the philosophical self-negation of the Indian reformer. Buddhism has taken under her wing, in worldly wisdom and eclectic selection, many an idol, and hatched many a belief entirely incompatible with her original tenets of belief. With the tolerance of all beliefs, typical of the ordinary Chinese mind, Taoism often shares in the same shrine of the human heart, and its gods are also sometimes companions in the same material fane, and with them *primus inter pares* sits Confucius, the Sage of All Ages.

Temples abound containing a pantheon of

Buddhist or Taoist gods. In the former a trinity of the Three Precious Buddhas is enshrined in the place of honour ; representing in the exoteric form of the faith the esoteric beliefs of the three most precious things of the Buddhist belief, varying in different fanes, as different views are held as to the pre-eminence of the component elements of the faith. Gaudama's followers are likewise deified—first, 18, the most common number, then 500, and even 10,000. Numerous other Buddhist saints and even demi-gods taken over from primitive beliefs share the main buildings of the temples, or the side chapels.

The same holds good of Taoism, which has created a trinity of its own, to vie with Buddhism, though, like it, it has sunk from a system of philosophy to one of idolatry. In a Taoist temple, if large, may sometimes be seen a hall set apart for the images of the threescore beings who are supposed to preside over the sixty years of the Chinese sexagenary cycle. Then in the city temple will be seen in the cloisters of its outer compartments scenes representing the Ten Courts of Hades, each with its judge, and lictors, as on earth, torturing poor wretches for the peccadilloes of killing insects, as well as for more flagrant sins and crimes. Hades is modelled on earth.

Then, besides the larger temples and monasteries, smaller temples are scattered all over the cities, towns, and villages, and even along the country roads, almost as thick as public-houses

SHANGHAI CITY TEMPLE.

are in England. Ancestral halls also abound, where the tablets of the deceased parents are set up for worship.

Now and then some defunct member of the human race is canonised by public opinion, and from some wonder-working miracle, or cure, believed in by the credulous people, or from an answer to some petition or prayer, takes his or her hold on the superstitious minds, and public estimation soon grows in the new idol's favour. First a small wayside shrine serves as a mark of esteem in which the new-found saint is held; but as popularity increases a small temple rises to displace it, until eventually, as the years roll by, a larger fane appears, and other gods find shrines in it, and other subsidiary buildings grow up round it. Worshippers appear on the saint's day in great multitudes, crowding the courts and thronging the approaches.

The idol's birthday is the equivalent of the saints' days in Roman Catholic countries. Strange to say, the author knows of one city where it does not fall on the same day at the two or three temples dedicated to the worship of a particular goddess.

Large incense-sticks are sometimes brought home by the women-folk after a visit to the temple. A roaring trade is done in candles, incense, &c. At one temple in Hong Kong, and the same happens elsewhere, on and about the time of the saintly birthday, booths of matting

arise for the sale of these accessories of heathen worship, to disappear when the short season is over.

Monasteries and nunneries are found in the land: the former more often in wooded glen by the banks of some bubbling mountain brook, and here pilgrims resort, combining a love of Nature with the exercise of religious observances. Monasteries are also found in busy cities, as well as convents. Both monks and nuns are held in very little estimation by the Chinese.

Buddhism and Taoism have seen their best days in China. To a great extent they are decadent faiths. The Chinese are ready to accept a belief in anything strange. The attitude they appear often to take is, that it may be well to take the chance of something proving useful and worthy of belief. Hence the religious belief of John Chinaman is a conglomerate one: a dash of Nature worship, in many of its numerous developments, and the cult of ancestor worship. Most of the Old World's primitive beliefs are to be traced in survivals in China—a traditional belief in the Supreme Ruler, a providence typified by heaven and earth, and on all this is superimposed the idolatrous systems of Buddhism and Taoism, which have opened the way for a gross mass of superstition.

As to his ordinary beliefs, apart from his religious feelings, one will find a counterpart in the absurd theories and utterly erroneous opinions

held in our own lands some few centuries ago. What at times most unfortunately affects foreign intercourse in an unpleasant manner, is the ascribing of the most astounding powers to the foreigner who penetrates into China. We appear strange objects to the unsophisticated native, with our blue eyes (or green, as he calls them), red hair, and white faces. He believes us so wonderfully equipped as to be able to see into the solid earth and discover hidden treasures. He further believes that we can and do take the dark eyes out of Chinese babies, whom we murder for that purpose, and make wonderful sight-seeing preparations with them. In proof of this are the skeletons found in our hospitals, and the graves of foundlings buried in orphanages established by foreigners; for Chinese infants do not receive decent interment amongst the natives.

CHAPTER XXVI

New Life in Old China

CHINA awoke the other day after a Rip van Winkle sleep of centuries to realise that she who had been first would soon be last in the march of the nations. She had been the leading Power in the Far East. Nations near and far sought her smile, or trembled at her frown. Her commerce spread far and wide in her own vessels and penetrated to the farthest parts of their then known world. Her armies subdued the neighbouring nations, and even carried war to the borders of India. Her civilisation became that of the Far Eastern world; for her near neighbours based their letters, their literature, their art on China's. Her inventions preceded similar revelations to master-minds in the West, or in some cases may even have given hints to the West, and in others gradually spread through the East to the West. Her sages preached the highest morality known to many a nation, and were accepted as the teachers of neighbouring peoples. Her priests travelled to the distant land of India in the interests of what

they considered a better faith, to learn more fully of it, and bring back its sacred books and relics, and then passed on the knowledge they had acquired to Japan and other countries receptive of the faith.

At last the inexorable decrees of Fate seemed to thunder forth that iron fetters should confine her thoughts in the channels prepared for them in antiquity. Her scholars glided down the Stream of Time, content to rest on the achievements of the past, Age at the prow and Old Custom at the helm. The glorious fabric of knowledge and learning, the foundations of which had been laid with such honour, and bid fair to be the cynosure of all eyes, developed no further than a "crypt of the Past."

What was, has been, is now, and ever shall be, world without end—that was the creed. As the women's feet were bound in bandages, and lost their power of free and healthy action, so the minds of the men were "cribbed, cabined, confined," by the tight fetters of iron-bound custom, of age-old antiquity, and unfitted for the free stepping out on the path of progress. China was a valley of dry bones, bleached by the apathy of ages. "Son of man, can these dry bones live?" The boisterous gales of the north, the softer winds of the west have blown, and at last there is a stirring, as the Zeitgeist has penetrated these remotest parts of the earth.

Why this state of things? What had served in

ages past was thought fit for ages to come. Glory and honour and power had all come from what had been tried and had not been found wanting. Why, when the foundations of the Empire had stood strong on it; when the eminence of the Empire had resulted from it; when the submission of nations had been its reward—should it not be the hope and salvation of the future? All round this Central Empire of civilisation were inferior peoples and nations; barbarians, many of them, with no fixed abodes—nomads with no written language or literature, savage and wild.

When from beyond the Western Seas men of stranger tribes arrived, like ghosts in appearance, in strange ships, with apparently no manners, who tore up the printed page and misused the written leaf, they apparently were other barbarians, ready with tribute for the Son of Heaven, and should be treated as such, and if perfectly submissive allowed to depart, their tribute-bearing mission over. But these strangers asserted their independence; they determined to stay and trade, they insisted on their equality to, if not superiority over, the civilised Chinese. Such presumption, such arrogance, could not be tolerated or endured for a moment. They must be kept in check and ruled with a strong hand. If his Imperial Majesty allowed them to remain, the regulations laid down for their guidance must be rigidly adhered to.

An increasing trade was carried on with this stranger within their gates. Restricted on every

hand and hampered in their operations, the foreign (English) merchant gained a foothold in the Chinese Empire at the point of the sword, and Hong Kong became a British colony. Foreign guns also opened the way for settlements at the treaty ports, which were increased gradually, having been gained first by force of arms and latterly by diplomacy; thus treaty port followed treaty port, extorted from the Chinese, till now they are beginning to open them themselves. The Portuguese had already established themselves at Macao, now more than three centuries ago.

Different nations had concessions at Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, and elsewhere. Russia was creeping in from the north, taking slice after slice of the northern possessions of the Empire. Then she reached a hand down and grasped Port Arthur. England followed suit with Weihaiwei. Then other nations wished to continue the grabbing. Italy wanted a port in Fukien. China gasped at the demands made on her for territory. Japan had already taken Formosa in war, and John Chinaman at last had the courage to say "No!" The spoilers agreed to spoil no more, but to preserve the Empire intact. Japan and China had come to blows, and the "monkey race," as John Chinaman insolently called the Japanese, his neighbours, had beaten him, to the surprise of the world.

Japan saw that if Russia once succeeded in her designs on the sovereignty of China, and engulfed Manchuria and took Korea, she might tremble in

her shoes for her own kingdom, so exerting herself, drove her enemy out of Port Arthur, recovering it for the Chinese. This staggered the world, and China wondered, and pondered deep the lesson.

All this time another secret silent conquest of China had been going on, despised by many, overlooked by others, almost ignored, disdained by the majority of the Celestials, wrapped up as they were in their pride and conceit. The missionaries, besides their direct evangelistic labours, had been busy in producing geographies, arithmetics, works on science, by the hundreds and thousands, and teaching them in their schools. A few others also assisted in bringing Western knowledge to the Chinese. Thus many minds were being prepared for what was to come. There were two factors at least, if there were not others, ready to combine and act as leverage on the fulcrum of the Japanese victories over the West and rouse China from her inertia of ages. If Japan could conquer a Western nation by the application of a Western army and navy, why could not China rise to the occasion, and, copying Japanese methods, learn from the West to keep the West at bay? So said some of China's progressives.

A wave of patriotism burst forth from the cave of the Western winds. Latent in the Chinese character, buried for ages in petty provincial jealousies, stifled, this patriotism has risen staggering like a drunkard, drunk from the sleep of ages,

striking out sometimes blindly for home and country, unreasoning in its uncertain course ; but, sobering, it will ere long use its strength aright. China moves at last ; but its new life has been won with birth-throes, and more than one Chinese patriot has died in the struggle, and others have suffered.

The late Chinese Emperor, in the hands of an ardent reformer, was rapidly hastening progress, perhaps too rapidly, when the reactionary forces awoke, and all but crushed him in their anger. Slower progress has been the order of the day since then ; for China was scarcely prepared for such drastic changes as were then being inaugurated. Now the whole air is quivering with change. It has not always been steady progress : contradictory edicts have been issued ; now a promise of change has been rescinded ; now an order has not been obeyed ; but the general trend has been a progressive one. The forces of opposition are now apparently slumbering. Whether they will assert themselves in explosive energy remains to be seen. Too much has been done, one would fain hope and ardently believe, to render retrogression possible. That there may be checks here and there may be taken for granted ; but the clock cannot be set back permanently. The mainspring of Chinese official life—its unique educational system—is being remodelled throughout the Empire. The examination halls of bygone ages, where generations have sat for the com-

petitive examinations, have been taken down, and in their place normal schools have been erected. The Confucian classics are being ousted, their place being taken by modern text-books of knowledge and science.

The antiquated modes of travel are being gradually changed. The process has been going on for a number of years past, and it is all the better that it should not dislocate and throw into confusion, rebellion, and distress those who have earned their living by the old methods. The new and the old are still to be seen together. First came the fine American river steamers on the Canton River and the Yangtse, and ocean-going steamers navigated the China Seas as soon, or even before that. An American firm's fleet of steamers was purchased years ago and added to, and they have run up and down the coast under a Chinese company's flag and the Yellow Dragon flag, with foreign captains and officers. This is the largest enterprise of the kind engaged in ; but numerous single or small steamers are Chinese-owned, running mainly on inland waters, and hundreds of small steam-launches ply up and down the numerous rivers and waterways of China. These are manned entirely by Chinese. They are built and engined also by Chinese shipbuilding and engineering firms, which have sprung up for the purpose in the last few years.

One sees the whole transition process as it appears to be, though perhaps not really alto-

STREET SCENE: PEKING.

STREET SCENE: MOUKDEN.

gether such, in operation: there is the imitation of a stern-wheeler in the tread-mill man-driven passage-boat; there is the steam-launch which carries passengers; there is the steam-launch which tows one of the old-fashioned passage-boats crowded with passengers—all on the Canton River. The last arose from the opposition of mandarins; but it is doubtless useful nowadays, from the immense number which can be carried on the passage-boat.

Apart from what has happened in Peking, beginnings have been made in one or two other places to make the roads and streets wider; but a whole broadening and relaying of thoroughfares will be necessary before anything in the shape of vehicular traffic can penetrate the narrow lanes and alleys that serve for streets in most Chinese cities. A broad carriage-road has for some years been open for traffic in Nanking, the ancient capital of China. In Canton a bund, or embankment as it is called in England, is being constructed along the north bank of the river; and this is surely a remarkable evidence of progress.

Railways are being constructed (see "How John Chinaman Travels"), and where introduced are largely made use of by the Chinese.

Matches have driven out the old-fashioned flint and steel. It was first Swedish matches which were imported in large numbers; then Japan poured them into the country; and now China is beginning to make them herself. The demand

for them is great. The old shallow saucer of oil, or tumbler with a layer of oil on the top of water, and the rush wick, are fast going before the kerosene lamp, and that has not entirely ousted it before the electric light has established itself in the streets and shops of some of the large cities.

The enlightened statesman and poet So Toong-poh spoke centuries ago of bringing a water-supply into the city of Canton, instead of relying on wells and the river; but it needed the stimulus of contact with the West to bring the old dream to a reality. The author some two or three years ago saw water-pipes being laid under the streets in the black filth of the sewers for this purpose. Already for some years overground water-pipes, to convey water from the river at Canton to extinguish fires, have been laid in the streets of that city, the water being pumped into them when necessary by steam-power from the stations on the river-banks built for that purpose. Previous to this the public wells in the streets afforded the supply to the small manual fire-engines used.

Shops after the Western style are beginning to appear, filled with modern books, such as translations into Chinese of scientific works as well as of novels. These shops are appearing cheek by jowl with the old shops, stored with the old material for acquiring Celestial lore.

A newspaper press has been created, which is progressive in all of its tendencies, widely read, and

which will doubtless be more and more an exponent of the wishes and feelings of the people. True it is that China, as in so many things, took the lead (in the *Peking Gazette*) of other nations in the issue of a daily sheet of Government news; it is not a newspaper in the modern acceptation of the term, but a Government gazette. The modern newspaper press of China has been most rapid in its growth, till now many cities have their newspaper, and others boast of not a few. The illustrated paper in pamphlet form has also made its appearance; and a wise proceeding on the part of a few newspapers is the publication of a portion—and of the whole paper in one or two cases—in the everyday speech of the people. Where formerly it was simply the educated people of the provinces who took in a copy of a reprint of the Government gazette, now it is a common sight to see a local paper in the hands of the ordinary shopkeeper and of the porter in a firm. Wherever one looks one sees the beginning of a new life in old China.

Notice has already been called in the chapter on education to the new life which young John Chinaman is growing up into, with the new ideas and ideals of life and its purposes given him in the new schools, which have sprung up all over the Empire.

It will be a pity, with all this material progress, if China copies the example of the West in having enormous armies and navies. Two small navies

have been destroyed in recent wars ; but another is in contemplation, and numerous mosquito gunboats may be seen lying at anchorage belonging to provincial authorities, and in time the old-fashioned war-junks will be a thing of the past. There is a large nucleus of a foreign-trained army ready for development into China's standing army : so that the supersession of the old native army is being gradually accomplished.

New police forces have been formed, to take the place of the effete bodies of soldiers whose duty it was to undertake such work in the past.

And, best sign of all in the present uplift of China, the moral sense of the nation is now asserting itself in the determination to put an end to the insidious vice of opium-smoking : both the Government and the best sense of the people are at one in the matter ; and those qualified to judge believe that it will be done.

One of China's foremost statesmen is desirous of doing away with polygamy, which is responsible for much evil in China. To begin with, it gives to the Chinese a loose idea of the proper relationships of the sexes ; it produces no end of discord in family life ; it demands from the official classes a disproportionate expenditure and it keeps woman in a low position.

The moral sense of the nation should rise against polygamy, which is believed to be responsible, amongst the other evils already named, for much of the bribery and corruption, as the large families

it entails requires officials to obtain the money for their maintenance in some way or other.

The first steps towards a parliament have been taken, and have met with great success. Constitutional government will also soon follow.

Much remains to be done. Only a beginning has been made as yet. Amongst some of the reforms that are clamant are the following: Adequate remuneration of officials should be provided, so as to make it possible for the mandarin to rule in equity, without the almost irresistible temptation to accept bribes and pervert justice, and to render it unnecessary for him to resort to forced contributions from those under him to carry on these changes, and to obviate the more questionable methods he has to employ to provide the needful funds for the everyday expenditure his position entails.

Domestic slavery should be done away with; that system which gives rise to much cruelty, and provides a cloak for kidnapping and its attendant evils, as well as affording unwilling recruits to the ranks of abandoned women. A beginning has been made towards a betterment of this system.

Reforms in law and justice which have been now and then mentioned as about to be inaugurated should be carried out without further delay, and prison reform should be more rapidly established.

Piracy should be put down with a strong hand, for it renders travel unsafe, the life of the traveller uncertain, and destroys confidence. As auxiliary

to this, the soldiers' pay should be regular and certain, the construction of railways pushed on, to provide a rapid transit for foodstuffs in times of famine; the silted-up river-beds dredged, and afforestation begun, to prevent the great devastation wrought by floods.

These are but a few of the urgent needs of China, a few of the urgently required reforms, some if not all of which are engaging, or will shortly engage, the best attention of the now thoroughly aroused and progressive Chinese.

CHAPTER XXVII

What Missionaries Have Done for John Chinaman

NOTHING is more natural than that such a country as China, occupying a twelfth of the habitable globe, and such a people as the Chinese, so full of interest in many ways, should attract the attention of Christendom and suggest to it missionary enterprise. This suggestion seems to have been acted upon quite early in the Christian era. According to the Nestorian tablet, dated A.D. 781, and discovered accidentally in China in 1625, missionaries of this Church arrived in that land in 505, though now scarcely a trace of them is left. Since the year 1292, when John Corvino was sent to China, the Roman Catholic Church has made the country, more or less continuously, one of its fields. It has now over 1,200 European priests and well on for a million Chinese members.

The first Protestant agency to be represented in China was the London Missionary Society. Robert Morrison reached Canton in September, 1807, and William Milne, his first associate, in

July, 1813. A sister society, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, followed in 1837, the Netherlands Missionary Society having in the meantime sent one man on to the field. Since that period the agents of other societies—British, American, and Continental—have settled in the land.

At present, Protestant missionaries in the whole Empire number over 4,200, residing at, or itinerating from, more than five hundred stations. From three hundred miles beyond Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, in the north, to Hong Kong, Canton, and the island of Hainan in the south, from Shanghai in the east to Chungking and the borders of Tibet in the west, it is possible in many large, and in some comparatively small, towns, to worship with Christian congregations of Chinese, led by their own Chinese clergy or pastors. At the same time there are large tracts of country which remain as yet untouched by missionary effort.

The agencies employed have been most varied and multiplied. Medical work was started almost at once, educational methods were adopted, and literature poured out of the press, while at the same time evangelistic labours were carried on. Thousands of books have been printed, either original works or translations. As opportunities offered and more facilities were granted, further efforts were made to reach those hitherto untouched, such, for example, as woman's work amongst the families of not only the more acces-

sible lower classes of society but in the more secluded homes of the well-to-do.

Of late years official life has been brought within the field of labour, and not a few mandarins have welcomed as honoured guests those whom many of their predecessors would have treated with disdain and contempt. The desire to learn English and modern science has opened many a door of access by which an entrance has been gained for the dissemination of higher truths and a fuller knowledge, not only of this life but of the life which is to come.

Not the least interesting of the agencies employed are what have been styled as "by-products of Christian work in China," which include such objects as work for the blind, for lepers, for opium-smokers, for the deaf and dumb, for the insane, for famine relief, for the rescue of slave-girls, and against foot-binding and opium. Considering the paucity of labourers in such an immense field, the results have been surprising. Nor are these results only to be measured by the number of communicants, which total between 200,000 and 300,000, for the indirect results have been great, some patent at first sight, and others whose hidden forces have not revealed themselves fully as yet.

As we have already noted, the new birth of this people is largely due to the missionary labours of more than a hundred years. Many things are included in this renaissance of modern China, not

a few of which have been pointed out in former chapters. The presence of the missionary has had much to do with the existence of the new ideas which the new-born newspaper press gives voice to. Native hospitals have had as their prototypes mission hospitals, as well as those in Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Macao.

Confucianism has started preaching-halls in imitation of the street chapel. Men of prominence, though unconnected with mission churches, have felt, unknown perhaps to themselves, the influence of Christianity on their lives and conduct, and the proud scholar and haughty official also, unconsciously to themselves, have been impressed by the sight of Christianity in their midst. The thirst for a modern education owes its inception to mission schools and the instruction there given.

The taste for a new literature is not only the outcome of what Christianity provided through missionaries, but the means to print this literature owes its origin largely to missionaries: the first font of type was cast for Morrison's dictionary, and the Chinese type-case and the electrotype process applied to the making of the matrices for Chinese type were the invention of an American missionary.

Even commerce, which at first thought the advent of the missionary would be a hindrance, has profited by the spread of enlightenment and the desire for better things which follows

missionary work. Social life has improved as the result of the establishment of schools and the good influences resultant from the gathering together of many in churches. The desire for a constitutional government received its initial impulse from contact with the Englishman and American in the country, whose lives could not but be coloured by the influences of their home life in their native land, as regards political and social ideals.

Therefore in estimating what Christianity and missions have done and are doing for China and the Chinese, mere statistics and figures are not sufficient to give a full and complete idea of the past results, the present progress, and the future prospects.

The progress of Christianity in China has not been as rapid as in some mission fields. Indeed the obstacles to the introduction of any faith propagated by foreigners were inevitably such as to make the spread of the new religion a matter of peril, and its progress necessarily and comparatively slow. At various periods in the distant past the representatives of Christian missions were expelled from the country. In modern times widespread violence, such as that at the Boxer Rising of 1900, and local outbreaks such as that which wrought death to the girl martyrs of Ku-cheng, have illustrated these dangers and difficulties. A new period, however, opened with the great Reform Movement now so widely felt throughout

China. This movement produced a new attitude towards foreign teachers and foreign teaching. As the science and literature of the West came into demand, it was necessary to find teachers who understood it and could make its treasures accessible to the Chinese learner. The lead thus given by authority and by persons of learning affected, naturally enough, the general attitude of the population.

The change has been, of course, most favourable to the advancement of Christianity, although perhaps naturally it produced new dangers. For whilst there began a more general disposition to read the literature of Christianity, there also became accessible, especially to the learned, literature which attacked Christianity. In nothing, however, has the advance of Christian propaganda under the new conditions been more remarkable than in the development of Christian literature work. The Bible Societies have also rendered great service by publishing and circulating translations of the Holy Scriptures. The British and Foreign Bible Society, which published Morrison and Milne's translation of the New Testament as early as 1814, has now nineteen Chinese versions on its list, and of these versions it has published over 18,500,000 copies. The American Bible Society has published, since the commencement of its work in 1843, about 12,000,000 copies in some twelve different versions ; whilst the National Bible Society of Scotland, which also publishes

several versions, has issued over 11,000,000 copies. By far the larger part of these books have been single Gospels and other separate books of the Bible. These have been circulated in all the provinces by means of Chinese colporteurs and by itinerating missionaries, whilst depots for the sale of Bibles and Testaments are to be found in many of the principal cities.

Early in the nineteenth century the Religious Tract Society of London began, at the request of Morrison, to produce Christian tracts in Chinese. The work thus originated has long been locally organised through Tract and Book Societies planted at Peking, Shanghai, Hankow, Canton, Hong Kong, Chungking and Mukden. In addition, the Christian Literature Society, with its head-quarters at Shanghai, has, by books and periodicals, made a wide appeal to the minds, more especially, of the reading public in China.

How far or for how long these developments will be permitted it is impossible to say. In China, more perhaps than in any other land, it is the unexpected which happens. The fact, however, only lays the more emphasis upon the opportunity offered to Christendom in a field both unique in its extent and in its possibilities.

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